

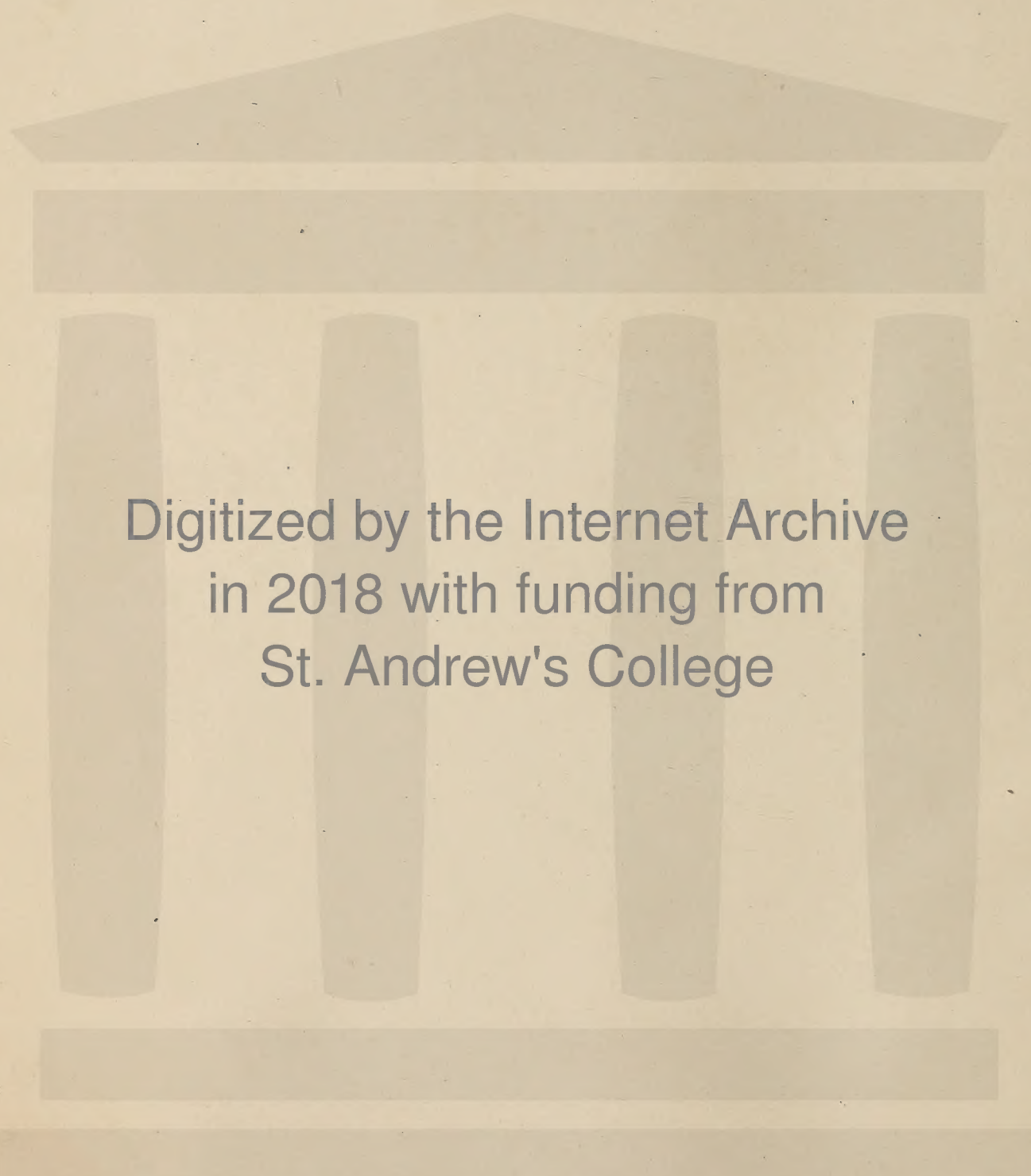
LETTERS, Etc.

Lieutenant Gerald Morphy Malone, M. C.
48th. Highlanders; 15th. Battalion, C. E. F.

VOL. 1.



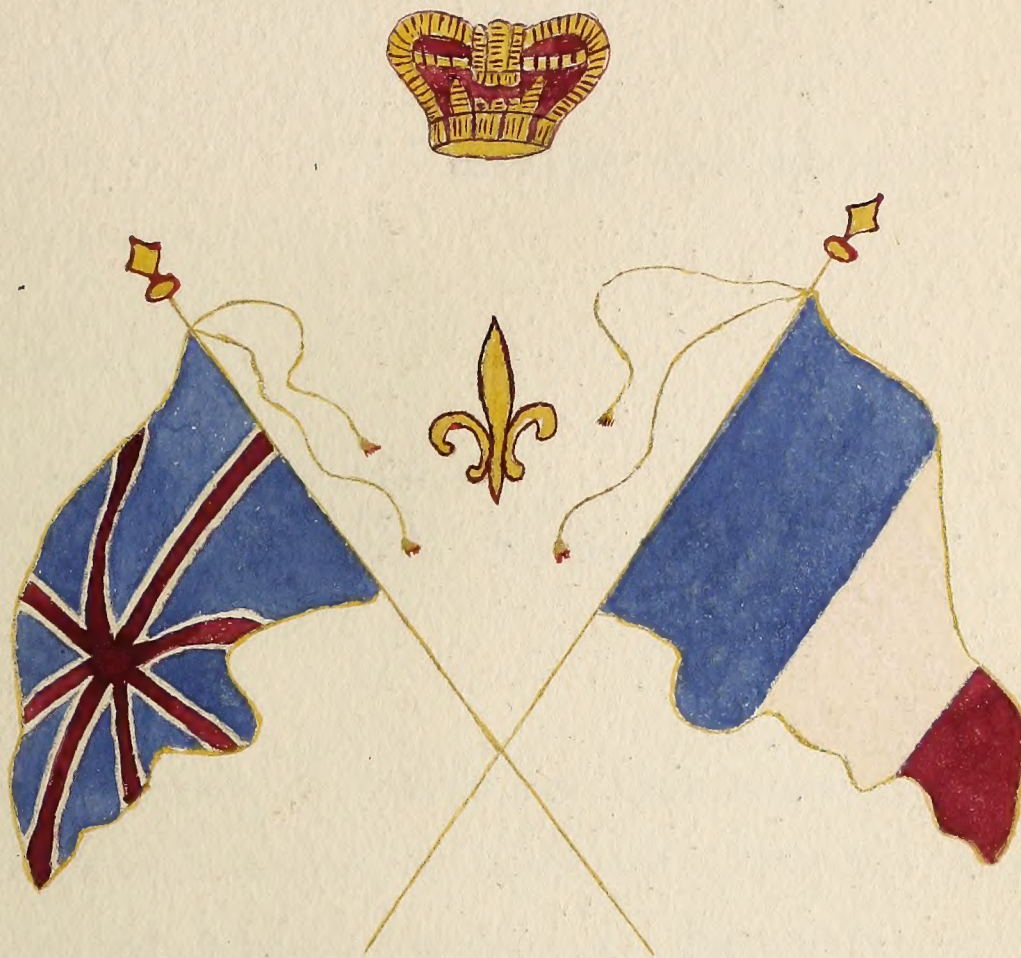




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Letters Received

~ from ~

Lieut. G. M. Malone

Toronto, Dec. 13rd. 1915.

From Lt. Col. W.R.Lang, C.E.,

C.O. School of Instruction.

To Dr. F.H.G. Starr,

Toronto, 16th December, 1915.

112 College St. Toronto.

From

Dear The Adjutant

To

Provisional Lieut. G.M.Malone,

c/o E.T.Malone, Esq., K.C.,

86 Queen's Park, Toronto.

Sir:-

I have the honour to inform you that authority is granted for your attendance at a course of instruction for the purpose of qualifying for the rank of Lieutenant. The course will commence in this City on the 28th instant and you will report to the Adjutant of the school on the morning of that date.

"J.A.CAMERON",

Captain
Acting Adjutant,

Toronto, 16th December, 1913.

From
The Adjutant

To
Provisional Lieut. G.M. Malone,
c/o R.T. Malone, Reg., R.C.,
88 Queen's Park, Toronto.

Sir:-

I have the honour to inform you that authority is granted for your attendance at a course of instruction for the purpose of qualifying for the rank of Lieutenant. The course will commence in this City on the 28th instant and you will report to the Adjutant of the school on the morning of that date.

"J.A. CANTON",

Captain
Acting Adjutant.

Toronto, Dec. 23rd, 1916.

From Lt. Col. W.R.Lang, C.E.,

O.C.School of Instruction,

To Dr. F.N.G.Starr,

112 College St. Toronto.

Dear Dr. Starr:-

With reference to young Gerald Malone, I would strongly advise that he do not attend this course on the 28th. If he has had previous military training he may join two weeks thereafter but not unless.

As I do not know what regiment he belongs to, nor have I yet received the list of officers permitted to attend from Headquarters. I am taking this unusual channel of forwarding instructions regarding Malone's movements. I hope that you will forward this communication to the young gentleman in question. We have had so much trouble with officers coming here not quite fit that we would rather run no more risks.

The work is strenuous from the word "go".

Yours truly,

"W.R.Lang".

Toronto, Dec. 28th, 1918.

From Lt. Col. W.R. Lang, C.E.,
O.C. School of Instruction,
To Dr. W.H.G. Starr,
112 College St. Toronto.

Dear Dr. Starr:-

With reference to young Gerald Malone, I would strongly advise that he do not attend this course on the 28th. If he has had previous military training he may join two weeks thereafter but not unless.

As I do not know what regiment he belongs to, nor have I yet received the list of officers permitted to attend from Headquarters. I am taking this unusual channel of forwarding instructions regarding Malone's movements. I hope that you will forward this communication to the young gentleman in question. We have had so much trouble with officers coming here not quite fit that we would rather run no more risks.

The work is strenuous from the word "go".

Yours truly,

"W.R. Lang".

Toronto, Exhibition Camp,

31st March, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Yours of 22nd instant arrived O.K. yesterday morning and I was only sorry that I had not written you before your letter arrived. But you have no idea how busy I really have been, in fact I didn't realize what a job I was really getting until we arrived in Camp on Tuesday. Since then I have been tearing around like the dickens. I haven't been able to get out of the grounds since we arrived except when on Route Marches so I don't know whether Toronto is still running or not. On Tuesday morning I went down to the Armouries and then the real fun commenced. The men had to be paraded and their kit all fixed up and piled into the transport waggon, and then their coats rolled. This latter may sound like an easy job. Well it may be for experienced soldiers, but when there are about a thousand recruits who never rolled a coat in their lives, believe me its some job. Well after the coats were fixed up decently it was lunch time. At 2 o'clock we had inspection my Major Miller and then we started on our march to the Ex. Col. Levesconte's Battalion lined both sides of the Avenue, while their band played us on our way. Well we arrived at the Exhibition gates and there were thousands of soldiers standing around watching us march in. I must say that the men marched wonderfully well as they were just as anxious as the officers were to create a half decent impression, and I'm sure they did it too. I heard afterwards from an officer of the 95th (Col. Barker's) that the men marched great. Not one being out of step. Their arms swinging and their chests expands so much that

Toronto, Exhibition Camp,

21st March, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Yours of 22nd instant arrived O.K. yesterday morning and I was only sorry that I had not written you before your letter arrived. But you have no idea how busy I really have been. In fact I didn't realize what a job I was really getting until we arrived in Camp on Tuesday. Since then I have been tearing around like the dickens. I haven't been able to get out of the grounds since we arrived except when on Route Marches so I don't know whether Toronto is still running or not. On Tuesday morning I went down to the Armouries and then the real fun commenced. The men had to be paraded and their kit all fixed up and piled into the transport waggon, and then their coats rolled. This latter may sound like an easy job. Well it may be for experienced soldiers, but when there are about a thousand recruits who never rolled a coat in their lives, believe me it's some job. Well after the coats were fixed up decently it was lunch time. At 2 o'clock we had inspection by Major Miller and then we started on our march to the R.C. Col. Levesconte's Battalion lined both sides of the Avenue, while their band played us on our way. Well we arrived at the Exhibition gates and there were thousands of soldiers standing around watching us march in. I must say that the men marched wonderfully well as they were just as anxious as the officers were to create a half decent impression, and I'm sure they did it too. I heard afterwards from an officer of the 25th (Col. Barker's) that the men marched great. Not one being out of step. Their arms swinging and their chests expanded so much that

the buttons on their coats were in danger of busting. Well we spent the rest of the afternoon in getting the men settled in their quarters, and then we had supper and got our own quarters into some sort of shape, and then went back and saw that the men got their issue of blankets etc, in fact we stayed with them until "lights out" sounded and then the fun started. The men were like a bunch of overgrown kids, they sang and yelled and soaked each other with boots and everything else. They were so excited and pleased at getting into Camp they didn't sleep all night. And by three or four o'clock in the morning every man was up and dressed and shaved. At one stage during the night things got fairly quiet and the chances for sleep looked rosy but a piper spoiled it by getting out his pipes and playing Highland Laddie. That was the last straw and sleep was not in order after that. Next morning the seating accomodation at breakfast was not what it should have been, so some of the men had to loaf around outside until room could be made for them. At lunch time Major Murray sent me down to look after the men and try and stop any grouching and explain to those who couldn't get in, that everything would be O.K. in the very near future. Well I got down there a few minutes before 1 o'clock and went into the dining room and nosed around a bit and tried to get them to hurry up and get the meal ready. In the midst of it all General Logie dropped in and asked if there was an officer in the building. Being the only one present I hopped over a couple of tables and yelled "Yes Sir". Then by gosh he lit into me for keeping the men waiting for their meals. Not being on duty myself it was really none of my business whether the men were fed or not, but believe me I didn't tell the General I wasn't the Orderly

the buttons on their coats were in danger of busting. Well we spent the rest of the afternoon in getting the men settled in their quarters, and then we had supper and got our own quarters into some sort of shape, and then went back and saw that the men got their issue of blankets etc., in fact we stayed with them until "lights out" sounded and then the fun started. The men were like a bunch of overgrown kids, they sang and yelled and soaked each other with boots and everything else. They were so excited and pleased at getting into Camp they didn't sleep all night. And by three or four o'clock in the morning every man was up and dressed and shaved. At one stage during the night things got fairly quiet and the chances for sleep looked rosy but a piper spoiled it by getting out his pipes and playing Highland Laddie. That was the last straw and sleep was not in order after that. Next morning the seating accommodation at breakfast was not what it should have been, so some of the men had to loaf around outside until room could be made for them. At lunch time Major Murray sent me down to look after the men and try and stop any grumbling and explain to those who couldn't get in, that everything would be O.K. in the very near future. Well I got down there a few minutes before 1 o'clock and went into the dining room and nosed around a bit and tried to get them to hurry up and get the meal ready. In the midst of it all General Logie dropped in and asked if there was an officer in the building. Being the only one present I hopped over a couple of tables and yelled "Yes Sir". Then by gosh he lit into me for keeping the men waiting for their meals. Not being on duty myself it was really none of my business whether the men were fed or not, but believe me I didn't tell the General I wasn't the Orderly.

Officer, but just a casual onlooker, because if I had the Battalion would have got the dickens for not having its Orderly Officer on the job. The General sent for Major Miller and I grabbed a bugler and made him sound the call for dinner and then grabbed the Sergeant Cook and made him get the hash onto the table in a rush. He didn't care for my intrusion very much but nothing mattered so long as Logie was on the job. Well I had everything moving nicely when Major Miller appeared on the scene and was tackled by the General. Evidently Major Miller got the dickens for keeping the men waiting for their meals. This is a serious offence in the Generals eyes. But now everything is going along smoothly and at every meal there are at least 4 or 5 officers on the job. So now we are quite prepared for General Logie if he ever happens to come our way again.

That afternoon Major Miller gave us a tour hour route march just to make dead sure that the men would not galavante all night again. Believe me they didn't. They were dead to the world that night. Since then we have all been on our toes getting things into shape and getting the men all settled and comfortable, so by the time the old clock strikes nine little Willie crawls into his bunk and is dead to the world until 6 next morning. The men are quartered in the building where the old Main Building used to stand and they eat at Birds Dining Hall, just behind the Grand Stand. We are quartered in the Railway Building in the 75ths quarters and eat in the Art Building. Here is a diagram of our quarters:-

I have no more news at present but will write again on Sunday.

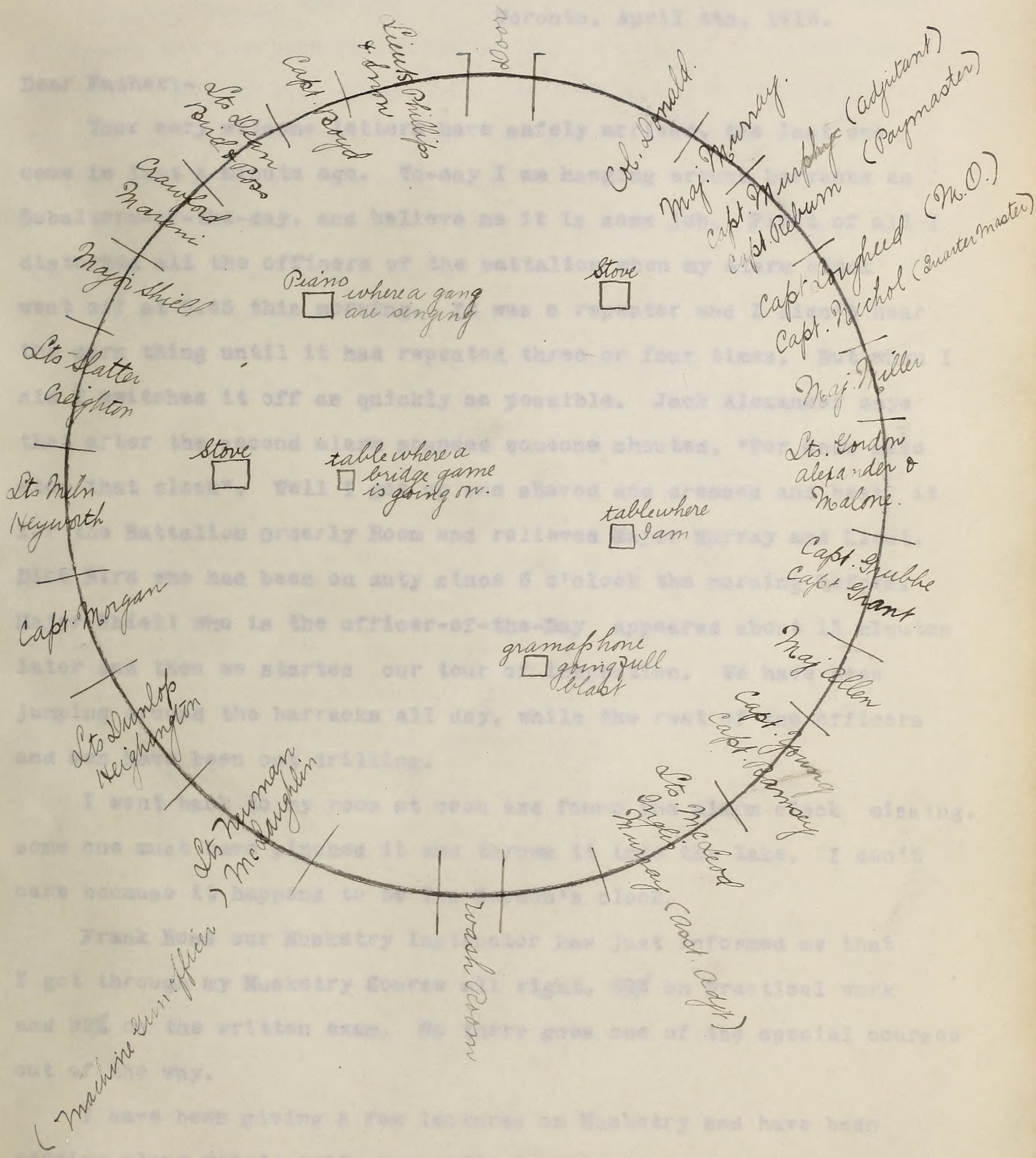
Love to Mother and Yourself.

Your affectionate Son,
Gerald,

Officer, but not a casual enquirer, because if I had the Battalion
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the job. The General sent for Major Miller and I grabbed a bugler
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Cook and made him get the mess onto the table in a rush. He didn't
care for my instruction very much but nothing mattered so long as
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Evidently Major Miller got the alcohols for keeping the men waiting
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But now everything is going along smoothly and at every meal there
are at least 4 or 5 officers on the job. So now we are quite prepared
for General Logic if he ever happens to come our way again.
That afternoon Major Miller gave us a four hour route march
just to make dead sure that the men would not get lazy all night
again. Believe me they didn't. They were dead to the world that
night. Since then we have all been on our toes getting things
into shape and getting the men all settled and comfortable, so by
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bunk and is dead to the world until 6 next morning. The men are
quartered in the building where the old Main Building used to stand
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are quartered in the Railway Building in the 75th quarter and eat
in the Art Building. Here is a diagram of our quarters:-

I have no more news at present but will write again on Sunday.
Love to Mother and Yourself.

Your affectionate Son,
Gerald.



Toronto, April 4th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Your very welcome letters have safely arrived, the last one came in just a minute ago. To-day I am hanging around barracks as Subaltern-of-the-day, and believe me it is some job. First of all I disturbed all the officers of the battalion when my alarm clock went off at 5.45 this morning. It was a repeater and I didn't hear the darn thing until it had repeated three or four times. But when I did I switched it off as quickly as possible. Jack Alexander says that after the second alarm sounded someone shouted, "For Gods sake stop that clock". Well I got up and shaved and dressed and beat it for the Battalion Orderly Room and relieved Major Murray and Lieut. Dick Bird who had been on duty since 6 o'clock the morning before. Major Shiell who is the officer-of-the-Day appeared about 15 minutes later and then we started our tour of inspection. We have been jumping around the barracks all day, while the rest of the officers and men have been out drilling.

I went back to my room at noon and found the alarm clock missing. some one must have pinched it and thrown it into the lake. I don't care because it happens to be Ted Gordon's clock.

Frank Ross our Musketry Instructor has just informed me that I got through my Musketry Course all right, 60% on Practical work and 92% on the written exam. So there goes one of the special courses out of the way.

I have been giving a few lectures on Musketry and have been getting along fairly well, but still I wouldn't want the job permanently. I would much rather be out drilling with the men.

Toronto, April 2nd, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Your very welcome letters have safely arrived. The last one came in just a minute ago. To-day I am hanging around barracks as Subaltern-of-the-day, and believe me it is some job. First of all I disturbed all the officers of the battalion when my alarm clock went off at 6.45 this morning. It was a repeater and I didn't hear the darn thing until it had repeated three or four times. But when I did I switched it off as quickly as possible. Jack Alexander says that after the second alarm sounded someone shouted, "For God's sake stop that clock". Well I got up and shaved and dressed and beat it for the Battalion orderly Room and relieved Major Murray and Lieut. Dick Bird who had been on duty since 6 o'clock the morning before. Major Shields who is the officer-of-the-day appeared about 15 minutes later and then we started our tour of inspection. We have been jumping around the barracks all day, while the rest of the officers and men have been out drilling.

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Colonel Donald made his first appearance at the Camp on Sunday afternoon but everyone was either asleep or out. I was sleeping and didn't either hear or see him. He came out yesterday afternoon for good and told me that he had seen quite a bit of both you and Mother, and that you were both well.

Now I'll quit as I have to go down to the cook house and inspect the rations for the mens supper.

Best love to Mother and Yourself.

Your affectionate Son,

Gerald.

We disembarked and got to Camp between a couple of showers and there found that our advanced party had done their work with great dexterity and skill as every tent was up securely and all the floor boards were down, so there was nothing for us to do but take possession of our own individual tents, and get things set for the night which we did when our baggage arrived on the transports.

We are encamped on the same ground as which the Varsity boys were last spring and which was later occupied by that famous 70th gang. The portion occupied by "A" Company is by far the best as we are on high grassy ground. But both old "B" Company are certainly in the mud for fair.

We face Headquarters which you will remember as the buildings surrounded by a white picket fence. The officers tents occupying the first two rows of 12 rows. Then come larger tents for the Quartermaster.

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afternoon but everyone was either asleep or out. I was sleeping
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Now I'll quit as I have to go down to the cook house and inspect
the rations for the men's supper.
Best love to Mother and Yourself.

Your affectionate Son,

Gerald.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, The next row

May 17th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

We arrived O.K. at Niagara at 11.30 yesterday morning after a rotten trip across the lake, not that it was rough because on the contrary there wasn't a ripple, but it rained nearly all the time, which made it very unpleasant for those sitting on deck so we all had to bunch into the cabins, and believe me they were certainly jammed in. I was all right because I went to the dining room shortly after we started and got a little more breakfast because I knew the chances for eating at noon were mighty slim. So I sat down and ordered a full grown meal which, owing to the funeral like service on all R.& O. boats, I just finished when the bugle sounded the fall-in.

We disembarked and got to Camp between a couple of showers and there found that our advanced party had done their work with great dexterity and skill as every tent was up securely and all the floor boards were down, so there was nothing for us to do but take possession of our own individual tents, and get things set for the night which we did when our baggage arrived on the transports.

We are encamped on the same ground on which the Varsity boys were last spring and which was later occupied by Dick Donalds 75th gang. The portion occupied by "A" Company is by far the best as we are on high grassy ground, but poor old "D" Company are certainly in the mud for fair.

We face Headquarters which you well remember as the buildings surrounded by a white picket fence. The officers tents occupying the first two rows of 12 row. Then come larger tents for the Paymaster,

Niagara-on-the-Lake,

May 17th, 1916.

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We arrived O.K. at Niagara at 11.30 yesterday morning after a rotten trip across the lake, not that it was rough because on the contrary there wasn't a ripple, but it rained nearly all the time, which made it very unpleasant for those sitting on deck so we all had to bunch into the cabins, and believe me they were certainly jammed in. I was all right because I went to the dining room shortly after we started and got a little more pleasant because I knew the chances for eating at noon were mighty slim. So I sat down and ordered a full grown meal which, owing to the funeral like service on all R.A.O. boats, I just finished when the bugle sounded the fall-in. We disembarked and got to Camp between a couple of showers and there found that our advanced party had done their work with great dexterity and skill as every tent was up securely and all the floor boards were down, so there was nothing for us to do but take possession of our own individual tents, and get things set for the night which we did when our baggage arrived on the transporters.

We are encamped on the same ground on which the Varsity boys were last spring and which was later occupied by Dick Donahue 75th gang. The portion occupied by "A" Company is by far the best as we are on high grassy ground, but poor old "D" Company are certainly in the mud for fall.

We face Headquarters which you will remember as the buildings surrounded by a white picket fence. The officers' tents occupying the first two rows of 12 rows. Then come larger tents for the Paymaster,

Niagara-on-the Lake.

Battalion Orderly Room, Quarter Master and M.O. The next row consists of Company Orderly Rooms and Officers Mess tents, and then come the mens tents. Then the mens mess tents and finally the kitchens, Ablution tables and Latrines.

My tent is the right hand tent in the second row, i.e, the row farthest away from the town, and nearest the Railway tracks. Major Murray is immediately in front of me, and this morning it was good and chilly so he handed Al Ramsey and myself a cup of coffee, which certainly went well. There are not many tricks that he misses in this Military game and I find that I'mm an apt pupil. To-day has been slow as I have been on duty so I wont dig in to work until to-morrow. Be sure and come over any old time, and if I'm not on duty I can be with you from 4.30 P.M. on.

Best love to Mother and Yourself.

Your affectionate Son,

Gerald.

when you get 250 men packed in one tent, what a person can stand. Now for myself I never minded a slight early smell on a person, but when 250 sit in a tent and sweat together it reminds me of a rose garden, its so different.

But be that as it may, Last Saturday afternoon the officers played "B" Company in a game of baseball and I say say we got walloped, but there watching the game was Mr. Brown. I spoke to him and he told me that Mrs. Brown was over at the Y.M.C.A., so after dinner I went over to see her. Dick Bird came with me and we found her in the kitchen making sandwiches. We helped for a while.

Battalion Orderly Room, Quarter Master and M.O. The next row
consists of Company Orderly Rooms and Officers Mess tents, and then
come the mess tents. Then the mess tents and finally the
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My tent is the right hand tent in the second row, i.e. the
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which certainly went well. There are not many tricks that he misses
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duty I can be with you from 4.30 P.M. on.
Best love to Mother and Yourself.

Your affectionate Son,

Gerald.

Niagara-on-the Lake, Ont. May 22nd, 1916.

May 22nd, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

There is not such an awful lot of news for you since I last wrote home but I might just as well let you all know what is doing around these parts. We have had an awful lot of rain since we arrived and when it does rain very hard that means we have rather an easy day as far as drill goes. The men can't drill so we go to one of the mess tents and each of the subalterns has to take his turn and lecture on some subject or another to the whole Company. It certainly is a funny sight. To-day I had finished all I had to say about 15 minutes before time was up so I had to stall for time. It is then that you notice all the men in the back rows are sound asleep and to tell the truth I didn't blame them much, because the subject was rather a dry one so I let them sleep on, and before time was called about half of them were snoring. But they all woke up fast enough when the "Dismiss" was sounded. It is wonderful, when you get 250 men packed in one tent, what a person can stand. Now for myself I never minded a slight earthy smell on a person, but when 250 sit in a tent and sweat together it reminds me of a rose garden, its so different.

But be that as it may. Last Saturday afternoon the officers played "D" Company in a game of baseball and I may say we got walloped, but there watching the game was Mr. Brown. I spoke to him and he told me that Mrs. Brown was over at the Y.M.C.A., so after dinner I went over to see her. Dick Bird came with me and we found her in the kitchen making sandwiches. We helped for a while.

Niagara-on-the-Lake,

May 21st, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

There is not such an awful lot of news for you since I last wrote home but I might just as well let you all know what is doing around these parts. We have had an awful lot of rain since we arrived and when it does rain very hard that means we have rather an easy day as far as drill goes. The men can't drill so we go to one of the mess tents and each of the sergeants has to take his turn and lecture on some subject or another to the whole Company. It certainly is a funny sight. To-day I had finished all I had to say about 15 minutes before time was up so I had to wait for time. It is then that you notice all the men in the back rows are sound asleep and to tell the truth I didn't blame them much, because the subject was rather a dry one so I let them sleep on, and before time was called about half of them were snoring. But they all woke up fast enough when the "Dianian" was sounded. It is wonderful when you get 250 men packed in one tent, what a person can stand. Now for myself I never minded a slight earthy smell on a person, but when 250 sit in a tent and sweat together it reminds me of a rose garden, its so different.

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Then, as I suppose we had a hungry look in our eyes, Mrs. Brown started in to feed us on everything in the shop. We had quite a long talk and then we beat it home. I intended to go back on Sunday but immediately after Church Parade a lot of the boys started for Niagara Falls, so we all went to the Falls on the 11.45 boat. I half expected to see Father on that boat but as he didn't come I went with the boys. We had our dinner at the Clifton Inn and in the afternoon went to St. Kitts by street car, where we had supper, and then came back to Camp by another car at about 11 P.M. That was our first outing and although there wasn't an awful lot doing still we enjoyed it, although the people at the Falls did look us all over when the ten of us walked down the street in kilts. The Americans especially thought it a great sight for they took pictures of us and the Lord knows what all they didn't do. However, that got tiresome after a while and, as we didn't care to be taken for Ads. for Scotland Woolen Mills any longer, we beat it.

Now I think I'll quit and go to bed as we have to be up at 5.30 for Physical Drill along with all the other officers.

Best love to Yourself and Father and hoping to see you both soon.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

P.S. Will you ask Father to send me a copy of Maurice's last letter to me. I want to show it to the Colonel.

The Lord only knows when I'll be over in Toronto, as the week end leaves are few and far between at present.

G.

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Your loving Son,

Gerald.

P.S. Will you ask Father to send me a copy of Maurice's last letter to me. I want to show it to the Colonel.

The Lord only knows when I'll be over in Toronto, as the

week end leaves are few and far between at present.

Niagara Camp.

June 6th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I received your letter to-day enclosing the copies of Maurice's letters, which I was mighty glad to get. The newspapers also arrived safely, which I have just really started to read.

The news which we have received this last few days has, more or less, put us all on the rocks as far as work is concerned. Because, every time a newsboy pokes his nose within a mile of the camp I have been grabbing his papers, and in that way have kept in touch with all the frightful casualties which have been coming in from time to time. By to-days papers I see that no further casualties have been reported from the poor old 15th, so I presume and hope with all my heart that there will be no more. I figure it out this way. After the scrap a muster parade of the whole battalion would be called, i.e., every man and officer would appear on roll call and answer to his name and in that way it is known right away who is and who is not present. If not present such person would be put down as a casualty. So I have great hopes since Maurice's name has not appeared in the papers that he is O.K. but I presume so awfully busy that he can't see straight. Heavens the poor old 48th seem to be Jonahs and each time they get into a scrap its bound to become a real one, and one to be remembered by the Germans at least.

Niagara Camp.

June 6th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I received your letter to-day enclosing the copies of Maurice's letters, which I was mighty glad to get. The newspapers also arrived safely, which I have just really started to read.

The news which we have received this last few days has, more or less, put us all on the rocks as far as work is concerned. Because every time a newspaper pokes his nose within a mile of the Camp I have been grabbing his papers, and in that way have kept in touch with all the frightful casualties which have been coming in from time to time. My to-day's paper I see that no further casualties have been reported from the poor old 18th, so I presume and hope with all my heart that there will be no more. I figure it out this way. After the camp a muster parade of the whole battalion would be called, i.e., every man and officer would appear on roll call and answer to his name and in that way it is known right away who is and who is not present. If not present such person would be put down as a casualty. So I have great hopes since Maurice's name has not appeared in the papers that he is O.K. but I presume so awfully busy that he can't see straight. Heaven the poor old 18th seem to be Jonah and each time they get into a scrap its bound to become a real one, and one to be remembered by the Germans at least.

Singular Camp.

We all thought that this news was bad enough because our senior officers knew every man on the list, but now we get this Kitchener dope and we all wonder what will happen next. In fact I personally will not be surprised at anything.

I arrived at Camp safely Monday morning and found that most of my platoon were just coming back also. And when we started to work it was funny to see how little pep the men had in them. These week end passes certainly do take the snappiness out of those fellows who go away and it takes a couple of days to really get working smoothly again. I know the feeling because I no more feel like work than they did but it kept me wide awake trying to put a little life into them.

Last night General Logie had the "General Alarm" sounded, for which every man in camp must turn out. I happened to be down town with Jack Alexander when we heard of it through a Military Policeman. We ran all the way back to Camp on record time and had an awful time trying to find our gang, as it was about 9.30 P.M. and pitch dark and about 10 or 11 battalions lined up in front of Headquarters. Luckily our battalion was first on the scene so the Colonel was quite pleased, while some didn't appear for almost an hour after the alarm sounded. The General says that he will sound the alarm the next time some night at a much later hour, so we are all sleeping with our pants and rubber boots handy to the bed. We are taking no chances.

I must quit now as I have to be up early in the morning and get the Company out to the Ranges. Best love to Mother.

God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

We all thought that this news was bad enough because our senior officers knew every man on the list, but now we get this Kitchenner dope and we all wonder what will happen next. In fact I personally will not be surprised at anything.

I arrived at Camp safely Monday morning and found that most of my platoon were just coming back also. And when we started tomorrow it was funny to see how little pep the men had in them. These week end passers certainly do take the snapiness out of those fellows who go away and it takes a couple of days to really get working smoothly again. I know the feeling because I no more feel like work than they did but it kept me wide awake trying to put a little life into them.

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God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Niagara Camp,

13th June, 1916.

Dear Father:-

This evening I received your letter enclosing the copy of Major Murray's letter to you, for which I must thank you and also to assure you that the contents thereof will be kept strictly under my hat, because I realize that the publicity of which would be contrary to all of his wishes and also that it would do me much more harm than good. But believe me it is awfully good of him to write that way, for it is my sole ambition to be as good an officer and a soldier, and have the respect of men and officers alike as Maurice had, and if I ever reach that point you can just bet I'll feel more than satisfied and know that I've done all and more than is asked or expected of me. As for Major Murray you know that it is hardly necessary for me to tell you what I think of him. You know that he is more than my superior officer. He is almost a father to me, and I'm sure if I ever need advice or help in any way, after yourself and Uncle Jim, I would certainly give Hugh Murray the call. He is awfully popular with both his men and his officers, and I know that there isn't one of us that wouldn't follow him to the end. You know him amybe a whole lot better than I so I can't say any more about him.

I caught the boat all right yesterday morning and met Al Ramsey and a couple of the other boys on board and we all had company. After arriving at Camp I was sent at once up to the Ranges where I have been working ever since. It is very interesting being in charge of one of the Ranges and conducting the practices, but at the same time mighty exasperating when some of those bone heads can absorb nothing greater than the contents of a flask of Rye. Still the shooting has

Niagara Camp,

15th June, 1916.

Dear Father:-

This evening I received your letter enclosing the copy of Major Murray's letter to you, for which I must thank you and also to assure you that the contents thereof will be kept strictly under my hat. Because I realize that the publicity of which would be contrary to all of his wishes and also that it would do me much more harm than good. But believe me it is awfully good of him to write that way, for it is my sole ambition to be as good an officer and a soldier, and have the respect of men and officers alike as Murray has, and if I ever reach that point you can just bet I'll feel more than satisfied and know that I've done all and more than is asked or expected of me. As for Major Murray you know that it is hardly necessary for me to tell you what I think of him. You know that he is more than my superior officer. He is almost a father to me, and I'm sure if I ever need advice or help in any way, after yourself and Uncle Jim, I would certainly give Hugh Murray the call. He is awfully popular with both his men and his officers, and I know that there isn't one of us that wouldn't follow him to the end. You know him maybe a whole lot better than I so I can't say any more about him.

I caught the boat all right yesterday morning and met Al Ramsey and a couple of the other boys on board and we all had company. After arriving at Camp I was sent at once up to the Hanger where I have been working ever since. It is very interesting being in charge of one of the Hangers and conducting the practices, but at the same time mighty exasperating when some of those bone heads can absorb nothing greater than the contents of a flask of Rye. Still the shooting has

been very good as a whole and we do not have to take off our hats to any of the other battalions in camp at shooting, marching or any other little stunt in the Military line.

We had our first bathing parade to-day and it was one of the most spectacular sights I ever saw. We were marched up the road a couple of miles to a point on the South shore of the lake, where there was a nice high bank overlooking a large sandy beach. The whole battalion was formed up in "Mass" where the rifles were piled and the command to undress was given. Every man peeled off his clothes just where he stood and on a whistle being blown everyone (over 1000 men) let out a roar and made a wild charge down the bank and into the drink. It was the funniest sight I ever saw, and I would have laughed myself to death only I was in the water with the men and I didn't dare open my mouth. After about 15 minutes of splashing around and yelling Major Miller struck for shore and ordered the bugler to call "Long Dress". Well the bugler stood on top of the steep bank overlooking the lake and as Mulvaney says, "with not enough clothes on his back to dust a flute", sounded the call. Then there was a wild scramble up the bank and great excitement trying to find your own clothes. Just as like as not you would get one mans kilt and anothers shirt and anothers hose top etc. But after a while everyone got straightened away and all was beautiful. The men all enjoyed the day and I know we all did. In fact swimming every hot day would receive a hearty approval from everybody. Now I must quit as I've told all the news. Give my best love to Mother and keep lots for yourself and Aunt Maggie.

God Bless you all.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

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to any of the other battalions in camp at shooting, marching or any
other little stunt in the Military line.

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would have laughed myself to death only I was in the water with the
men and I didn't dare open my mouth. After about 15 minutes of
splashing around and yelling Major Miller struck for shore and
ordered the bugler to call "Long Green". Well the bugler stood
on top of the steep bank overlooking the lake and as Mulvaney says,
"with not enough clothes on his back to dust a flate", sounded the
call. Then there was a wild scramble up the bank and great
excitement trying to find your own clothes. Just as like as not
you would get one man's shirt and another's shirt and another's hose
top etc. But after a while everyone got frightened away and all
was beautiful. The men all enjoyed the day and I know we all did. In
fact swimming every hot day would receive a hearty approval from
everybody. Now I must quit as I've told all the news. Give my best
love to Mother and keep love for yourself and Aunt Maggie.

God Bless you all.

Your loving son,

Gerald.

Niagara Camp.

15th June, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I thought I would just drop you a line to let you know that I intend to run over to Toronto on Sunday, and although my time at home will be quite short, nevertheless, I want to come over anyway. Of course I can't ask for leave of absence just now, but it is perfectly alright to leave camp for any length of time, whatever so long as I don't miss a parade. We have a Church parade Sunday morning but we are free before eleven o'clock so I'll catch the boat that leaves sometime between eleven and eleven forty-five. I won't be home in time for dinner so don't bother waiting it for me, but I'll be up to the house shortly afterwards. Then the last boat leaves Toronto sometime around 5.15 P.M. so I'll be with you all for a few hours anyway. Of course, if either you or Father had intended going out or making other arrangements for the day just let me know and I will call it off and come next Sunday or any other day.

There is not much new stunts being pulled off around Camp except that Col. Osborne of the Headquarters Staff informed us last night that we would be pulling out for Camp Borden sometime between the 1st and 15th of July, which is rather indefinite, but still it settles the question as to where we will spend the rest of the summer.

To-morrow we have our weekly route march to Queenson Heights and return, which will be in the neighborhood of 20 miles, wo we are all pulling for a nice cool day. Of course if it should rain very hard it will be called off but everyone wants to take a whack at it.

Niagara Camp,

12th June, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I thought I would just drop you a line to let you know that I intend to run over to Toronto on Sunday, and although my time at home will be quite short, nevertheless, I want to come over anyway. Of course I can't ask for leave of absence just now, but it is perfectly alright to leave camp for any length of time, whatever as long as I don't miss a parade. We have a Church service Sunday morning but we are free before eleven o'clock so I'll catch the boat that leaves sometime between eleven and eleven forty-five. I won't be home in time for dinner so don't bother waiting for me, but I'll be up to the house shortly afterwards. Then the last boat leaves Toronto sometime around 2.15 P.M. so I'll be with you all for a few hours anyway. Of course, if either you or Father had intended going out or making other arrangements for the day just let me know and I will call it off and come next Sunday or any other day.

There is not much new news being pulled off around camp except that Col. Osborne of the Headquarters Staff informed us last night that we would be pulling out for Camp Borden sometime between the 1st and 15th of July, which is rather indefinite, but still it settles the question as to where we will spend the rest of the summer. To-morrow we have our weekly route march to Queenston Heights and return, which will be in the neighborhood of 20 miles, so we are all pulling for a nice cool day. Of course it should rain very hard it will be called off but everyone wants to take a whack at it.

Oh yes, I nearly forgot to tell you that your dear friend Mrs. Crawford has arrived on the scene and intends to spend a week at least in the town, so as to keep a Motherly eye on us all. She came over in "Clayton's Car" with her beloved husband doing the "Hustwayte" studd. I hadn't the nerve to ask her how long it took to make the trip but I understand they left early in the morning and arrived at about 8.00 at night, and still she informed me that it was a wonderful car to stand such a journey. I said "Yes" and let it go at that.

I have been interrupted in this short letter about 50 times by these darn mosquitos. Believe me but they have a wonderful hunting ground around these Highlanders; and its a crime to think what they'll do when they get us at Camp Borden, and blackflies too. Gee.

I must quit now as the light in my tent is attracting the darn things so I either have to get out of here or else put on a pair of pants.

This Hamilton gang of Highlanders are raising the devil with their bag pipes next door so its no wonder I'm getting eaten up alive by mosquitos. In fact our camp is swarming while they have none.

Best love to Yourself, Father and Aunt Maggie.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

Oh yes, I nearly forgot to tell you that your dear friend Mrs. Crawford has arrived on the scene and intends to spend a week at least in the town, so as to keep a Motherly eye on us all. She came over in "Clayton's Car" with her beloved husband doing the "Hustwyte" stunt. I hadn't the nerve to ask her how long it took to make the trip but I understand they left early in the morning and arrived at about 8.00 at night, and still she informed me that it was a wonderful car to stand such a journey. I said "Yes" and let it go at that. I have been interrupted in this short letter about 50 times by these darn mosquitoes. Believe me but they have a wonderful hunting ground around these Highlands, and its a crime to think what they'll do when they get us at Camp Borden, and Blacklion too. Gee. I must quit now as the light in my tent is attracting the darn things so I either have to get out of here or else put on a pair of pants.

This Hamilton gang of Highlanders are raising the devil with their bag pipes next door so its no wonder I'm getting eaten up alive by mosquitoes. In fact our camp is swarming while they have

none.

Best love to Yourself, Father and Aunt Maggie.
Your loving son,
Gerald.

Niagara Camp,

June 21st, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I received your welcome letters yesterday evening, together with copies of Maurice's last letter, Maybee and Pete Campbells, and although they all made pretty tough reading, still as you may guess I was awfully glad to get them, because it is so much more satisfactory to hear from friends who were on the job at the time and know exactly how everything happened.

I also received a very nice letter from Norma Smith and quite a number of other people, some of whom I haven't seen or heard of for a long time. One fellow who went to Woodstock College and whom I had practically forgotten had ever existed wrote a very nice letter. So you see all my old friends have not forgotten me and it is all the more appreciated because it was not necessary for them to go to all the trouble.

Helen Brown is over at the Y.M.C.A. Canteen, but unfortunately when I got over there last night she had gone for the day, so I must go over again later on when I can get the time.

After I left you all at the wharf on Sunday I met 8 of the boys returning to the Camp so we all went below and had a full grown dinner and a good time until we landed. On our way over we passed two boats, i.e., the two later boats, and about all we could see was people jammed all over it. They seemed to be almost hanging on to the sides of the ships, they were so crowded, so I think you all did the wise thing in returning on the early boat. On Monday the Duke reviewed the troops in the pouring rain. Needless to say, we

Niagara Camp,

June 21st, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I received your welcome letters yesterday evening, together with copies of Maurice's last letter, Hayes and Pete Campbell's, and although they all made pretty tough reading, still as you may guess I was awfully glad to get them, because it is so much more satisfactory to hear from friends who were on the job at the time and know exactly how everything happened.

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were all soaked before it was over, but no one has had any ill effects to date. All we had to do when the Duke finally arrived on the parade grounds was to give a general salute and march past and then we came home and dried out. The hard part however was standing out in the rain waiting for him to put in an appearance. I heard Perkins telling one of the men while we were waiting that the Duke had forgotten his old tunic so he was waiting for the rain to stop so he wouldn't soil his new one. There were a lot of funny remarks that went down the line. I was standing out in front of the men all ears like an elephant but still I couldn't catch everything, one man passed the message along to the same Perkins that "His Royal Highness wished to know whether Mr. Perkins would honour him by splitting a bottle of beer with him at lunch". This sort of thing kept up for about half an hour, while the old rain kept right on doing its duty.

To-day Sir. gam, not to be outdone, is also going to hold a review and the beauty of it is that we are having exactly the same kind of weather. "Short Dress" has just sounded and I must get ready. Everyone is cursing all reviews in general and Sir. gam in particular. I suppose Tommy Church will come over and review us in the rain next.

There was nothing to be ashamed of in June 22nd.

I couldn't finish this letter yesterday as the "Fall In" blew and I had to beat it. Just after we got started the rain ceased and the sun came out, and although a little wet underfoot, still it was a beautiful day. Sir Sam was there in all his glory and he rode up and down the lines and gave us all the once over, after which we marched past. After that Sam called all the officers out and shook

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June 22nd.

I couldn't finish this letter yesterday as the "Pall M" blew and I had to beat it. Just after we got started the rain ceased and the sun came out, and although a little wet underneath, still it was a beautiful day. Sir Sam was there in all his glory and he rode up and down the lines and gave us all the once over, after which we marched past. After that Sam called all the officers out and shook

hands with each one of us. When he heard my name he stopped and said "Not E.T's Son", when I said "Yes" he talked to me for a few minutes about Maurice and just before he left me he told me to "be sure and remember me to your Father".

After dinner our men lined the road from Headquarters Compound to the Ry tracks where Sams train was waiting, while His Nibs Gen. Logie, Col. Bickford and others walked between our lines of cheering men. He stopped opposite the Pipe Major and called for a tune. Well our Pipe Major is Scotch and dearly loves the pipes, so he played and then the whole pipe band played, and then they did a scotch reel, and then they all played some more. I thought it would last forever and Sir. Sam fidgeted from one foot to the other. At last they quit and with a "Thank you boys" Sam beat it for the train, with the pipes still blowing behind him. Then the train started and with a cheer and a "Good Bye Sam" from half a dozen of the men he had gone.

I received, last night, your latest letter with copies from Harry Symons, gamey Stratton etc, which I read and without a word passed on to Major Murray. I most certainly will show them to the Colonel when he gets back and you can just bet your life as you say, "There was nothing to be ashamed of in any of those letters or in that boys life".

Now Good Bye and God Bless both Mother and Yourself and hoping that you both will feel "your oats" soon again.

Your loving Son,
Gerald.

P.S. I think I'll be home Sunday about 1.45 P.M.

hands with each one of us. When he heard my name he stopped and said "Not N.T.'s Son", when I said "Yes" he talked to me for a few minutes about Maurice and just before he left he told me to "be sure and remember me to your Father".

After dinner our men lined the road from Headquarters Compound to the Ry tracks where some train was waiting. While this time Gen. Logie, Col. Rickford and others walked between our lines of operating men. He stopped opposite the Pipe Major and called for a tune. Well our Pipe Major is Scotch and dearly loves the pipes, so he played and then the whole pipe band played, and then they did a Scotch reel, and then they all played some more. I thought it would last forever and Sir. van Tilghem from one foot to the other. At last they quit and with a "Thank you boys" Sam beat it for the train, with the pipes still blowing behind him. Then the train started and with a cheer and a "Good bye Sam" from half a dozen of the men he had gone.

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Now Good bye and God Bless both Mother and Yourself and hoping that you both will feel "your oats" soon again.

Your loving Son,
Gerald.

P.S. I think I'll be home Sunday about 1.45 P.M.

Niagara Camp,

29th June, 1916.

Dear Father:-

The only reason that I have not written sooner is because I have had little or no news that is exceptionally startling. This week I have been detailed along with Hugh Murray, Phil. Boyd, Scotty Shiell, Jack Alexander and about ten other subalterns to take a course in Physical training and Bayonet Fighting. The course is only for six days at 4 hours per day. It doesn't seem very much for a days work, but believe me by the end of 4 hours you don't feel as fresh as when you started. It is a funny sight to see the old boys like Majors Allen, Murray and Shiell and old Phil Boyd at the end of the 3rd hour. They are always just about all in and they generally get some one to carry their rifles back to the tent. Phil is the funniest sight of all. He begins to sweat after the first 5 minutes, and after that it just pours out of him for the rest of the day. We get a 15 minute rest every two hours and then there is a mad dash for the canteen and there you'll find nearly all with a big bottle of pop in one hand and an ice cream cone in the other. At the end of the intermission it generally takes at least 5 minutes to round up the gang to commence work again. I have a great time in the class because Phil is my sparring partner and he knows all the tricks, at putting on a bold front and pretending to be working hard, but on reality he is stalling all the time. I have picked up a number of good stunts from him.

The beauty of the course is that we are relieved from all battalion and company duties and as we don't start to work until

Wingara Camp.

28th June, 1916.

Dear Father:-

The only reason that I have not written sooner is because I have had little or no news that is exceptionally startling. This week I have been detailed along with Hugh Murray, Phil, Scooby, Sniff, Jack Alexander and about ten other subalterns to take a course in physical training and bayonet fighting. The course is only for six days at 4 hours per day. It doesn't seem very much for a days work, but believe me by the end of 4 hours you don't feel as fresh as when you started. It is a funny sight to see the old boys like Major Allen, Murray and Sniff and old Phil Boyd at the end of the 3rd hour. They are always just about all in and they generally get some one to carry their rifles back to the tent. Phil is the toughest right of all. We begin to sweat after the first 5 minutes and after that it just pours out of him for the rest of the day. We get a 15 minute rest every two hours and then there is a mad dash for the canteen and there you'll find nearly all with a big bottle of pop in one hand and an ice cream cone in the other. At the end of the intermission it generally takes at least 5 minutes to round up the gang to commence work again. I have a great time in the class because Phil is my sparring partner and he knows all the tricks at putting on a bold front and pretending to be working hard, but on really he is stalling all the time. I have picked up a number of good stunts from him.

The beauty of the course is that we are relieved from all battalion and company duties and as we don't start to work until

9.30 each morning. We don't get up until 8 o'clock which is rather a treat and in some ways makes up for the extra hard work we are supposed to be doing.

That is about all the news I have for you except that Major Miller has just announced that we leave for Camp Borden on Thursday the 6th July at 9.30 P.M. Most likely we will take the train right here at the Camp that night and arrive there first thing next morning. There is sure to be a wild old time on the train that night, and I see where our work will be cut out for us.

I have applied for a week end leave but as yet I have received no word whether it is granted or not. If it is granted I will motor home with Brad Snow and will arrive some time Saturday evening about 8 or 9 o'clock. If I don't get leave I'll let you know.

Hoping that both Mother and Yourself are feeling a whole lot better. Best love to you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

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rather a treat and in some ways makes up for the extra hard work
we are supposed to be doing.

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Hoping that both Mother and Yourself are feeling a whole lot
better. Best love to you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Camp Borden.

Niagara Camp, 1916.

Thursday morning, July 6/16.

Dear Father:-

We have been so busy all week preparing to move to Borden that I haven't had time to write. At present it is an awful job trying to find anything at all and its taken me about half an hour to find a piece of paper and an envelope and I'm trying to write this letter standing up with the paper on an old box and about five people borrowing this, the only pen in the Camp. I can't write any more now as they are all yelling at me to get busy pulling down tents.

Best love to Mother and Yourself, and I'll write from Borden the very first opportunity I get.

God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Niagara Camp.

Thursday morning, July 6/16.

Dear Father:-

We have been so busy all week preparing to move to Borden that I haven't had time to write. At present it is an awful job trying to find anything at all and it takes me about half an hour to find a piece of paper and an envelope and I'm trying to write this letter standing up with the paper on an old box and about five people borrowing this, the only pen in the Camp. I can't write any more now as they are all yelling at me to get busy pulling down

tents.

Best love to Mother and Yourself, and I'll write from Borden

the very first opportunity I get.

God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Camp Borden,

8th July, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

At last we are in that "wonderful" camp which is nothing but miles of nice pine country as flat as a billiard table as far as the eye can see". So spoke General Logie when we were at Niagara, but the old boy is an awful kidder. It is a fact that there is miles and miles of country but it is by no means flat. It is decidedly lumpy and roly in numerous spots. I cant tell much about it as yet, as I have only been here two days and it would take a week of constant hoofing to see it all.

Last Thursday we had an extra busy day at Niagara. Everyone was up bright and early for there was lots of work to be done. The men all had to get their Equipment packed and fixed on them and as it was all new to them, believe me we had a sweet job getting them fixed up. You know its a funny thing, for myself I never even saw a kit packed before in my life, but we all had to make a good big bluff that we knew all about it and show all the men how to do it properly. Well eventually we got things packed up and then came the job of getting them up on the mens backs and then- - - oh Lord, some of the packs fell apart and some went lopsided and others managed to stick somehow. After a while we got packed up in a fairly uniform fashion and then came the stunt of the day, viz, Breaking Camp.

At 2 P.M. the bugle sounded and every man took his place, which had previously been assigned to him at his tent, the ropes of each tent were loosened and everyone held the tents in place until the second bugle sounded. Previous to the second call to the spectator not a living soul could be seen near the tents but with the call

8th July, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

At last we are in that "wonderful" camp which is nothing but miles of nice pine country as flat as a billiard table as far as the eye can see". So spoke General Lurie when we were at Niagara, but the old boy is an awful klutzy. It is a fact that there is miles and miles of country built up by no means flat. It is decidedly lumpy and really is numerous spots. I can't tell much about it as yet, as I have only been here two days and it would take a week of constant hoofing to see it all.

Last Thursday we had an extra busy day at Niagara. Everyone was up bright and early for there was lots of work to be done. The men all had to get their equipment packed and fixed on them and as it was all new to them, believe me we had a sweet job getting them fixed up. You know it's a funny thing, for myself I never even saw a kit packed before in my life, but we all had to make a good big bluff that we knew all about it and show all the men how to do it properly. Well eventually we got things packed up and then came the job of getting them up on the men's backs and then - - - oh Lord, some of the packs fell apart and some went toppled and others managed to stick somehow. After a while we got packed up in a fairly uniform fashion and then came the stunt of the day, viz., breaking camp.

At 2 P.M. the bugle sounded and every man took his place, which had previously been assigned to him at his tent, the ropes of each tent were loosened and everyone held the tent in place until the second bugle sounded. Previous to the second call to the spectator not a living soul could be seen near the tent but with the call

bang every tent in our whole camp came down with a crash, and where there had been tents standing but half a second before, not one was in sight and the place was fairly alive with men working like Trojans. It reminded me of a sudden swarm of bees. Then came the wild race of folding up the tents and placing them beside the road running through the middle of the camp, where they could more easily be picked up by the transports. Tent floors were then raised and propped up and everyone was happy.

At 8.45 P.M. we paraded to the train and each subaltern was placed in charge of a car, where we posted our sentries at each door and then let our men in. The idea of placing sentries on the doors was for several reasons, namely:- to keep the men inside the car, firstly for their own sakes, because men are like kids and would, if you'd let them, wander in and out of the train and consequently some would be left behind, possibly some would get hurt and probably (its quite possible) some would desert on their first opportunity. The sentries were divided into 9 reliefs, (2 in a relief) each on duty for 1 hour, and it was their duty to allow no one to enter or leave the car except officers. However, we had no trouble of any kind whatever. The men knew what they were up against so got into their places and stayed there. Of course, there was an awful lot of loud yelling and rotten singing but that was to be expected. They were all on these Colonist Cars which have combination seats and bunks, so you see they could have slept if they had wanted to. But sleep was the last thought any of them had for hours to come. Card games, mouth organs, cheering and singing was the order for the night. I was with them until about midnight,

bang every tent in our whole camp came down with a crash, and where there had been tents standing but half a second before, not one was in sight and the place was fairly alive with men working like frogs. It reminded me of a sudden swarm of bees. Then came the wild race of taking up the tents and placing them beside the road running through the middle of the camp, where they could more easily be picked up by the transporters. Tent floors were then raised and propped up and everyone was happy.

At 8.45 P.M. we paraded to the train and each subaltern was placed in charge of a car, where we posted our sentries at each door and then let our men in. The idea of placing sentries on the doors was for several reasons, namely:- to keep the men inside the car, firstly for their own sakes, because men are like kids and would, if you let them, wander in and out of the train and consequently some would be left behind, possibly some would get hurt and probably (its quite possible) some would desert on their first opportunity. The sentries were divided into 3 reliefs, (2 in a relief) each on duty for 1 hour, and it was their duty to allow no one to enter or leave the car except officers. However, we had no trouble of any kind whatever. The men knew what they were up against so got into their places and stayed there. Of course, there was an awful lot of loud yelling and rotten singing but that was to be expected. They were all on these Colonial Cars which have combination seats and bunks, so you see they could have slept if they had wanted to. But sleep was the last thought any of them had for hours to come. Card games, word games, cheering and singing was the order for the night. I was with them until about midnight.

when things began to get very dead and everyone was getting very sleepy, so I slipped back to the officers car in rear and had a good nights sleep in a perfectly good Pullman.

At 4.30 next morning the Orderly officer yanked us all out of bed with the information that we were only 5 minutes out of Camp Borden, which resulted in a wild scramble for clothes, and get back with the men as quickly as possible. I had no sooner got back when the train all of a sudden stopped and there the Camp had all of a sudden jumped into sight.

The sun had just come up and there were an awful bunch of tents on a vast piece of fairly level ground on our left which extended well back over a mile. Immediately East of these tents there was a piece of ground with a frontage of about a quarter of a mile, which, unlike the other encampment, was dotted here and there with chumps of Pine trees. This turned out to be our own ground and appeared to be the pick of the whole lot. We are within 300 yards of the Station (there is only one station for both the G.T.R. and C.P.R.) Camp Headquarters is within half a mile, and North West of the station, the Y.M.C.A. and the Hospital are about a quarter of a mile to the South, while all the other Brigades being 6 in all or 24 battalions are scattered out immediately to our West. So you see our location is good in every way and the beauty of it all is we have a lot of shade from our grove of pine trees. I shouldn't say that the other camps are scattered out because they are not. The whole seven brigades are bunched into as small a space as possible. No battalion has a parade ground at all like we had at Niagara, but our parade ground is about two miles West of our Camp, and the idea is that each morning every battalion takes its lunch with it and marches to its

when things began to get very dead and everyone was getting very sleepy, so I slipped back to the officers car in rear and had a good nights sleep in a perfectly good Pullman.

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parade ground and there spends the rest of the day, and arriving back in Camp in time for supper. It is entirely a new idea for us all but I'm sure that we'll like it when we see it worked a couple of times. Up to the present we have been very busy pitching the tents and cleaning up the grounds.

The country itself is rather hard to describe. I had pictured it in my mind to be nothing but a vast area of sand and burnt Pine stumps, but I was agreeably surprised to find instead of the sand like you see on the beach at Jacksons Point, the country is covered with a more or less sandy loam, which I imagine makes farming impossible, but still permits grass to grow. The ground is really not covered with the fine grass as one has on a lawn but more of a very coarse grass and covered more or less with brambles, which persist in catching your foot in the dark and pitching you on your nose. The whole place is really cleared Pine-land.

There is no doubt but at one time it was an immense Pine Forest and was later burnt down, because although away from the encampment itself there is any amount of forest and woods, still there is a vast extent stretching for miles which is barren of trees but dotted all over with burnt stumps. It certainly is going to be a wonderful place to carry out advanced work and tactical schemes and just the place we need as a battalion to train, but we are about ten miles from Barrie, which evidently is the only sign of civilization and it might just as well be 500 miles away as far as we are concerned.

I cant begin to tell you how to locate our own camp as that would be an impossibility but any old time you and Father ever thought of coming up (I would suggest some Sunday) why just let me know and I would meet you at the station (that is the only know place

parade ground and there spends the rest of the day, and arriving back
in Camp in time for supper. It is entirely a new idea for us all
but I'm sure that we'll like it when we see it worked a couple of
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thought of coming up (I would suggest some Sunday) why just let me
know and I would meet you at the station (that is the only place

Camp Borden.
in the Camp and just like a Post Office in a small town - known to everyone), where I could meet you whether you came by train or by motor. The road to Barrie they claim is very fair for a new road except for a stretch of 2 or 3 miles which is rotten. However, as I said before I have only been here a couple of days and don't know all the ropes yet, but I'll tip them off to you just as soon as possible.

How are both Yourself and Father? Both fine I hope. By studying the time tables of both railroads, I think I'll be able to make a few of my old Sunday visits to you, arriving in Toronto about 4.30 P.M. and leaving about 9.40. It is only a two hour or so trip so you can bet I'll make the grade with or without leave in a couple of weeks after we have everything settled up here.

Best of love to you both and write soon and tell me all the stunts you are performing.

God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

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stunts you are performing.

God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Camp Borden,

July 16th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

How did the pow-wow go off in London last week? Did Mac deliver any of his outbursts of rhetoric or was it a song by way of a change. One would be as equally good as the other. I suppose you motored up as you proposed, and also that Mother spent the week end in Woodstock. I hope she did as a change is what's needed.

We have spent a fairly slow day here, being the Company Orderly officer helped to pass the time, but all the other boys slept most of the day.

Ever since we had the riot up here Headquarters have been more or less tight about letting any more officers than possible out of Camp, otherwise, as Sunday is always a slow day, a number would have gone home to Toronto for the day. But nothing doing, an order came out this morning that only officers on leave could leave the Camp. Only eight were on pass so the rest had to sit around and twiddle their thumbs until bed time. However, after Church Parade and after my duties were performed, Al Ramsey, Lester and I started out for a walk about 10.30. We left the Camp and went due east, crossing the review grounds where Sam held sway last Tuesday, until we struck a swamp. Here the bush was pretty thick so we had a whale of a job getting through. In this swamp we struck some real live mosquitoes which were as big as humming birds, and had a kick like a mule. They were the finest specimen I have ever had the pleasure of feeding. There were also some beautiful bushes of the raspberry specie, which persisted in rubbing themselves across our bare knees, which was also very pleasant. After about twenty minutes of beating it through this sort of stuff we emerged in the open once more and continued

July 18, 1918.

Dear Father:-

How did the pow-wow go off in London last week? Did Mac deliver any of his elaborate orations of rhetoric or was it a song by way of a change. One would be as equally good as the other. I suppose you worked up as you proposed, and also that Mother spent the week end in Woodstock. I hope she did as a change is what's needed. We have spent a fairly slow day here, being the Company orderly officer helped to pass the time, but all the other boys slept most of the day. Ever since we had the riot up here Headquarters have been more or less limit about letting any more officers than possible out of Camp, otherwise, as Sunday is always a slow day, a number would have gone home to Toronto for the day. But nothing doing, an order came out this morning that only officers on leave could leave the Camp. Only eight were on pass so the rest had to sit around and twiddle their thumbs until bed time. However, after Church Parade and after my duties were performed, Al Ramsey, Lester and I started out for a walk about 10.30. We left the Camp and went due east, crossing the review grounds where Sam held away last Tuesday, until we struck a swamp. Here the bush was pretty thick so we had a whole of a job getting through. In this swamp we struck some real live mosquitoes which were as big as humming birds, and had a kick like a mule. They were the finest specimen I have ever had the pleasure of feeding. There were also some beautiful bushes of the raspberry species, which pertained in rubbing themselves across our bare knees, which was also very pleasant. After about twenty minutes of beating it through this sort of stuff we emerged in the open once more and continued

on our way over sand and pine stumps for another mile or so and then struck another bush quite similar to the first with this addition. There was a nice little river running through it which was altogether too wide to jump and not an bridge or crossway to be seen, although we scouted around for about half an hour, we decided there was only one way to get across, so we hauled off our puttees, boots and socks and hauled our kilts well up over our heads and flopped into the stream and waded across. It certainly would have made a beautiful picture and had "Diana at the Bath" beaten to a frazzle.

After getting on our boots etc. we kept piking eastward noticing, as we went along, the vast improvement in the country, several farms having fairly decent looking crops and very few pine trees, which certainly was a relief after the stuff we see hereabouts. After a short time we came to civilization in the shape of a number of frame houses, which turned out to be the thriving Village of Lisle where "the original John Bull pickle is made". As a matter of fact I never even knew of the existence of such a fruit until I saw the label on the bottle at a place where we had dinner. Lisle, outside of the Pickle Factory, boasts of two general stores, three hotels, (now dry and therefore have ceased to exist), a station on the G.T.R. with two trains per day, (one going to Collingwood and the other returning, one Cabarette, eight houses and twelve outhouses, being one for each inhabitant. We had dinner at the Cabarette which floated a huge sign board which read "ICE CREAM" in immense letters and underneath in very small ones "and meals". So it was quite evident that meals were of secondary importance. The place had all the earmarks of an ordinary house so we walked right in and had a real meal, with as much pie as we could eat. After eating and giving the place the once over and incidentally providing the populace to the treat of their lives, (so it seemed because they nearly

on our way over sand and pine stumps for another mile or so and then struck another bush quite similar to the first with this addition. There was a nice little river running through it which was altogether too wide to jump and not a bridge or crossing to be seen, although we ascended around for about half an hour, we decided there was only one way to get across, so we hauled off our poles, boots and socks and hauled our kites well up over our heads and flopped into the stream and waded across. It certainly would have made a beautiful picture and had "Diana at the Bath" beaten to a frazzle. After getting on our boots etc. we kept piking eastward noticing, as we went along, the vast improvement in the country, several farms having fairly decent looking crops and very few pine trees, which certainly was a relief after the stuff we see heretofore. After a short time we came to civilization in the shape of a number of frame houses, which turned out to be the thriving village of Elsie where "the original John Bull Pickle is made". As a matter of fact I never even knew of the existence of such a fruit until I saw the label on the bottle at a place where we had dinner. Elsie, outside of the Pickle Factory, boasts of two general stores, three hotels, (now dry and therefore have ceased to exist), a station on the G.T.R. with two trains per day. (one going to Collingwood and the other returning, one Cabarette, eight houses and twelve outhouses, being one for each inhabitant. We had dinner at the Cabarette which floated a huge sign board which read "ICE CREAM" in immense letters and underneath in very small ones "and meals". So it was quite evident that meals were of secondary importance. The place had all the earmarks of an ordinary house so we walked right in and had a real meal, with as much pie as we could eat. After eating and giving the place the once over and incidentally providing the populace

lost their necks rubbering at us) we returned to the camp by the same route. On arriving here everything was dead so I inaugurated the old time honoured game of "Old Saw" which got a number interested and we have been playing the darned old game all night, while a crowd of the men congregated and cheered us on. I think I can safely predict that this will be the by game of the Camp after a while. I see the men are now gathering Clubs and I expect they'll start in after a while. "Quoits" seems to have the strongest following and the men play that game by the hour.

We had a swimming parade on Friday in the "Pine River" which was a rotten hole, but as it was a hot day and the water was wet we all flopped in and a wash anyway. I don't think I can tell you anything else which would be of interest as everything seems about the same as last Tuesday. Oh did you and Mr. Snowball have any difficulty about getting home that night, I have been wondering but I have not heard from you since. Those candies you left were bully and as usual were too good to last more than 10 minutes at the most. Mr. Snowballs cigars were much appreciated also.

Hoping both You and Mother are feeling better after your holiday, and I'll try and get home Sunday even though it is only for the day.

Best love to you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

lost their necks rubbing at us) we returned to the camp by the same route. On arriving here everything was dead so I inaugurated the old time honoured game of "Old Saw" which got a number interested and we have been playing the damned old game all night, while a crowd of the men congregated and cheered us on. I think I can safely predict that this will be the by game of the Camp after a while. I see the men are now gathering clubs and I expect they'll start in after a while. "Quota" seems to have the strongest following and the men play that game by the hour.

We had a swimming parade on Friday in the "Pine River" which was a rotten hole, but as it was a hot day and the water was wet we all flopped in and a wash anyway. I don't think I can tell you anything else which would be of interest as everything seems about the same as last Tuesday. Oh did you and Mr. Snowball have any difficulty about getting home that night. I have been wondering but I have not heard from you since. Those candles you left were bulky and as usual were too good to last more than 10 minutes at the most. Mr. Snowball's cigars were much appreciated also.

Hoping both you and Mother are feeling better after your holiday, and I'll try and get home Sunday even though it is only for the day.

Best love to you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Camp Borden,

July 23rd, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I rec'd your very welcome letter of the 20th instant last evening and was very glad to hear that the little rest mother had at Woodstock helped some. What you both need is that trip you were figuring on taking to Montreal and I don't see why the dickens you shouldn't go. I had counted on getting home to-day for a few hours, but the luck was all against me because, as I wasn't entitled to week-end leave, I had to go on Orderly Duty in place of some fellows who had their leave and were entitled to it. They seem to be playing me for the goat as far as duty on Sundays is concerned, but I'll be ding busted if they get me again for a while. However, as I can't get home I asked Dick Bird to ring up the house when he arrived in Town and let you know. I hope he didn't forget to do this.

Now I calculate, that unless something very unforeseen should happen, that I'll be home on week-end leave next Friday night in time for dinner but it is also quite possible that next week-end leave will not start until Saturday, in which case I will be home Saturday afternoon.

Now as far as reports in the Newspapers go there is more or less truth in the report that we are ordered overseas in the near future. This is exactly how the matter stands. In our division six battalions, of which we are one, have been ordered to be prepared for overseas in the month of August. This does not necessarily mean that we will go during that month, but we have been warned to be prepared. Last night I nosed around for myself, for information is mighty scarce

Camp Gordon,

July 23rd, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I rec'd your very welcome letter of the 20th instant last evening and was very glad to hear that the little rest mother had at Woodstock helped some. What you both need is that trip you were figuring on taking to Montreal and I don't see why the doctors you shouldn't go. I had counted on getting home to-day for a few hours, but the luck was all against me because, as I wasn't entitled to week-end leave, I had to go on Orderly Duty in place of some fellows who had their leave and were entitled to it. They seem to be playing me for the goat as far as duty on Sundays is concerned, but I'll be ding busted if they get me again for a while. However, as I can't get home I asked Dick Bird to ring up the house when he arrived in Town and let you know. I hope he didn't forget to do this.

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around the battalions, so I went down to the station where I knew Kennedy the main push of the C.P.R. in these quarters, and he showed me a list of the battalions who are to go east in the month of August and the 134th were not on his list. So you see I can't really find out for sure when we are going, although I have sought information everywhere.

You were mentioning Colonel Donald in your letter. The Colonel is a sick man and has been given three months leave of absence to recuperate. He called the battalion together the other day and explained the situation to us all. The command of the battalion, which was certainly his ideal, he handed over formally to Major Miller because as he said, he thought it would be most unfair, in the face of the battalion going overseas without him, if his place was kept open for such a long period. Where the unfairness comes in I don't know because between us I would rather go over as Private with Col. Donald than as Company Commander with Major Miller. They are two men of entirely different natures and Col. Donald has a grip on his officers and men, so that he is almost worshiped as a god. Major Miller on the other hand, although undoubtedly capable and efficient, does not seem to have the same grip. Somewhere something seems to be lacking but what it is I can't explain. He is awfully decent and like the Colonel looks after the men mighty well, but still I don't think the men place the same reliance in him. Of course, time alone can tell what is going to happen in the future, and I think it will be O.K. The Colonel however, made a nice little speech to the men and wished them all good bye, which all hurt the men just as much as it did him and believe me that is going some.

around the battalions, so I went down to the station where I knew Kennedy the main push of the C.P.R. in these quarters, and he showed me a list of the battalions who are to go east in the month of August and the 15th were not on his list. So you see I can't really find out for sure when we are going, although I have sought information everywhere.

You were mentioning Colonel Donald in your letter. The Colonel is a sick man and has been given three months leave of absence to recuperate. He called the battalion together the other day and explained the situation to us all. The command of the battalion, which was certainly his ideal, he handed over formally to Major Miller because as he said, he thought it would be most unfair, in the face of the battalion going overseas without him, if his place was kept open for such a long period. Where the unfairness comes in I don't know because between us I would rather go over as Private with Col. Donald than as Company Commander with Major Miller. They are two men of entirely different natures and Col. Donald has a grip on his officers and men, so that he is almost worshiped as a god. Major Miller on the other hand, although undoubtedly capable and efficient, does not seem to have the same grip. Somewhere something seems to be lacking but what it is I can't explain. We are awfully decent and like the Colonel looks after the men mighty well, but still I don't think the men place the same reliance in him. Of course, time alone can tell what is going to happen in the future, and I think it will be O.K. The Colonel however, made a nice little speech to the men and wished them all good bye, which all hurt the men just as much as it did him and believe me that is going some.

knocked out. He said "There you are, the last time I saw him the
The other day Alex. Sinclair, or I should say Capt. Sinclair,
Capt. Bickle and Bud Brown, all of the 15th hit the Camp and stayed
the day with us. Sinclair and Bickle, I had never personally known,
but they evidently knew me. When they heard my name, Sinclair looked
at me and grinned and said "You damned Irishman" and at the same
time nearly squeezed my hand to a pulp. While Ed. Bickle just said
"Hello Jerry". Very few words aren't they, but the way he said it
meant a whole lot. I had a long talk with Alex. Sinclair that evening.
Sinclair as you may know left Canada as a Sergeant in the 48th and
knew Maurice for years, as he was also the drill instructor of the
St. Andrews College Cadets for some years, before the war broke out.
He told me that I had an awful reputation to live up to, but I told
him that I knew that and by way of illustration, he told me this.
On the Third of June the 15th, or as he calls it the 48th, and by
gad he is right, were ordered to assemble with all speed on a certain
sector of ground immediately. He rushed his Company to the spot
thinking that he was the first to be there, but when he arrived
Maurice was there before him. How it was done he didn't know but
there he was. They advanced in column of Companies, i. e., one
company ahead of another with Maurice in the leading one. They
went ahead as far as possible when Maurice ran back and asked
Sinclair, who was the Senior Officer present, for information.
Sinclair told him to dig himself in and await further developments.
Maurice replied that he had his men already under good cover. Then
Sinclair told him to beat it back and stay under cover himself and
not to take any chances. This Maurice said he would do as soon as
he had checked them all over again. He then left and this was the
last Sinclair saw of him, as shortly afterwards he (Sinclair) was

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went ahead as far as possible when Maurice ran back and asked
company ahead of another with Maurice in the leading one. They
there he was. They advanced in column of Companies, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
Maurice was there before him. How it was done he didn't know but
thinking that he was the first to be there, but when he arrived
sector of ground immediately. He rushed his Company to the spot
and he is right, were ordered to assemble with all speed on a certain
On the Third of June the 15th, or as he calls it the 48th, and by
him that I knew that and by way of illustration, he told me this.
He told me that I had an awful reputation to live up to, but I told
St. Andrews College Cadets for some years, before the war broke out.
knew Maurice for years, as he was also the drill instructor of the
Sinclair as you may know left Canada as a Sergeant in the 48th and
meant a whole lot. I had a long talk with Alex. Sinclair that evening.
"Hello Jerry". Very few words aren't they, but the way he said it
time nearly squeezed my hand to a pulp. While Ed. Bickie just said
at me and grinned and said "You damned Irishman" and at the same
but they evidently knew me. When they heard my name, Sinclair looked
the day with us. Sinclair and Bickie, I had never personally known.
Capt. Bickie and Bob Brown, all of the 15th hit the Camp and stayed
The other day Alex. Sinclair, or I should say Capt. Sinclair.

knocked out. He said "There you are, the last time I saw him the one and only thought on his head was the safety and comfort of his men". Sinclair lay on the field for a couple of hours after that giving orders, but was finally removed behind the lines and had been there some little time before word was rushed back that Maurice had been hit while trying to find a way to get his men through a hedge that grew near the trenches. Sinclair couldn't tell me any more about it but he paid Maurice many great compliments, both as to his ability of a soldier and his bearing of a gentleman, not only voicing his own opinions, but also the whole battalions. Believe me I thought it was great.

Bickle was a very quiet chap and I didn't get much of a chance to get anything out of him. Bud, I was mighty glad to see, which goes without saying.

This week Doug. McLeod and myself have been handling the purchase of tickets and the transportation of the whole battalion, who were entitled to week-end passes and you can take it from me that it is a big job, and kept us out of our little beds for the best part of two nights. But everything went off lovely and we had no confusion or dissatisfaction whatever, and handled about 600 men right to the king's taste, and by the way received a compliment from Col. Mewburn.

We are all beginning to get quite used to the Camp now that the first shock is over, and we are having more or less of a good time. Every evening the battalion stages a moving picture show, out in the open air, which is greatly appreciated by all. We also have resumed our baseball games, quoiting tournaments, soccer and cricket matches etc, so you see we put in the long evenings pretty well.

To-day I played in my first cricket match and I'm some bear. W.G. Grace was a piker for style alongside of me and as for getting

knocked out. He said "There you are, the last time I saw him the one and only thought on his head was the safety and comfort of his men".

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Bickle was a very quiet chap and I didn't get much of a chance to get anything out of him. But, I was mighty glad to see, which goes without saying.

This week Doug, Watson and myself have been handling the purchase of tickets and the transportation of the whole battalion, who were entitled to week-end passes and you can take it from me that it is a big job, and kept us out of our little beds for the best part of two nights. But everything went off lovely and we had no confusion or dissatisfaction whatever, and handled about 600 men right to the Kings taste, and by the way received a compliment from Col. Newburn. We are all beginning to get quite used to the Camp now that the first shock is over, and we are having more or less of a good time. Every evening the battalion stages a moving picture show, out in the open air, which is greatly appreciated by all. We also have resumed our baseball games, sporting tournaments, soccer and cricket matches etc. so you see we put in the long evenings pretty well. To-day I played in my first cricket match and I'm some beat. W.G. Grace was a piker for style alongside of me and as for getting

runs, why I'm IT. We walloped the men by 107 to 76 of which I contributed 41 much to the amusement of the whole crowd, as my strokes were quite original though effective. Baseball swings are much more effective anyway than these scientific things, which result in only one and two runs at a time. Another amusing incident of the game was the hitting of our Sergeant-Major in the eye with the ball. He was keeping wickets when the ball took a long top and ticked the bat and landed on his right optic. It may not have been amusing to him but the men certainly were tickled to death. The poor old Sergeant-Majors job is the least envied in the whole business as he is always unpopular. Nevertheless, he now has a beautifully discoloured peeper. I was out riding yesterday and as a result it takes a lot of nerve and a soft cushion for me to sit down to-day.

I do hope that both Mother and yourself feel better after your little change of atmosphere, and are both feeling your old selves again. Now I'll see you for sure next week-end and I'm terribly sorry I couldn't get home to-day.

God Bless you both.

Your ever loving Son,

Gerald,

P.S. The books you sent were bully. Many thanks.

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God Bless you both.

Your ever loving Son,

Gerald.

P.S. The books you sent were bully. Many thanks.

Camp Borden.

July 30th, 1916.

My dear Mother:-

Here we are again safely quartered in dusty old Camp Borden, after one of the nicest and most appreciated motor rides I ever had in my life. After leaving you all last night we picked up Doug. MacLeod and Brad. Snow and as none of us were feeling any too good, the very idea of not having to travel in a dirty hot old train, jammed to the roof with returning soldiers, helped cheer us all up a whole lot. We all were mighty glad to get away from it all for a short time. It was a lovely night and just warm enough driving to enable us to remove our tunics, so we made ourselves comfortable and sat back and enjoyed the breeze and your sandwiches and pop, and fruit, and the Lord only knows what all. We didn't nearly finish all the grub you made for us, but I must say we made an awful hole in the basket. Poor Godfrey had the pain in his belly all the way and couldn't do himself justice as far as the eats were concerned, but he punished our cigarettes all right. He was quite welcome to them because we all came to the conclusion that he was some driver and he sure is. He is a real good boy and knows how to handle a car and is awfully obliging.

The road, as far as Angus, was very good except in patches, but from Angus to the Camp was awful. The road runs anywhere across the field and you are at liberty to either choose your own or else make a new road for yourself. One was just as rotten as another. We arrived at the Camp without mishap at exactly a quarter to three. We then unpacked our duds and found a bed in Doug. MacLeods tent for Godfrey. We gave him five bones for all his trouble, so I think he did fairly well. He didn't make any holler about taking it so I guess he was

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satisfied. At six this morning he woke me up, telling me that he was leaving for home as it looked like rain. So I bid him good bye and away he went. I hope he got home without any trouble.

We have had rather a busy day to-day. After Church Parade we got all the men in and got them to make their Wills. As a Will Artist, I'm there. I've had them signing away their property wholesale to-day, and offered all sorts of advice which I admit was bum, but I got away with it. Oh and God bless you.

It has been pretty hot all day but it is raining now and it is much cooler already. But this afternoon we fairly sweltered.

P.S. By This evening Doc. Loughheed and I went down to the Y.M.C.A. and saw Mrs. Brown. We stood back at first and watched her in action. She was stirring up a mess of bananas and some other stuff at the time, and slapping a great big spoonful on each of about twenty plates, and getting rid of the stuff to the soldiers as fast as she could work. Then some one wanted Orangeade and another wanted lemonade, so she gave them each a mixture of both, to save time, and told them it was a far nicer drink than a straight lemon or orangeade. The men couldn't say a word, but had to drink it whether they wanted to or not, as their money was gone anyway. Then she saw us. She let out a yell and a laugh and then came out from behind the counter and showed us all over the place, which appeared to be fitted up in A 1. condition.

Just at present it is raining like the dickens so I am helping Jack eat your biscuits and cheese which is all that is left of last night's supply of eatables, and by gad it is going to the right spot.

Will you send a couple of my pictures to Helen Brown and

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Then she saw us. She let out a yell and a laugh and then came out from behind the counter and showed us all over the place, which appeared to be fitted up in A. I. condition.

Just at present it is raining like the dickens so I am helping Jack eat your biscuits and cheese which is all that is left of last night's supply of eatables, and by gad it is going to the right spot.

Will you send a couple of my pictures to Helen Brown and

Norma Smith? I have been going to do this for some time, but I have kept forgetting it. Helen's address is "Wa Wa Hotel, Norway Point, Lake of Bays", and Norms is "Ovenden College, Barrie".

On arrival at the Camp, I received letters from Father and Frank which were greatly appreciated.

Now I must stop and go to bed as I have told you all the news, and I expect to be out on the Rifle Ranges nearly all day to-morrow.

My greatest love to you both and God Bless you.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

P.S. My hair is growing awful fast.

Norma Smith? I have been going to do this for some time, but I have kept forgetting it. Helen's address is "Wa Wa Hotel, Norway Point, Lake of Bays", and Norma is "Overland College, Garfield".

On arrival at the Camp, I received letters from Father and

Frank which were greatly appreciated.

Now I must stop and go to bed as I have told you all the news, and I expect to be out on the Rifle Ranges nearly all day to-morrow.

My greatest love to you both and God bless you.

Your loving Son,

Garfield.

P.S. My hair is growing awful fast.

Camp Borden.

Aug. 3rd, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Received Mother's very welcome letter last night and needless to say was tickled to death to receive it.

We have been awfully busy up here all week cleaning up everything, such as making out the men's Wills, getting all particulars such as next of kin etc. final inspection by Colonel Campbell, cleaning up our musketry records and one hundred other little stunts. We get up at 6.00 every morning and never get to bed until, well after twelve every night. To-day we are busy packing up all necessary articles which we will take with us. All the other stuff we are selling to other battalions and anything we cant sell we will leave behind for the first person that wants it.

We have received all sorts of unofficial reports as to the day of our departure, but the most reliable I received a few minutes ago from Fred Grant, who says it will be Saturday afternoon between three and four o'clock. However, if it is at all possible I'll send a telegram, even though I send a man to the telegraph office five minutes before the train pulls out. I saw Mrs. Brown off last night and before she left I gave her a message for you. Is is just possible that they will censor all temegrams before we pull out so if you receive a telegram from me reading like this "Send parcel not later than two o'clock Saturday" it will mean that we will leave Camp Borden at two on Saturday. I think that will slip past the censor all right.

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"Send parcel not later than two o'clock Saturday" it will mean

that we will leave Camp Borden at two on Saturday. I think that

will slip past the censor all right.

There is very little that I can tell you which would be of interest just at present as everything is pretty much upset and we are all as busy as bees.

Thank Mother for sending away the pictures as I asked, and tell her that those fancy biscuits were the very best ever.

My Will is deposited with all the other officers and it has been a standing joke around here as to the amount of real and personal estate we all have.

I will write again before we leave.

Best love, and God bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

I am feeling fine, and had my hair trimmed to-day as it had grown so rapidly since last Saturday. However, I left the front bit untouched so my beauty is becoming restored rapidly.

With best love to Yourself and Father and I'll write you every chance I get, and I think I'll just be able to write from Halifax at least, and when I arrive in England I'll cable, and later send my address, but meanwhile, c/o The Toronto Globe Office, Grand Trunk Bldg., Cookspar Street, Trafalgar Square, will get me alright.

Good bye and God Bless You.

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and personal estate we all have.

I will write again before we leave.
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Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Camp Borden,

Aug. 4th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

Its pretty late, and as we pull out to-morrow afternoon about three o'clock, and I won't have any time to myself all day, I felt that I had better get busy and drop you a line to-night. I received Fathers letter to-day and tell him that I have noted Jessie Scotts address and you can just bet I'll look her up the moment I strike London. I sent a telegram to Paw this evening telling him of our departure, which I hope will not be held up until it is too late. I didn't telegraph Frank, but I will do so by hook or crook to-morrow morning. I really haven't much news for you as we have all been workinglike beavers these last few days. I received a lovely pair of socks from Helen together with some cigarettes, and also a box of smokes from Norm, so you see I'm well stocked up for the Voyage.

I am feeling fine, and had my hair trimmed to-dayas it had grown so rapidly since last Saturday. However, I left the front bit untouched so my beauty is becoming restored rapidly.

With best love to Yourself and Father and I'll write you every chance I get, and I think I'll just be able to write from Halifax at least, and when I arrive in England I'll cable, and later send my address, but meanwhile, c/o The Toronto Globe Office, Grand Trunk Bldg., Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, will get me alright.

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Good bye and God Bless You.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

"TELEGRAM"

CAMP BORDEN, AUG.4th, 1916.

E.T.MALONE,

86 QUEENS PARK,

TORONTO, ONT.

SEND PARCEL NOT LATER THAN THREE O'CLOCK SATURDAY, NORTH TORONTO.

GERALD.

"TELEGRAM"

CAMP BORDEN, AUG. 4th, 1918.

R.T. MALONE,

88 QUEEN'S PARK,

TORONTO, ONT.

SEND PARCEL NOT LATER THAN THREE O'CLOCK SATURDAY, NORTH TORONTO.

GEORGE.

"TELEGRAMS"

MONTREAL, QUE. AUG. 5-16.

E.T.MALONE. K.C.,

85 BAY ST., TORONTO.

MANY THANKS FOR LETTER. THEY SAIL FROM HALIFAX, WILL MEET
TRAIN IN MORNING, ADDRESS WILL BE TO-NIGHT L. RUSSELL POINT
CLAIRE.

FRANK T. MALONE,

MONTREAL, WEST AVE, AUG. 6-16.

E.T.MALONE, K.C.

86 QUEENS PARK, TORONTO.

HAVE JUST SEEN GERRY OFF, AM HAPPY AND WELL, SENT HIS LOVE TO
YOU BOTH.

FRANK T. MALONE.

"THEIR NAME"

MONTREAL, QUE. AUG. 8-18.

F.T. MALONE, K.C.

88 BAY ST., TORONTO.

MANY THANKS FOR LETTER, THEY SAIL FROM HALIFAX, WILL MEET
TRAIN IN MORNING. ADDRESS WILL BE TO-NIGHT I. RUSSELL POINT
CLAIRE.

FRANK T. MALONE,

MONTREAL, WEST AVE, AUG. 8-18.

F.T. MALONE, K.C.

88 QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

HAVE JUST BEEN GERRY OFF, AM HAPPY AND WELL, SENT HIS LOVE TO
YOU BOTH.

FRANK T. MALONE.

Monday, Aug. 7th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

We are now nearing Moncton after a dandy trip. At Moncton we all get out of the train and march around town for an hour to see the sights, and let the sights see us. It has been a fine trip so far. Everyone is happy. Saw Frank for over half an hour yesterday morning. He is fine. Will send a letter from Halifax. Love.

Gerald,

Monday, Aug. 28th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

We are now hearing Moncton after a dandy trip. At Moncton we all get out of the train and march around town for an hour to see the sights, and let the sights see us. It has been a fine trip so far. Everyone is happy. Saw Frank for over half an hour yesterday morning. He is fine. Will send a letter from Halifax. Love.

Gerald.

En Route,

7th Aug. 1916.

Dear Mother:-

It's awfully hard to write, as the train is speeding along about a mile a minute over a fairly rough road. We left Moncton about an hour and a half ago, but have been held up at some one horse station on account of a wreck - freight cars I think - but at last we are on our way again. It has been a very pleasant trip so far. The train is ours, the meals are good, and the men are all feeling happy. Happy because they have left Camp Borden and its dust and also because they are getting real meals cooked by C.P.R.Cooks.

We have fourteen or fifteen coaches on this train, which holds half of the battalion, viz, A and C Companies. The other half, B and D are in the first train, which has been keeping about half an hour ahead of us, although we caught them and they have just gone on before us when they were held up on account of the wreck. We have been enjoying ourselves thoroughly up to date. On the end of our train we have a caboose, which I have been continually using as an observation car. Doc Lougheed and myself spent all day yesterday on top of the car enjoying the scenery, while to-day nearly all the officers have been up there with us. Everyone has been having a great time. The men spend the days hanging out of the windows and yelling and waving at everyone they see and are tickled to death when Major Miller takes it into his head to have a route march in some Village, where the train stops for a long enough time. Yesterday afternoon we stopped at Chaudiere for three quarters of an hour, so to kill time we had

En Route.

7th Aug. 1916.

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We have fourteen or fifteen coaches on this train, which holds half of the battalion, viz. A and C Companies. The other half, B and D are in the first train, which has been keeping about half an hour ahead of us, although we caught them and they have just gone on before us when they were held up on account of the wreck. We have been enjoying ourselves thoroughly up to date. On the end of our train we have a caboose, which I have been continually using as an observation car. Doc Loughheed and myself spent all day yesterday on top of the car enjoying the scenery. While to-day nearly all the officers have been up there with us. Everyone has been having a great time. The men spend the days hanging out of the windows and yelling and waving at everyone they see and are tickled to death when Major Miller takes it into his head to have a route march in some village, where the train stops for a long enough time. Yesterday afternoon we stopped at Chantrelle for three quarters of an hour, so to kill time we had

a route march around the place. It sure is a dead hole, not a person in the place but what speaks French and as we have no French scholars on board we have an awful time trying to make ourselves understood. Everytime I opened my mouth to speak French the natives just looked at me in amazement, as if they couldn't understand a word, while all the fellows laughed and tried their luck, with no better results.

To-day, however, we stopped at Moncton and had a march all through the town where they received us in royal style. They fired off miniature cannons, and everyone in the place seemed to have a flag and waved them. In fact everyone gave us the glad hand. When we left the station was jammed and they were giving the boys cigarettes and about a million girls walked up and down outside the train and shook hands and cheered for the Toronto Kilties, as they called us.

It was certainly a treat to get into New Brunswick, after Quebec, you feel as though you are still in Canada and not in some darn foreign land. Why many and many a station we stopped at in Quebec not a soul could speak anything but French, and although we all have lots of fun airing our knowledge, yet it wasn't like home at all.

But to-day its quite different, everyone is more than friendly and we get a glad hand in every town or village through which we happen to pass.

The country itself is also just as different as the people. In Quebec there is continually one farm house after another, at intervals say of every half mile or so. But N.B. is more

a route march around the place. It sure is a dead hole, not a person in the place but what speaks French and as we have no French scholars on board we have an awful time trying to make ourselves understood. Everytime I opened my mouth to speak French the natives just looked at me in amazement, as if they couldn't understand a word, while all the fellows laughed and tried their luck, with no better results.

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The country itself is also just as different as the people. In Quebec there is continually one farm house after another, at intervals say of every half mile or so. But W.B. is more

like Ontario, all sorts of farm land but not many houses.

Your cake was great and was much appreciated at lunch today as I had it passed around, and everyone agreed that it had anything that the Railway Company could put up skinned a thousand ways. Fathers cigarettes will come in mighty handy when on the ocean, and I've given some to Major Murray already.

Aunt Doras handkerchiefs will also come in handy. Thank her for me will you?

Yesterday morning I got up early and got dressed because I thought maybe Frank would be down to meet the train at Montreal. The train, however, stopped at Turcott Junction, but Frank and a friend, Mr. Russel were there, along with Matt Mather and a number of other friends of Major Murrays, and as we stopped for over half an hour there we had rather a good time, and a nice long talk.

Frank is looking very well and we all hated to leave him because he knew a number of the boys anyway.

Frank was telling us of an amusing incident which occurred before we arrived. Our first train arrived in Turcott about half an hour before us, and as they pulled up at the station there was a man there with a hose. Major Shiell immediately stepped off the train in his pyjamas and after taking same off dropped down on his hands and knees on the platform and got the man with the hose to turn the water on him, amidst great cheers from the men and the Montreal spectators. Scotty is certainly original to say the least.

We expect to arrive in Halifax early to-morrow morning or else late tonight, but in either case we will sleep on the train

like Ontario, all sorts of farm land but not many houses.

Your cake was great and was much appreciated at lunch to-

day as I had it passed around, and everyone agreed that it had

anything that the Railway Company could put up skinned a

thousand ways. Father's cigarettes will come in mighty handy

when on the ocean, and I've given some to Major Murray already.

Aunt Dorcas handkerchiefs will also come in handy. Thank her

for me will you?

Yesterday morning I got up early and got dressed because I

thought maybe Frank would be down to meet the train at Montreal.

The train, however, stopped at Turcot Junction, but Frank and

a friend, Mr. Russell were there, along with Matt Walter and a

number of other friends of Major Murray's, and as we stopped for

over half an hour there we had rather a good time, and a nice

long talk.

Frank is looking very well and we all hated to leave him

because he knew a number of the boys anyway.

Frank was telling us of an amusing incident which occurred

before we arrived. Our first train arrived in Turcot about

half an hour before us, and as they pulled up at the station

there was a man there with a horse. Major Shield immediately

stepped off the train in his pyjamas and after taking some off

dropped down on his hands and knees on the platform and got the

man with the horse to turn the water on him, amidst great cheers

from the men and the Montreal spectators. Scotty is certainly

original to say the least.

We expect to arrive in Halifax early to-morrow morning or

else late tonight, but in either case we will sleep on the train

and embark the next morning. When we will finally set sail,
and on what boat we go, I have no idea, but I will try and drop
you a line and give you the necessary information to-morrow.

With best of love to yourself and Paw, and I'll get a line
off to you to-morrow without fail.

Your ever loving Son,

Gerald,

and embark the next morning. When we will finally set sail,
and on what boat we go, I have no idea, but I will try and drop
you a line and give you the necessary information to-morrow.
With best of love to yourself and Paw, and I'll get a line
off to you to-morrow without fail.

Your ever loving Son,

Gerald.

Tuesday Aug. 8th, 1916.

Arrived safe in Halifax late last night. Everyone fine.
Be sure and ring up Mrs. Marcell Morgan. Will write you on
first opportunity. At present its raining to beat the band,
but thank heaven a calm sea.

Best love to all.

Gerald.

Tuesday Aug. 8th, 1916.

Arrived safe in Halifax late last night. Everyone fine.
The boat and trip up was. Marcelle Morgan. Will write you on
first opportunity. At present its raining so beat the band.

But thank heaven a calm sea.

Best love to all.

Gerald.

ALLAN LINE, R.M.S. "Scotian",

August 16th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

It has struck me all of a sudden that if I dont get a letter started to you now I wont be able to make one as long as I'd like if I leave it to the last minute, so I'll keep adding to it from day to day until we land. At the present moment we are somewhere on the rolling deep. They say its deep so I'll take their word for it, but as for the roll I dont have to take anyones word for that because I know it - I can feel it - not that I have not been able to partake of my three good squares per day, and what's better I can hold it or at least I have held my own to date and I have every hope of keeping up (I mean keeping down) the good stuff. A number of the boys have had "Maul-the-mare" and I nearly won a lot of money when the man I had placed a bet on to be sick first, rushed to the side but before he could bare his soul and lay his all before us, some dirty swipe went and beat him to it and I lost money by only the fraction of a second. At present we are entering what once was called the danger zone and according to old customs we are all wearing life belts. The boats have all slowed down as we have been heretofore travelling above specifications and we are not due at our rendezvous (where we meet our escort from the Home Fleet) until to-morrow at noon. But I'll tell you all about that later when I see it all for myself first.

We left Halifax just exactly a week ago to-day after a perfectly enjoyable ride on the train from Camp Borden, everyone was so glad to leave that place they have been having the time of their lives

ALLAN LIME, R.M.S. "Scottish",

August 18th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

It has struck me all of a sudden that if I don't get a letter started to you now I won't be able to make one as long as I'd like if I leave it to the last minute, so I'll keep adding to it from day to day until we land. At the present moment we are somewhere on the rolling deep. They say it's deep so I'll take their word for it, but as for the roll I don't have to take anyone's word for that because I know it - I can feel it - not that I have not been able to partake of my three good squares per day, and what's better I can hold it or at least I have held my own to date and I have every hope of keeping up (I mean keeping down) the good stuff. A number of the boys have had "Mani-the-mare" and I nearly won a lot of money when the man I had placed a bet on to be sick first, rushed to the side but before he could bare his soul and lay his all before us, some dirty swipe went and beat him to it and I lost money by only the fraction of a second. At present we are entering what once was called the danger zone and according to old customs we are all wearing life belts. The boats have all slowed down as we have been heretofore travelling above specifications and we are not due at our rendezvous (where we meet our escort from the Home Fleet) until to-morrow at noon. But I'll tell you all about that later when I see it all for myself first.

We left Halifax just exactly a week ago to-day after a perfectly enjoyable ride on the train from Camp Borden, everyone was so glad to leave that place they have been having the time of their lives

ever since. Doc. MacLachlan and Stoney Loughheed our M.O. and myself rode on top of the train nearly all the way, and thus enjoyed the scenery. We had all sorts of chances to try out our flow of French and naturally accepted every chance that offered itself in the shape of man, woman or child, and although we didn't get much satisfaction out of information received from the habitants, we certainly caused considerable amusement in sleepy old Quebec. As a matter of fact we couldn't understand a blooming word they spoke and we were nearly downhearted until Doc. remembered that the French as spoken in Quebec is not real good French and therefore it was no wonder we didn't know what they were jabbering about. But we'll show our real class when we strike the pure French speaking gang. We arrived in Halifax quite late on Monday night and on Tuesday morning we stepped right off the train and on to the boat without getting a chance to see anything of old Halifax. And once they got us on board, the boat pulled out and anchored in the middle of the harbour so our line of communication with land was cut. The next morning at 7.30 we started on our sneak across the Pond.

A light cruiser, the Carnarvan led the way out of the harbour and the rest of the transports just fell into their places and moved along. In our little party we have the aforementioned cruiser and four transports loaded with men from in and around Toronto.

We have been streaking across the Ocean with our cruiser leading the field. Then comes the transport "Scandinavian" with the 125th from Brantford on board. Then ourselves. Then the "Metagama" with the 119th from the Soo, together with 2 companies of the 123rd from Toronto. Our last ship is the "Cameronian" with the 124th

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A light cruiser, the Garmanien led the way out of the harbour
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along. In our little party we have the aforementioned cruiser and
four transports loaded with men from in and around Toronto.
We have been streaking across the Ocean with our cruiser
leading the field. Then comes the transport "Scandinavian" with the
125th from Brantford on board. Then ourselves. Then the "Metagama"
with the 115th from the Soc. together with 2 companies of the 123rd
from Toronto. Our last ship is the "Cameronian" with the 124th

from Toronto and the remaining two companies of the 123rd (Kingsmille Grens.) Well we have been pottering along in the same order for a week now and every morning we wake up and look around and find everything just as it was before we went to bed the previous night. Whenever a boat of any kind appears on the horizon you will see our cruiser put on steam and beat it away in that direction and find out all about it, warn them away and then beat it back to its place in line. Another day one of our boilers sprang a leak and while it was getting fixed we all slowed down and the cruiser took its place nearly alongside of us, just so as to be near if needed.

I have been wandering. I meant to tell you about leaving Halifax harbour. As we were moving out one after the other we got a good view of the City and the hills all around and everything looked great. But lying at anchor we crept past three other cruisers whose decks and riggings were lined with sailors, who at a given word took off their hats and gave us a wild old cheer, in fact three cheers and a tiger, which our boys returned with vengeance. Each cruiser treated us alike and on each, their bands played patriotic tunes, but the favorites seemed to be "O Canada" and "Tipperary", both these tunes were received with great cheers from us all. It was a great sight and certainly a Royal send off and one that I wont forget in a hurry. There is not much more that I can tell you at present but that we have been having a good time on board, doing very little drilling and all sorts of sleeping and eating. We play shuffle board and bet every night on the next days run. In fact if it weren't for the appearance of the uniforms and

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lookout and anxiously awaiting its arrival. I know I was on the
the cruiser I could easily imagine that there was nothing doing in
the war line at all. I have talked enough about myself for the present.
Now how about you and Paw. I hope at the present you are both
galavanting around the country, enjoying yourselves, eating a lot and
sleeping a lot, and keeping your bowels wide open (not too wide)
and having a gay old time all around.

Fred Grant told us all a startling tale this morning at the
breakfast table. Last night before going to bed he ate a lot of truck
and then the story starts. "We were running along as usual with the
cruiser out in front when all of a sudden a submarine appeared and
fired a torpedo which hit us amidships and the ship began to settle
fast. The troops all got away in the boats but Fred being on duty
couldn't leave the ship. The next thing he remembers he was swimming
around and looking for a boat when all of a sudden the submarine
came to the surface, immediately underneath him and lifted him clear
out of the water. He then exerted all his strength and smashed the
periscope and kicked over the conning tower so that the sub couldn't
dive again. Then our cruiser made an easy capture of it and Fred
was recommended for the V.C. for his heroism. Fred says if the tale
were only known the name of Grant would ring throughout Midland to-
night but like the true hero he is, he doesn't like to boast about
himself and the deeds he has performed but -----".

It was a wild old dream of his and it has caused considerable
amusement the way in which he tells it.

Friday Evening, August 18th, 1916.

Since I was last at this table writing you, numerous things
have happened. We got word Wednesday night that our escort would
meet us Thursday at noon and all that morning we were all on the

the cruiser I could easily imagine that there was nothing doing in the war line at all. I have talked enough about myself for the present. Now how about you and Paw. I hope at the present you are both galavanting around the country, enjoying yourselves, eating a lot and sleeping a lot, and keeping your bows wide open (not too wide) and having a gay old time all around.

Fred Grant told us all a startling tale this morning at the breakfast table. Last night before going to bed he ate a lot of truck and then the story starts. "We were running along as usual with the cruiser out in front when all of a sudden a submarine appeared and fired a torpedo which hit us amidships and the ship began to settle fast. The troops all got away in the boats but Fred being on duty couldn't leave the ship. The next thing he remembers he was swimming around and looking for a boat when all of a sudden the submarine came to the surface, immediately underneath him and lifted him clear out of the water. He then exerted all his strength and swam the periscope and kicked over the conning tower so that the sub couldn't dive again. Then our cruiser made an easy capture of it and Fred was recommended for the V.C. for his heroism. Fred says if the tale were only known the name of Grant would ring throughout Midland tonight but like the true hero he is, he doesn't like to boast about himself and the deeds he has performed but -----".

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Friday Evening, August 18th, 1916.

Since I was last at this table writing you, numerous things have happened. We got word Wednesday night that our escort would meet us Thursday at noon and all that morning we were all on the

lookout and anxiously awaiting its arrival. I know I was on the lookout all morning just for the sight of something besides our own fleet. But we were all doomed to disappointment for a long time as there wasn't a sign of anything stirring on the horizon until about 11.30 when all of a sudden a little smoke appeared off our left bow. Then everyone rushed for their glasses and very shortly I noticed smoke arising in three different directions. Then three boats came into sight and then some more smoke appeared in two other directions and in a very few minutes we could see five boats rushing towards us from the north. These boats grew bigger and bigger every second until we could see that they were Destroyers and moving through the water at a wonderful rate of speed. At last they came quite close and I was amused to see the size of the darn things. They are about as big as a good sized gasoline launch and that's all, but Lordy how they can travel. They can go almost 40 miles an hour. Well they crossed our bows and circled around and each of the five attached itself to a transport with an extra one for the cruiser. Then it was every boat for itself. We are on the slowest old tub in the British Isles and in no time we were left behind with our Destroyer, much to the amusement of the troops on the other ships, who went past us like wildfire while we kept plugging along at our same old speed of about 11 miles an hour.

It was quite a sight from the rear to see the other three transports and the cruiser and their respective destroyers scattering all over the face of creation. Two went to the north of us and two to the south and we lost sight of them in about 3 hours, and we were left alone with one little squib of a destroyer and believe me we

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to the south and we lost sight of them in about 3 hours, and we were
left alone with one little ship of a destroyer and believe me we

felt quite lonesome for a while. But our lonesomeness vanished shortly after we saw that little boat working for a while. The only thing I can compare it with is a Fox Terrier which may seem a fooling simillie but it's dead true. You remember how Paddy used to wander up and down and run up to any dog, irrespective of its size with his hair all bristling up and then if no scrap was imminent he would take a sniff or two and then trot along back to his place and be as restless as ever.

Well our torpeda Boat Destroyer No. 72 is exactly like poor old Paddy in every particular. The darn thing is never content to stay near us as I should say, beside us but it is on the move all the time. First it is on one side of us and then it puts on a little steam and cuts past our bows and stays on the other side for a few minutes and then back again and so on. But when it sees another ship you just ought to see it dig on its toes and go after it at full speed, with its guns all ready for instant use. Then it slows down and circles the other ship a couple of times and then beats it back to where we are plodding our weary way and takes up its former occupation of restlessness, and roaming from side to side and always on the look out for a scrap.

They are great little boats. I think I'll steal one and bring it home to let Franks kids play with it.

This morning I was up bright and early as I had to do my tour of duty on the bridge on "Submarine Lookout". Naturally I didn't see any Subs but I did see the North coast of Ireland and (as you know how pretty it looks) I won't try to describe it, but I certainly thought it was the most beautiful piece of country I had ever seen.

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Well our torpedo boat destroyer No. 72 is exactly like poor old Paddy in every particular. The darn thing is never content to stay near us as I should say. Besides us but it is on the move all the time. First it is on one side of us and then it puts on a little steam and cuts past our bows and stays on the other side for a few minutes and then back again and so on. But when it sees another ship you just ought to see it dig on its toes and go after it at full speed, with its guns all ready for instant use. Then it slows down and circles the other ship a couple of times and then beats it back to where we are plodding our weary way and takes up its former occupation of restlessness, and roaming from side to side and always on the look out for a scrap. They are great little boats. I think I'll steal one and bring it home to let Franka kids play with it.

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Everything looked so green and fresh and the houses so neat and white why it certainly looked like Heaven after a week or more of nothing but the sea. I wont try to describe it as it was too beautiful for words. The rest of the day we have spent in dodging light houses and rocks and about 3 hours ago we rounded the Isle of Man and are now about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour out of Liverpool. We will anchor in the Mersey to-night and to-morrow we will be on our way to God knows where.

But as youmay be sure the first chance I get I'll write and let you both know and in the meantime I'll write the Toronto Globe Office and tell them to forward my mail. I hope to get leave to London soon and when I do I'll look up Jessie Scott the first thing.

It is now exactly 10.30 P.M. and I've just been up on deck and in the distance I can see millions of lights so I guess we are nearly at Liverpool at last. In fact the pilot's boat has just come along side and at the present moment the pilot is coming up the side of the ship and the boys are all giving him a cheer. The Destroyer is still alongside about 200 yards away, but how long it will stay there I dont know. Now Mother I must quit now and Hand this letter to the Chaplan to post as he will get on shore on his own hook for a while to-morrow morning and I'll see that a cable is sent via the same route.

Now Good Bye and God Bless You both, and I'll write you again in a couple of days at the latest.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

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why it certainly looked like Heaven after a week or more of nothing
but the sea. I want try to describe it as it was too beautiful
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"TELEGRAM"

LIVERPOOL, AUG. 21/16.

MALONE,

TORONTO.

"ARRIVED WELL"

MALONE.

Dated 19th.

"TRIUMPH"

LIVERPOOL, AUG. 21/16.

MAJOR,

TORONTO.

"ARRIVED WELL"

MAJOR,

Dated 19th.

Bramshott Camp,

August 21st, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Here we are now safely quartered in a real camp. It is heaven after Camp Borden and I wouldn't want to go back there for quite a bit after two days of this place. As you know we arrived in Liverpool late Friday evening and anchored in the Mersey for the night, and pulled up to the Princes Landing Stage very early Saturday morning. We spent practically all morning unloading the boat and it was not until after 11 o'clock that we disembarked and walked off the landing and into the station. As we walked into the old station there waiting for us was the little old toy train which caused a big laugh and a cheer from the boys. However we all piled in eight to a compartment which in civilian life holds ten but you must remember each man had all his kit which is a fairly bulky package and therefore made things rather crowded.

From the time the train started every man had his head out of the doors cheering and kidding all the passersby and everyone that would look at us. Someone found a piece of chalk and wrote in big letters all over the train, "134th Battalion, Highlanders, Canada". So as soon as the people saw that we were from Canada they turned out in force and cheered and waved flags at us and all the darn boats in Liverpool harbour blew their whistles and they, with our men cheering was certainly a devil of a noise. It was the same all along the route, people waved and cheered us all the way from Liverpool to Liphook, where we got off the train and marched $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, mostly up

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From the time the train started every man had his head out of the door cheering and kidding all the passerby and everyone that would look at us. Someone found a piece of chalk and wrote in big letters all over the train, "13th Battalion, Highlanders, Canada". So as soon as the people saw that we were from Canada they turned out in force and cheered and waved flags at us and all the damn boats in Liverpool harbour blew their whistles and they, with our men cheering was certainly a devil of a noise. It was the same all along the route, people waved and cheered us all the way from Liverpool to Liphook, where we got off the train and marched 2 1/2 miles, mostly up

hill to Bramshott Camp. On our way up we passed through Birmingham Oxford and all those places and the scenery was magnificent but was entirely English. The English people certainly gave us a grand reception. And at every station, they crowded around and gave us the once over and asked all sorts of fool questions.

Bramshott Camp is situated on the top of one of numerous large hills and the soil is a clayish nature, which certainly gets over our Camp Borden dust. However, this is a real camp and is laid out accordingly. There are no tents here. Everyone lives in huts which are about 120'x35' and each hut has sleeping accomodation for about 38 men. The huts themselves are laid out facing on paved streets and are built entirely of lathe on brick foundations, and all painted a dark red. Each has a perfectly good floor, raised about 3' off the ground and the walls are all lined with some kind of tin stuff. So you see we are awfully comfortable. The officers quarters are built exactly on the same principle. Our sleeping quarters are just the same as the mens with the exception that instead of one big room we have partitions, which divide it up into about six rooms to a hut, and two live in each room. I am living with Stoney Loughed, our Doc. You remember him at Camp Borden and Niagara and a great little head he is. We have all sorts of room and we are trying to get it furnished. At present we each have a canvas folding bed, two tables, two chairs, and a mirror. We are adding to it all gradually and before long we will have some joint. Doc. MacLachlan, Marcel Morgan and Hugh Murray are all in the same house, while the rest have distributed themselves amongst the other five.

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hill to Bramshott Camp. On our way up we passed through Birmingham

For our mess we have a separate hut which stands on the edge of a very deep hill at the bottom of which is the quaint old Village of Hammersbottom. It's an ass of a name isn't it. But it is a typical old English Village or Sleepy Hollow as the men call it. They visit it quite often as there is a pub there which does a roaring trade after drill hours.

The training system is entirely different here than in Canada. At home we were all made to get right in amongst the men and mix with them on every occasion and in fact look after them and their comfort in every way. But over here we have been instructed to get down to the English System which means leaving them men to themselves and to quit mothering them as it were, and to let the Non Commissioned Officers do all that for us. That is one reason I suppose why we are quartered so far away from them. It is an entire change from what we have been all used to and it is going to take a long time to break myself of the habit of butting in to their affairs. Of course, this doesn't mean that we are to make snobs of ourselves and hold ourselves above them, but it is intended to accustom the N.C.O's to take hold and manage things according to our instructions. Another thing they are very strict about is saluting. I thought General Logie was bad enough but he was a joke compared with this gang. Here every man must salute every officer whenever he passes one, no matter whether in the Camp area or not (at Borden and Niagara when in the Camp lines we didn't bother about saluting as it is a darned nuisance) and if a man does not salute we have instructions to stop him and ask the reason for the omission. If we don't do this we are liable to be hauled up on the carpet as there are numerous spatters all about the

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country in the guise of Sergeant-Majors and officers whose duty it is to report to Headquarters any infringement of the rule. This is going to be mighty hard on us Canadians. But we are not very much worried at present. There isn't much more to tell at present until I get onto the hang of things, then I may have more to tell you. But we are all tickled to death with our location and on Thursday "A" and "B" Companies start on a 6 day landing leave. I will beat it straight for London where I will spend all my time and the first thing I do I'll look up Jessie Scott. I have here addresses here. I wrote to Jimmie Ryrie so I hope to see him also. I will drop you a note from the big town without fail and let you know how things are going. How are you both keeping? I hope you took your little vacation and that it did you both the world of good.

Remember me to Uncle Jim and all that gang.

Good Bye and God Bless you both and take the best of care of yourselves.

Your loving Son,

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OFFICERS' CLUB ROOMS

HOTEL CECIL,

LONDON. W.C.

August 30th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

As requested we got our landing leave and beat it straight for London Thursday night, where we put up at the Cecil and have made it our headquarters during our stay. London, in the day time, is the same old town as ever, except that the only sight seekers you see these days are not Americans but men in khaki from Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. They are everywhere and poking their noses into all the old historical spots in town. In fact London is over run with "Colonials" as we are all termed.

Very few men of military age are seen about the streets still, in civilian clothes, as everyone of military age and physically fit are all in the game. There are a few running about in "civies" but in 9 cases out of 10 you will find that these are boys home on leave or else convalescents. Recruiting sergeants are a thing of the past now. A very funny thing which I couldn't help noticing was the way in which the Australians to a man salute the Canadian officers, a thing they don't do to their own. I remarked on this subject to an Australian to whom I was talking the other day and he told me that there was nothing funny about it as all those boys realized that the Canadians were holding the hardest piece of the line in France and this was their tribute to gameness and fighting qualities of the Canucks.

The Canadians are treated like Princes over here. If its known you are from Canada the town is yours (if you can show enough money). We are the fish everywhere you go, and if you

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dont look out they'll all soak you in the neck for everything. I really dont blame the English much because I never in my life saw a crazier bunch of Indians than the Canadians when they strike this town for a few days. The way money is thrown around is a shame. Saving money is the last thing anyone thinks of. The motto is "You have only the extent of your leave to get rid of your money" so everyone manages to wind up their holidays broke and beat it back to Camp quite satisfied and looking forward to the next leave.

"Easy come and easy go" is certainly applicable to the army pay. However, I have a nice little wad salted down in the bank for future reference and there it will stay until needed.

London at night is a wonderful sight. All the street lights are dimmed and you can hardly see across the road, while thousands of search lights are continually flashing all over the sky looking for Zepps. It is an awesome sight and I stood for a while every night watching for them, but never a Zepp have I seen or heard although I believe there were some hanging about a few nights ago, which did little or no damage around the outskirts of the City.

The best of the whole town is meeting the boys who left Toronto months ago and who pike for London whenever they get a chance. On Sunday up in our room they began to congregate early in the afternoon and before long the place was jammed with fellows from Toronto, who were either back from the front wounded or on leave, as well as a lot who had never seen France as yet. There must have been between 30 and 40 all told and believe me we had a wild old time for a while. Everyone was talking at once and the only way to make yourself heard was to shout, which everyone did to the kings taste. Talk about a row, I thought everyone of us had

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gone dippy and half expected the Manager of the hotel to come up and kick us all out. As nearly everyone was an old Varsity boy, someone started the old Varsity yell. That was all that was needed, just someone to start it, and we all threw back our heads and howled it out once and then again and a third time. In the meantime fellows I had never seen or heard of before came running up the hall and tried to crowd into the room, some of whom couldn't so stayed outside and yelled "Toronto, Toronto, Toronto, Varsity etc" with us. I poked my head out of the window to see how the natives were enjoying it and as I looked I noticed about a dozen heads all around me, some above, some below, and some on either side from different rooms all around the hotel yelling the same old yell, and going nearly crazy. Things quieted down for a couple of minutes and then some chap poked his head out of the Savoy Hotel window and started the yell all by himself, as soon as we, in the Cecil heard it we all dove for the window and gave him a cheer. It was most certainly the wildest half hour I ever spent in my life. I cant begin to tell you who all were there but amongst others were Harry Symons, the two Hargrafts, Reg. Elliot, Fat McKendrick, Guy Rutter, Gordon Ross, Stunt Stayner, Heath Stone, and many others that I cant just think of at this minute.

It was certainly a great day.

The first morning I arrived here I went to the "Globe" and got yours and Fathers letter and it was great. It seemed next best thing to being home again. I also got one from Jessie Scott, I then went to the bank to deposit some money and no sooner was I inside the door when someone grabbed me by the arm and I heard "Gerald Malone you dear boy" I turned and there was Mrs. Scott

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Bramhall Camp,

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I will have to quit now but will write when I get back to Camp sometime to-morrow. I am feeling fine and well and enjoyng every minute, and I hope you both are feeling bully after your holiday. Take real good care of yourselves and tell me all the news soon.

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Bramshott Camp,

Hants, England,

Sept. 4th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

If I remember right, this is Labor Day in Toronto and the Exhibition is now at its height. Everyone here has been commenting on the fact and we would all like to be at the Ex to-night. But we are going to have a little exhibition of our own this evening, which will keep us busy until midnight, i. e., night manouvres. Two companies are to hold a certain line and the rest of the battalion are going to attack us. As I am in command of one of the picket lines, it is going to be a good job and a whole lot of fun.

We arrived safely back at Camp last Wednesday night, after a great six days holiday, and began to pitch right in to work where we left off about a week previous. At the present time I am taking a refresher course in Musketry at the Camp, so necessarily am relieved from all battalion duties. It is a cinch of a course, almost identical with the one I took in Toronto last winter, so I'm having a good loaf and getting the sleep I need to put me even, because that is one thing you never think of doing in London.

On Saturday, after many days of nosing about, we discovered a golf club within four miles of our Camp so John Miln, Doc. MacLachlan, Stoney Loughheed and myself went out and looked it over. It is about two miles from the quaint old Village of Hindhead and is undoubtedly the prettiest course I ever saw in my life. The person who laid out the course was a marvel, because it is what I consider the most unlikely looking piece of land on earth for a course. It is merely a continual succession of hills, awfully steep and covered with every

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kind of tree on earth and fairly purple with heather, while away in the distance you can see a large range of hills, at the bottom of which is quite a large lake called Fresham Pond. It is a beautiful sight and especially when the hills are all coloured with heather. The course itself is a dandy. The fair-way is only a mere path of about 100 feet in width, between hills, and if ever you get out of it you will find your ball resting quietly under a lot of heather, then you will require to use your heaviest niblick to get back on the fair-way inside of four strokes. Well we no sooner saw the course when we went into the club house, which is a small rough cast building and entirely in harmony with the surroundings, where we discovered that all C.E.F. Officers were honorary members. This looked awfully good to us so we borrowed four sets of clubs from the Caddie Master and bought a mess of balls and had a game. I was as wild as usual and the number of times I found the heather was a shame. One hole took me 16 strokes and three or four others 12 each. But all the others had the same difficulty so we had an exciting game.

On Sunday, immediately after Church Parade, we got a bus and drove out again and spent the rest of the day digging heather. We had lunch and supper there and believe me these English certainly know how to cook. It seemed good but Ella could teach them a lot if she were here. It seemed so good up there that Johnnie Miln and I, each bought a set of clubs for about 15 shillings, so we intend to make that our headquarters every chance we get with occasional trips to London on the side.

Everyone is quite pleased with the way they brought a Zepp to earth the other night. We knew there was a raid on but didn't

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I received your letter from Quebec when I arrived back in Camp and was awfully glad to hear from you both, and that you were having a nice trip. I'm sure its just what you both need and will do the world of good. If that is so, why take a whole lot more of them.

I must stop now as supper is ready, after which we will be on our way until midnight.

With best love to both Mother and Yourself, and God bless you all.

Your loving Son,

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Bramshott Camp,

Hants, Sept. 11th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I received Fathers and your letter the other day, which was written from Lambton, and I was awfully glad to hear from you both and to know that you were enjoying yourselves after your trip up at the Club. Just wait though until next spring and you get the bug. I think its an awfully good idea for you to start the game as I'm sure you'll easily be able to enlarge your flow of the Kings English. However, development of the vocabulary is alright but don't lose your temper too often and beat your opponent over the head with your niblick just because you happen to miss the ball. Another little tip is not to get sore if your opponent should step on your ball and sink it nearly out of sight. Just bite your teeth and try and play it out, but the first chance you get pick up his ball and put it in your pocket and let him hunt for a while.

I have been playing golf pretty regularly since I returned from London and these are some of the local rules which we play under, much to the English Caddies disgust who claim that "it isn't done in this country". The Caddies are a couple of old bucks who should be walking about on crutches but are wonderful on following the ball, but they think we Canadians are a scream. They can't understand why we don't observe the conventionalities of the game as is done here. For example we talk to each other all the time, which is not proper. Silence should prevail. Doc. MacLachlan doesn't yet know the technical terms and will insist on

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calling his clubs "cues" as though he were playing billiards. Once he sliced the drive frightfully and he turned and blamed the Caddie for not putting more chalk on his cue. The language is grand all during the game and the poor old Caddies just look at us in amasement. Another outrage against golf etiquette which we always commit is the taking off our coats. The game over here is full of formalities, not that it bothers us very much, but some old timers look at us in disgust, but when they see we are Canadians they more or less forgive us because they know we don't know any better. We have a lot of fun at the Hindhead Golf Club and I go out whenever I get the chance. Its a whole lot cheaper than going to London and I have more fun. All Saturday afternoon and Sunday I was playing with Johnnie Miln, but next week end I expect to get leave and if I do I'll go up to London with Al Ramsey and see a good show and call on Mrs. Scott. Things are just the same as ever around the Camp. I am still on a Musketry Course, which lasts until to-morrow and then I'll be back with the battalion and will have to settle down to hard work.

All the battalion to-day were inoculated for Pari Typhoid, which I understand has the dose we received in Toronto beaten to death, as it contains a kick like a 4.5 centimeter gun. Quite a number of the officers have gone to bed and most likely will be there for a couple of days.

I will get my dose to-morrow night and then will get 48 hours off duty in order to recuperate. Everyone gets the 48 hours whether they need it or not, so if you are not sick you have a soft couple of days.

I guess I'll stop now as I have to study for exams to-morrow.

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I was awfully glad to get your letters and to hear that you are both feeling fine. Keep up the good work and tell me all the latest gossip.

Best love to both yourself and Father.

Good night and God Bless You.

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Hants, Sept. 13th, 1916.

Dear Paw:-

I was certainly tickled to death to-day to receive two letters from home. One from Mother and one from you dated the 29th August. Evidently you haven't received my first letter yet, but I have no doubt that long before this arrives you will have received them all to date. I also must thank you for the clippings from the Toronto papers, which I thoroughly enjoy reading, and when I finish them I pass them around and you can just bet all the boys appreciate them too. I haven't received the weekly papers as yet but I guess they are on their way and will arrive in due course. I am awfully glad to hear of Frank's good fortune in landing a real job and I'm sure he'll make good and hold it down to the Kings taste.

Mother was asking in her letter if I needed anything in the grub or clothes line. Tell her that I'm getting so darn fat that I weigh nearly as much as Bill Burns, and as for clothes I am mighty well off and really don't need a thing at present. My socks are good. Adams, my batman, has discovered a woman in Liphook who is a widow and needs all the help possible and who does washing which pretty nearly comes up to Ellens mark, so I send all my clothes to her and they come back just as good as new. So you see I am pretty lucky and don't mind the thought a bit of staying here all winter.

Bramshott is a great place and I like it very much. We have Villages all around us and each one has its places of interest. For example Liphook, a fairly large English Village, is situated on the London - Portsmouth Road, and about two and one half miles

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west from Camp. In the Village Square is situated an immense old chestnut tree which all the Villagers claim to be "The Spreading Chestnut Tree, under which the Village Smithy stands", which Tennyson made famous. And about fifteen yards from this old tree is an old Inn called, "The Anchor Inn" where Nelson spent the last night in England, before going on board the "Victory" at Portsmouth.

To the east of us, at intervals of less than a mile, are three Villages, Hammerbottom, Shottermill, and Haselmere, all are quaint old places and I enjoy myself to the utmost just wandering about. Each has a pub in the centre of the place which ^{is} always filled with soldiers on "off hours" and its here that the barmaids have the time of their lives. Just at the foot of the hill, on which the Camp is situated, is a little brook which is claimed to be Tennysons brook which "goes on forever".

This part of Hampshire is of course Tennysons country, but whether these different spots are "his" places or not I don't know. They all claim it is but they may be just shooting the bull.

However, here is something which is absolutely true. Do you remember "Ian Hay's" book, "The First Hundred Thousand"? Do you remember how that battalion moved into "Mudshott Camp" during the winter months? Well Mudshott Camp is none other than Bramshott and the queer part of it is that the very huts that that battalion, viz:- The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, were billeted in are the identical huts that we are at present occupying. Our Quartermaster discovered all this only yesterday and you can believe that we were all quite interested in the tale. Those Highlanders moved in here long before the Camp was in the shape that it now is.

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There were no such things as paved roads and the mud at that time of the year was miles deep, so that is the reason for the name "Mudshott".

We have just finished our course in Musketry and we are now engaged in instructing the battalion and enlightening them in its mysteries. The course itself was more or less of a cinch, and believe me many the odd "forty winks" I had, much to our instructors disgust, and the rest of the boys amusement. However, as I appeared to know my work he didn't have much to say.

Johnnie Miln and myself have been playing golf nearly every afternoon, as our class dismissed at four o'clock, which enabled us to get a round in easily and be home just as it was getting dark.

That is about all the news I can give you at present. Hugh Murray sends his very best regards.

With very best love to both Mother and Yourself, and hoping that your trip did you both a world of good.

Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

P.S. I am enclosing some snaps which may prove interesting.

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Sept. 18th, 1916.

Bramshott Camp.

Dear Mother:-

I got the surprise of my life last Friday night when the Canadian mail arrived and I received a letter from Father dated August 7th, evidently written just after we had left. It had evidently travelled all over England and the only way I can account for all its wanderings is that the Globe had forwarded same to the 92nd battalion before I arrived and told them where I was quartered. I suppose they thought the 92nd were the only 48th Highlanders in England. The rest of my mail, I am glad to say, has come to me directly with no more delay than those sent to the battalion, via Army Post Office, London. However, it made great reading nevertheless. Fathers clippings are also much appreciated by me and the rest of the boys, because I pass them around and they fairly eat those clippings up.

I hope you received those few photos I sent last week because they can describe events and places to you far better than I can on paper. Here are a few more, I collect them from the different fellows and send them home just to let you see what we all look like in bonny England. I have written on the back of each to let you know just where each was taken and what we were all doing at the time. Bramshott is just the same old place as ever and gets a little tiresome at times so last Sunday Al. Ramsay and I went to London for the day, where we got outside of a couple of real meals and met a number of the boys and best of all we attended a moving picture show (the first one since I was home) and came back to

Sept. 18th. 1916.

Bramahurst Camp.

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camp that evening from Waterloo Station at eleven o'clock. We slept nearly all the way to Liphook and then walked up to the camp in the rain and got to bed shortly after two. I didn't really get time to look up Mrs. Scott, but I expect to go down for a week end soon and then I'll try and take her to a show or something anyway.

Saturday was a big day at Hindhead Golf Club as nearly twenty of the boys appeared on the scene and swung the clubs. It is certainly funny to see them but funnier still to hear them. When I was playing the second hole John Young and Doc MacLachlan were playing the sixth and evidently something had gone seriously wrong because I could quite plainly hear them cursing each other, and John was accusing Doc of putting his ball out of the heather and Doc was of the opinion that on the last hole John had stolen his ball. They were talking awfully loud and the rest of us were laughing out heads off. When they came in they both swore that it was the worst game on earth and neither were quite sure which was the victor. The only thing John could say was that he had lost a pounds worth of balls. Doc, however, was beaming which led me to believe that he had found them and put them in his pocket. Another good game was the one staged by Bill Reburn, our Paymaster, and Ted Gordon. Neither had ever played before but they started out with two clubs apiece and Bill, every fifteen minutes or so, kept running back to the Clubhouse to buy another ball. They took over three hours and a half to play seven holes and in that time managed to lose all their balls and one putter. Bill also broke his driver so they had to quit in disgust.

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Stoney Loughheed was also sore because his partner made him count strokes whenever he fanned. And as they had a bet on the game and evidently he lost so he is sore. So you see it was a happy little party all around. Gee it was awfully funny though.

Stoney has just come into the room and after fingering about the Canadian mail is now sitting beside the fire and wondering whether his girl has gone back on him or not. A more dejected looking fellow I never saw. When I finish this I'll maul him about a bit.

Things are quite slow here now as most of the Officers are in Aldershott attending various courses, and as I am helping instruct "D" Company in Musketry, I don't see much of the battalion. So you see I can't give you any news.

Stoney has started talking about that girl of his again so I'm going to kill him right now.

Best love to you both, and God Bless you.

Your loving Son,

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Bramshott Camp,

Sept. 21st 1916.

Dear Father:-

It seems that every time a Canadian mail arrives at Camp, I usually pull down a couple of letters from you and Mother, and Newspaper clippings, so all the boys think I'm the luckiest person in the mess. I don't think at all, I know it.

Yesterday I received, by the same mail, your two letters which were evidently sent from Toronto on the same date, viz, Sept. 7th One addressed c/o The Globe and the other direct to Bramshott so you see wherever it is sent it all arrives about the same time. Even letters addressed to The Army P.O. London don't arrive any sooner or later. No Newspapers however, have arrived from Toronto as yet as I think they must delay the Newspapers and make way for the letters so you can see how much we all appreciate your clippings.

Now, in your welcome letter of the third instant you told me about Gamey Stratton joining the flying corps. This is a very common pastime at present amongst the young Canadian Officers, any number of whom I met in London have done the same thing (Harry Symons included) for the very reason that they are sick and tired of trench life. As for myself you and Mother need have no fear of me taking to chasing zepps. I am tickled to death to keep as far away from them as possible and if any chasing is to be done in that line they'll do it - I won't. No I came over here with the 48th and it is my intention to play the game and stick with them as long as they'll have me. They gave me a start in the military game so I'll stick. Apart from these personal feelings there are sentimental ones which keep me here. It was Maurices old regiment

and what ever branch of the service was good enough for him is certainly good enough for me. No I won't transfer into the flying corps so don't worry about it.

There is one more point that I want to satisfy you both on and that is taking care of myself in London. Thank Heaven I am old enough to appreciate my parents and the way I was brought up. So the dazzling lights of London, etc, (although the town is dark now) are not nearly dazzling enough to make my head swim and make me forget those whom I represent in old 86 Queens Park, and last of all myself. So I fully assure you both not to worry on that score either. I don't think I need say any more along that line because "You know me Al."

We are still as busy as ever instructing two companies in the science of Musketry and it is taking us most of our time doing so. This job is likely to last for another couple of weeks and then I expect to go to Aldershot to take a course on shooting, so I expect to be kept pretty busy for some time yet.

A great subject for Bairns father took place to-day outside "D" Company Orderly Room and everyone is still laughing. Our bombing officer Cy Dean left a bunch of dummy bombs in on "B" Coy's table and the bombing Corporal from "D" went in and took a couple into "D" to show some of the officers how the things worked. He was explaining the thing and a bunch of us were all crowded around when Geoff Heighington picked up an idle one and somehow or other released a lever which set the time fuse in action. The thing began to splutter and smoke like the dickens, and thinking that a live bomb had been slipped into the deck, we began to make ourselves scarce. Geoff threw the thing out of the door and it landed right on the middle of the street where a

company parade was forming up. I didn't wait to see what became of the company for I gave one jump and lay flat on my tummie behind a stove inside the hut. The others followed suit and as the stove seemed to afford more protection than anything else about four flopped beside and on top of me. John Young by this time was going down the street at a pace that would make Jack Palmers horse "Be Thankful" green with envy. John said afterwards that he just remembered reading some place that a bomb was quite powerless to inflict harm outside of 250 yard radius, but to make dead sure he went the whole 300 before stopping for breath. A battalion was marching up the street at the time so John halted them. The men who were falling in at the time took just one look at what was going on then broke and fled down the lane. Behind the stove we waited in suspense for the explosion but nothing doing. The thing just kept sizzling. At last one of the sergeants curiosity was aroused so he crept up to it quietly and then took a kick at it, which made us duck and shiver some more. But as no explosion followed within the next few seconds we began to breathe again until some one gave a shout. Then more ducking. But the shouting was only caused by the Colonel swearing at the Sergeant who kicked it near him. Well I'm sorry I can't make a good story out of all this and tell you how it exploded and killed a couple of horses and blew the camp to smithereens, because it didn't. The thing had only a fuse in it and that was all but was quite sufficient to scare the pants off us. Everyone is laughing now but a laugh at the time was scarcer than the old snow-balls chance in hell.

We are all going out to do night operations in about an hour so I must beat it and get my supper.

Best love to Mother and Yourself. God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

P.S.

Have just received a notice of Zetlands Canadian Night. Am writing Mr. Woodland.

Bramshott Camp, Hants.

Sept. 20th, 1916.

Dear Mr. Snowball:-

I can't say that I've got very much news for you as I haven't made a trip to Aberdeen yet but when I do I bet I will be able to tell you something worth knowing, because I'll go into the nearest bar and ask the bar-maid if she knows you. In this way I'll hear all of your past life. I haven't been out of England yet and what's more I don't think I'll go until I have to because it certainly is a wonderful little spot to have a good time.

At present we are quartered at Bramshott, which is the centre of a bunch of quaint little English Villages. That's what strikes me as so queer as compared with Canada. Over here a person feels cramped for some reason or other because its so darn civilized. You can't walk for more than twenty minutes in any direction without bumping into some village or other. There is no such thing as "the country" over here, not that there are not a bunch of farms but because there is so little between towns. The roads are grand and I'd love to drive our old bus around for a while but what strikes me especially are the hedges lining both sides of the roads. It's all very pretty and entirely different from anything I ever have been used to and after the novelty wears off I very much prefer the old Ontario rural districts.

The little villages which entirely surround us are not worth mentioning as far as places of amusement are concerned, but believe me they are very popular every night on account of the "pubs". Outside of that there is nothing doing in the place.

There is one nice feature of the Island and that is, no matter where you go you are sure to run across a golf club within a radius of five miles or so. John Miln and myself discovered one within 4 or 5 miles of camp, near the Village of Hindhead in Surrey, so every time we get the chance we hop a taxi and get out there in 15 or 20 minutes. So you can imagine us pounding the pill every Sunday and quite often Saturday afternoons. It is a beautiful course in every way. The scenery is grand and makes poor old Rosedale look like a third rater in this respect, and the greens - gee you ought to see them - nice short grass and as hard as ice, and you can drop them from all corners. The fairway is very nice but awfully narrow as it is only about 100 feet wide all the way to the green and may the Lord have mercy on you if you pull or slice, because the heather grows about a foot high all around. The bunkers are very few and far between but - heavens they aren't needed. Just get into that gorse and you can chop and chop and chop until the Australian Woodchoppers that used to come to Sheas appear mere novices, and then when you get real tired you pick up your ball and pray that your partner pulls his next one and then you'll be square on the hole. It is not the least bit uncommon for us to take 16 and 17 strokes for a 220 yard hole. That's almost as bad as Fathers jonah hole, viz. the eighth, at Rosedale. Some of these days you happen to feel like playing a game just ring me up and I'll go with you and I'll show you how the game is not played over here.

Why we were almost ostracized the first time we played here,

because we took off our coats and went after it in our shirt sleeves. But now even the Caddies smile at us and scrap to carry our clubs, because they know that the lucky ones are going to have a good day in the laugh line.

Stoney Lougheed and I were in London for six days about three weeks ago and believe me we had some time. I think we saw nearly every show in town and ate in every beanery and rode in every taxi the place boasts of but - Lordy didn't the tradespeople get to us. Just as soon as we went into a store to buy anything they would spot our Canada badges and bang - the price of our article doubles and trebeled itself in value. I'll never again say the English people are slow in business. Why they have it down to a system. Some article worth five shillings is always handed out to us as a bargain for eight or nine shillings and very often more. I didn't quite get the game at first but now - I give them the hee haw and tell them to get off their foot and then I get it for something like its fair value. Oh yes, its some town all right. I can play golf and lose a dozen balls a hole and still spend less money than taking three full breaths within the city limits of London. But that and playing golf are the only ways we get a chance of spending any money,so we are all more or less like the person who goes to the Exhibition, and goes down the Midway and listens to the barkers and then spends his money and goes into the show with the full intention of being fooled, and not getting your moneys worth at all and then coming out after a punk show and send all your friends in to get fooled also. That describes

London to a "T" and once we get stung we pause a little while and then go into the next tent, knowing we will get another sting. But you know there is something funny in it all and I think everyone likes to get it in the neck every once in a while, just for the fun of it and to show you what a darn fool you are, which appeals to ones sense of humour at times.

I must stop now as it's nearly midnight and we all go on a route march - in heavy marching order - at eight o'clock tomorrow morning so the hay for me.

Remember me to everyone at Rosedale and don't you get too darn expert at that game or else I'll have to come home and take you down a peg or two.

With all sorts of good wishes, etc.

Yours sincerely,

Gerald Malone,

Bramshott Camp,

Sept. 28th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Did you ever wear an English shirt? They are the goddamndest things I ever did see in all my life. Some clothing peddler came around here about two weeks ago with some very fine samples of khaki shirts and persuaded me to part with about 25 shillings for a couple. Well I did the necessary dip and just the day before yesterday the things arrived in my peddler friends hands so I tried one on to see how the thing fit. I stuck my arms in the sleeves and poked my head through the opening at the collar and let it fall. When I looked down the tails were hanging way below my knees. I told the fellow that he must have made a mistake as I didn't order a night shirt but he assured me with the usual English politeness that it wasn't a night shirt but an honest to goodness everyday flannel shirt. Lordy I'd love to see the length of English night shirts then. Any how I wore the thing and it was all right, although I had a devil of a hard time tucking it all into my pants and when I succeeded in doing so it felt as lumpy as the dickens all around me. I'll bet a boys shirt of fourteen would be just your size for length, while one of 17 would hang down round your heels. They charge a lot for them but I see that the extras come in in the length. The worst of the whole blame thing is that I went out on parade and the darn tails hung below my kilt, which amused the men and made me feel like a nickel.

The day before yesterday I received both your letters dated the 11th instant and would certainly have loved to have seen you

all sitting in the old bus on St. Clair Ave. watching Godfrey fiddling around. It reminded me of several occasions when I was doing the driving, but there the similarity ceases because from what Mother says you seemed to have lost your flow of the English language. Gee it must have been pretty bad if you couldn't even scare up one little curse. I laughed so hard when Mother told me about it in her letter I had to tell Hugh Murray and he laughed till he shook all over.

I had another inoculation for typhoid the other day which was supposed to be much more severe than any heretofore taken, and a great number of the boys got pretty sick. However, outside of a pretty dopey feeling and a chest on me that felt as if Jess Willard had given me a good hard kick, I felt fine and was able to enjoy myself immensely kidding the others. The operation was supposed to be so severe that everyone was granted 48 hours leave of absence (with no questions asked) to recover from the effects. Everyone was so dead around here that I got tired of hanging about so I spent most of my two days playing golf, and a mighty good time I had too.

We are to have more night manoeuvres to-night, and dinner has been on for the last ten minutes so I must beat it. Awfully glad to hear that both you and Mother are feeling so well and enjoying yourselves. Keep it up.

God bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

Bramshott Camp,

Sept.25th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I am afraid that you wont get very much news out of this letter as everything is going on exactly the same as usual, and outside of an inspection to-day by Sir Sam, its just the same old story. Old Sam wanted to see his boys again so the whole Camp was trotted out to gratify his wish. I must say however, that there was a marked difference between this and the last inspection, as the dust of Borden was entirely lacking which was more than half the fun last time.

However, to get away from our daily routine, the only thing I can tell you about is, as you know by this time, the zepps visited England on Saturday night. Whenever they do pay a call everyone in England seems to be ready to give them the welcome they deserve. I was in bed and about half past one I woke with Murph, our Adjutant, shaking the gizzards out of me. I managed to ask what all the row was about and he said "Get up and dress, the zepps are here". I was too darn sleepy about that time to care so I told him I didn't want to see them so I guessed I'd finish my sleep. He said, "I guess you wont. Get out and wake up the other officers". So out of bed I had to crawl and didn't I take great delight in waking up all those other fellows. It just did my heart good to go in each room in turn and shake each and everyone into wakefullness. Let me tell you its some stunt to get dressed in the dark when you dont know where in blazes half your stuff is so you can imagine the language everyone used when they heard the news. You can see everyone down on their knees in a pitch dark room groping about looking for socks and boots

and pants etc, and swearing their heads off. It is strictly against orders to light a light of any kind whatever so its always a ten or fifteen minute job of gathering your clothes together and about a two minute one of putting them on. After a while we all were dressed and outside looking up in the sky but nary a thing could we see. We waited and watched for about half an hour and as there was nothing stirring we all assembled in the mess room and got the cook busy making sandwiches. We had to stay up for about another hour and a half before we received orders from headquarters to "resume normal conditions", then we all beat it back to our little beds.

Occasionally we have to turn out like this and it all helps to remind us that there is a war in progress. Everytime the zepps make a raid on England every training camp in the country has to make similar preparations, in case of attack and stand ready to act at a moments notice. The zepps, evidently, no sooner get over to this side of the continent when we are all warned and out we have to get. This is the second time for us and neither times have they been within miles and miles of us so its beginning to be a habit of getting up in the middle of the night.

We played golf Saturday afternoon and Sunday, while before and since then we have been working like the devil. Next Sunday a few of us have hired a bus and intend to take a run down to Winchester to see all the sights.

Dinner will be ready in a couple of minutes and the Canadian mail closes soon so I will have to beat it.

I am feeling fine and living like a Lord, and eating six meals a day whenever I get the chance.

Good Bye and God Bless both you and Father.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

Bramshott Camp,

Sept. 24, 1916.

Dear Mr. Malone:-

I was delighted to receive your very interesting letter of the 7th. Gerald will have written you fully giving all the information as to what is going on here, and he will have done it in a far more interesting way than I can.

They work us good and hard here but it seems to agree with us all as I think everyone is feeling fine.

Gerald took another Musketry Course here and has been busy instructing in Musketry practically all the time. I hate having him away from the Company so much but they devote more time over here to Musketry and Physical training than anything else, as it is becoming a War of Specialists.

Gerry is one of our very best instructors, so that while I feel at times I am suffering, yet I know the Battalion as a whole is benefiting.

I don't think you need worry about that boy at all. His head is screwed on right and he would not easily be carried away by anything foolish. I certainly hope that he will not hesitate to discuss with me anything that may worry him.

In making out a return to Divisional Headquarters a couple of weeks ago of a Seniority list of Officers, Gerry was rated close to the head of all the Subalterns in the Battalion. I have him rated head in my Company.

I am sure you and Mrs. Malone are mighty lonely. My Father and Mother are in the same predicament. Do you ever see them?

With kindest regards to Mrs. Malone, A.L. and yourself.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

Hugh W. Murray.

Bramshott Camp,

Hants,

1st Oct. 1916.

Dear Father:-

As the Canadian Mail closes early to-morrow morning, and this being Sunday evening, and what few of the boys ~~are~~ here are all busy writing letters home, and as I feel dead sure you and Mother will be doing the same stunt at home, I'm sure this is just the right time to get busy and try to scribble a few lines, as nearly all the boys have been up playing golf all day and have not yet returned. The five of us at present in camp are seated in the Mess, where we have a dandy grate fire burning, either writing or reading so things are rather slow. But in a little while the gang will return from the links and every game and every stroke will be played over again for our benefit amid much shouting, swearing and laughing. The aftermath is always the funniest part of the whole game.

I was out yesterday afternoon with Marcel, John Miln, Stoney Loughed and Frank Murphy and if ever I was disgusted and tired of golf in my life it was yesterday. Not that I was any worse than the rest but Oh Lord it was painful. I swung that old club of mine at least five hundred times and was so tired and disgusted that we all quit at the 16th hole. Stoney was the only one who really enjoyed the game as he found three balls which tickled him to death. That is the extent of his game and he got more pleasure in hunting for balls in the heather than going around the whole works in 70.

To-day I didn't feel like going out to the links, so as Phil Boyd and Frank Murphy had hired a bus to take them down to Winchester,

I butted into the party. Winchester is about 28 miles from camp and we had a most beautiful ride through the country and saw some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. We passed a couple of British Training Camps, which seem to be twice as good as ours. The huts, like our own, are all built on either side of narrow streets but are built of corrugated iron instead of wood, which do not prove nearly as draughty. The training areas are beautiful. The countryside is hilly but is not moorland like Bramshott but extends for miles and miles of nice grassy country, dotted here and there with little chumps of trees. Everything is so convenient, Miniature Rifle Ranges, Bayonet Fighting standards, Trenches, etc, etc, are situated within five minutes walk of camp. It was all very beautiful and we enjoyed it very much.

Arriving in Winchester, we had our dinner at a nice little pub called "Saint George for England", where they served the best meal I ever had for 4/6. After dinner we drove over to the Cathedral, which proved very interesting. The building was founded early in the twelfth century, and judging from the exterior it certainly looks the part. The stone is a rusty color and crumbling in most parts and looks almost ready to fall down. However the interior is quite different. Everything looks quite new and clean in comparison, and we read all the tablets in the house, most of which were dedicated to local celebrities who had fallen in earlier wars.

There was one tablet which held our attention and that was dedicated to Sir Someone or other Prevost "Governor General, Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in North America, who was responsible for retaining the Canadas to the British Crown during the war of 1812."

I passed into the party. Winchester is about 20 miles from camp and we had a most beautiful ride through the country and saw some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable. We passed a couple of British Training Camps, which seem to be better as good as ours. The roads, like our own, are all built on either side of narrow strips but are built of corrugated iron instead of wood, which do not grow nearly as cheaply. The training areas are beautiful. The country is hilly but is not mountainous like Switzerland and extends for miles and miles of nice grassy country, dotted here and there with little clumps of trees. Everything is so convenient, Switzerland has no ranges, no great fighting standards, no, etc., etc. I stayed again five minutes with of camp. It was all very beautiful.

and we enjoyed it very much.

Arriving in Winchester, we had our dinner at a nice little pub called "Sainsbury's for England", where they serve the best beer I ever had for 4/6. After dinner we drove over to the Cathedral, which proved very interesting. The building was founded early in the twelfth century, and judging from the exterior it certainly looks like that. The choir is a most color and ornament in most parts and looks almost ready to fall down. However the interior is quite different. Everything looks quite new and clean in comparison, and we took all the tables in the house, most of which were dedicated to local celebrities who had fallen in earlier wars.

There was one tablet which held our attention and that was dedicated to Sir George or other British "Governor General", Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in North America, who was responsible for retaining the Command of the British Army during the war of 1812.

It went on with a whole lot of bull which I have forgotten now, but it was the only Canadian thing in sight and we spent a lot of time looking at it. After reading tablets we started in on tomb stones and struck the funniest one I ever saw. I took out my notebook and copied it down. Here it is word for word.

"In Memory of Thomas Fletcher, a Grenadier in the North Regiment of Hampshire Militia, who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot, the 12th of May 1764. Aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will towards his comrades. This stone is placed here at their expense as a small testimony of their regard and concern."

Then it goes on as follows:-

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold Small Beer,
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when yere hot drink Strong or none at all."

Then-"This memorial being decay'd was restored by the Officers of the Garrison A.D.1781,

An honest Soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by Musket or by Pot."

We all had a good laugh over this, and knowing that you would appreciate it, I send it along. Well to continue, - we read a whole lot more tablets and being so interested we lost Phil. After looking all over we found him leaning up against the Cathedral fence laughing his head off. We asked him what the joke was and he said he had found a peach of a tablet. He pointed it out to us. It was nothing but a white stone inlaid on the wall of a brick stable and it read, "Erected by A. Dumper A.D.1907". Phil said the Dumpers were well known people but this was the Masterpiece.

We then drove over to Winchester Public School (one of the oldest in England) and were taken all over the place by the Porter.

It is a quaint old school and the boys were all uniformly dressed in Plug Hats, Eton Jackets and Gowns. We laughed like the dickens at them and noticed that they were giving us the once over and smiling to themselves, so our little visit caused mutual amusement. The old school was very interesting, especially the dining room where the boys sit on oak benches about 8" thick and eat off wooden slabs instead of dishes. But on the whole, things were not nearly as interesting as Eton but something on the same style.

After finishing there we drove back to camp, getting tea at another pub called "The Red Lion" at Petersfield. The different names of the pubs along the way were awfully interesting and amusing, such as "The Jolly Farmer", "The Black Fox", "The Jolly Drover", "The Wheatsheaf", "The Fox and Pelican", "The Foaming Tankard", and "The Blind Cow".

Phil said they got in everything except "The Blind Pig", which was the spot he was looking for. (The bars don't open on Sundays until 6.00 P.M.) We got back to camp just in time to get a second supper and now I'm writing this letter which completes a mighty good day.

Doc. MacLachlan has just come in from London and tells me that he saw Bud Brown who wished to be remembered to me and would like me to come down. I guess Bud is very kind to remember me but I think he should realize that I'm holding down a job here and can't beat it away in the middle of a week. If he was very anxious to see me he should have let me know so I could get down on a week end or else come up here. But he didn't let me know so I'm not liable to put myself out very much.

I'm gone now.

With best love and God Bless you and Mother, and hoping you
are both feeling fine.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

Bramshott Camp, Hants,

October 4th, 1916.

Dear Maw:-

It is raining cats and dogs to-night and most of the boys have gone to bed, but not feeling a bit sleepy, and as the mail closes to-morrow, I can't resist the temptation of writing and letting you know that I'm feeling perfectly bully and all the rest of it.

To-day has been a red-letter day. Jim Blackey and Bud Brown ran down from London and spent the day with me and it is only about half an hour ago that I returned from the station after seeing them safely on the train for their return journey to London. It was simply great to see them both and believe me we spent a great day talking over old times. Jimmie looks simply great. I don't think he has gained such an awful lot of weight but he has a wonderful colour and looks the very picture of health. He is a mighty good looking soldier and better than that he is just the same old Jimmie he always was. He had evidently heard that I was here so he came right down to see me and I was never more glad to see anyone in my life. He arrived in England on Saturday evening and has to leave on the expiration of ten days. Bud also came along which was mighty good of him, and as I said before we all spent a real good day. I am endeavouring to get week end leave, and if successful, I will spend Saturday and Sunday with them both in London.

To-day I received your mighty welcome letter of the 17th Sept. and also Fathers, along with clippings, which were passed around and enjoyed by all.

I bet you Paw, Ella and Godfrey had a great old time at the Point. I can just picture you all beating it up Yonge Street and hanging on to Ella's custard pie. I can almost taste that pie from here and you can just bet I'd love to get outside of five or six slices of it right now.

I am glad to hear that Father is considered the best at Lambton Club, even though it is at swearing and not at golf. Golf is alright but any dub can acquire that habit, but a real good swearer is born and not made. Many the time I wish he'd been beside me to put a few choice words into my mouth when I get telling my men what I think of them. One thing that the men respect is a person with a good vocabulary. I am more than pleased to hear that he is back in form as I was worried when you told me how silent he was on the occasion of the old bus stopping on St. Clair Avenue. I enjoyed every bit of both your letters.

I also received one from Frank which was awfully funny and it was mighty good to hear from him.

At the present time I am more or less of a busy individual. Major Hugh Murray and Marcel Morgan have both gone to Aldershot on an instructional course and have left me in charge of the Company. I nearly fell over when I was given command, because up to the present I was supposed to be the junior subaltern of the Company, but Hugh called me aside just before he left and told me that a revision of the seniority list of the officers had been made recently for the whole battalion, and instead of me being the junior subaltern, I was ranged fairly well up and senior to the other three boys of our own company. The boys are mighty good sports and took it fine. Since then I have been running the Company and it

has been quite an experience for me. Each morning I hold Orderly Room and dispose of the several cases, a la Judge Morson style, and I feel right in my element. After that I have to get the Company working and then make numerous inspections of the internal workings of the Company. It is taking me all my time seeing that everything is being carried out as it should be and I consider I've learnt more about a Company in the last three days than I ever knew before. I've found my beet now and by the time they get home, at the end of the week, I'll feel almost equal to tackling a whole battalion.

I am sending along a few more snap shots I got to-day from one of the boys and they will give you some idea of the camp.

I have told you all the news now so Good Night, and God Bless you and Father.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

P.S. Mrs. Ryrie has just sent me a lovely writing case. I have written her.

Oct. 11th, 1916.

Albuhera Barracks, Aldershot.

Dear Father:-

I have forgotten whether in my last letter home I told you about our battalion, along with every other in Bramshott Camp, was called upon for a draft of 350 men to proceed over to France at once. It was an awful shock to us all and especially to Major Shiell and Major Grubbe, because all the men were taken from their companies, as unfortunately these two had completed their Musketry at the ranges, while "A" and "C" had not at that time started. The news turned everything upside down in Camp and we have all been kept so busy that I really didn't get time to write you before. It is all pretty tough on the battalion after working together for the past nine months, but we do consider ourselves lucky that we weren't broken up completely as many of the other battalions have been. None of our officers have been sent with the draft, as Headquarters have promised to fill us up immediately with reinforcements and we are to catch a place in the new fifth Division which is now being formed. This means that if there isn't too much scrapping in France in the next couple of months we will go over as a unit, when the Division is sufficiently trained. So you see things don't look as black as we all imagined at first when we all thought the beginning of the end of the 134th had arrived. However we are all hoping for the best. I forgot to tell you that our draft are all going over to the fifteenth, which makes it pretty nice for them.

After running our Company for a week, Major Murray and Marcel returned to camp on Saturday, much to my relief, and I beat it to London on Saturday to see some more of Jimmie Blackey and Bud Brown,

who, as I think I told you, came up to Bramshott to see me earlier in the week. Well I arrived in London and found that Jimmie had gone to Shorncliffe to see some of his friends and Bud had gone out so I began looking about for a room for the night, which proved to be quite a job, as both the Cecil and Savoy were full to overflowing, so I hoofed it up to the old Russell, where I got the last vacant room in the place. After looking all the other hotels over I have come to the conclusion that the Russell is the most comfortable of the whole lot, even though it is a little quieter and you don't meet so many of the boys. I got a single room with a bath and the bed was about ten feet wide and so darn soft I nearly touched the floor when I laid down. It was so comfortable that I had breakfast in bed on Sunday morning and hated to get up at eleven o'clock. I took a bath and say you should see the towels. The darn things without exagerating were fully as big as a sheet. Some class to them all right. I would have pinched one if I'd had my trunk with me. It was impossible to get one into a haversack. After that I went down to the Savoy and woke Bud up, who was sleeping his head off at nearly twelve o'clock. I finally got him out of bed and with Jack Chipman, the Adjutant of the 15th who was in town on leave, the three of us took the train out to Sundbridge Park, where there is one of the finest Golf Courses in the whole of England. We spent all Sunday afternoon playing golf and got back to town in time to have dinner at the Picadilly Hotel, where we met all sorts of the boys back on leave. After dinner we rang up Mrs. Scott, who is staying at present with Mrs. Willison (Billie) and ran out there and spent a couple of hours talking to her. As it was too late to return to Bramshott then

I went back to the Savoy and spent the night with Bud. The worst of all was when I had to get up at five o'clock to get the first train back to camp in time for parade. However I made the grade all right and was Johnnie on the spot when the bugle sounded. On Monday afternoon I, along with about five other officers, caught the Aldershot bus where we landed after a beautiful run through all the quaint old English lanes and villages, and found the Albuhera Barracks where I am quartered at present and expect to continue so until the end of my course, i.e. three weeks, when I will go back to Bramshott. Aldershot is a queer old place. The town is quite up to date in the way of stores, hotels etc, but the streets are awful, they are so narrow, otherwise the town is O.K. Just on the outskirts of the town are the different barracks where English troops are always stationed even in peace time. There are rows and rows of these old buildings and some are, you can easily believe, badly in need of repair. Each of the old barracks has a name, such as Salamanca, Maida, Badajos, Corunna and this one Albuhera. These are all occupied now by English Training Reserve Battalions. Ours is the 101st or otherwise known as one of the battalions of the West Middlesex Regiment. The officers on the whole are a fairly decent lot but there are some of the finest snobs I ever met in my life. Not that it worries me a bit, but it is a type I have so often heard about but never had the pleasure of seeing them at close quarters before. Everytime they open their mouths pearls of wisdom drop out and its simply great to be living with such distinguished men. The Lord knows but I don't think they would be worth one hoot as leaders

of Canadians such as we have. Geoff Marani and myself have a great big room all to ourselves, which could stand a few more furnishings, but otherwise is all right. Geoff has his motorcycle here so we give the Aldershotonians a treat everyday on our way to school when I ride on the trunk rack behind him. One honk of the horn and the Military Police clear the traffic and give us a clear road. The course here is a cinch so I sleep nearly all day in class and play billiards in the barracks at night. They have a dandy English Billiard table here and it is well patronised since we arrived. It looks to me like a good three weeks rest, and I think I will enjoy it for a change, also it means a trip to London every week end if I wish. I have left my address at camp and they are to forward all my mail, so I'm all right in that direction. Last week, for the first time, I received the Globe which since that time comes in spasmodically and in bunches, and which make mighty good reading. I also received for the first time copies of the Star Weekly and Sunday World dated Sept. 7th which I presume will come along quite regularly now. Tell Mother that I am still fairly well fixed for socks, but that I could do all right with a couple of pairs more. I have been very lucky to find a good woman who sure knows how to do up laundry and not only that but she darns all my clothes beautifully into the bargain. I am enclosing you a piece of poetry written by Stoney Loughheed's batman, who rather fancies himself as a poet and spends more time scribbling than in shining Doc's buttons and boots. He is an old Scotchman, originally from the town of Kilsythe and any poems he writes he has published in his home town paper just to show the old townspeople he hasn't lost all his cunning. The title of this particular poem he derived from Doc's favorite song with which he

always succeeds in waking me up in the mornings. Doc is an awful singer and its the voice and not the words of the piece that disturb me from my beauty sleep. That voice would disturb anything.

I'm always more than glad to hear from home and especially so when I hear that both Mother and Yourself are beginning to feel your old selves again. Be sure and keep the good work up and when I see you again I want to see a couple of 200 lb beauties.

With all sorts of love to Mother and Yourself, and God Bless you both.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

THESE BONES SHALL RISE AGAIN

Written on hearing Captain G.W.Lougheed, Medical Officer,
134th Battalion, waken Lieutenant Gerald M. Malone each
morning quoting above title - - "These Bones Shall Rise Again."

When morning dawns the Doctor wakes from a peaceful rest at night,
And he rises when the bugle calls to see the morning light,
Beside the bed of Gerry Malone he chants this quaint refrain:
Will you rise? Come, rise; the bugle calls These Bones Must Rise Again.

One morning not so long ago, while Gerry lay in bed,
The Doctor, stepping up to him, just tapped his sleepyhead,
And, thinking his last hour had come, the solemn sad refrain
Came like a peal of warning bells; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

The bed is soft, the blankets warm, and Gerry soundly snores,
And dreams 'perchance of drilling men - Fall in, two deep, form fours;
But peaceful slumbers call a halt, for flitting through his brain
He thinks he hears the final blast; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

T'was crossing on the ship upon the ever restless sea
When Gerry overheard these words which first appealed to me;
I guess he thought his time had come upon the rolling main,
He started from his sleep to hear; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

'Mid dangers dire of submarine our ship sped proudly on,
From daytime 'passing into night, from darkness into dawn;
Oft as the morning watch drew night 'mid noise of clanking chain
Doc.'s deep sonorous voice exclaimed; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

They hied away to London town, their money soon was spent;
They dearly paid the piper for his music where they went,
In tramcar, 'bus, and underground, or swift electric train,
No matter where they went they thought These Bones Shall Rise Again.

It may so hap the Chaplain will perchance choose for his text
These solemn words of warning just to help the soul perplexed:
And if the Doctor and Malone are there to hear the strain
They sure will murmur to themselves; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

Some men are good, some men are bad, and some fall in between,
But these are jolly fellows, and are full of mirth, I ween;
No matter where they travel, be it far by boat or train,
May they recall this solemn truth; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

When far away on fields of France, where cannons loudly roar,
Where deadly bomb of Zeppelin like hail on troops may pour,
Where men lie bleaching 'neath the sun and wounded groan with pain,
Great God above, remind them all; These Bones Shall Rise Again.

Some day perhaps in future when these men are far apart
And thoughts revert to days gone by when they were young in heart,
They may recall with honest pride those days on battle plain
When comrades fell to right and left, But They Shall Rise Again.

PRIVATE JAMES M. MACGREGOR,

The Glen Warbler,
134th Highlanders,
Bramshott,

October 6th, 1916.

Albuhera Barracks, Aldershot,

October 17th, 1916.

My Dear Mother:-

I went to London for a short visit last week end with every expectation of having a nice quiet time. I met Al Ramsay, who had just arrived from Bramshott, and we went to the Theatre together. After the show we walked back to the Cecil to get my stuff and to go and spend the night with Al at the Savoy. I was getting my stuff from the girl behind the desk when someone gave me the darndest kick in the pants, or rather where my pants ought to have been, I ever got in my life. I turned around mad enough to soak someone in the eye and there stood Jimmie Ryrie, who had just that day arrived from Canada. Needless to say I was so glad to see him that I forgot all about the kick I got. Jimmie, at the time was wandering about the town and trying all the hotels, but as everything was so full up he tried the Cecil, where he was known and there we bumped into each other. Al and I took him along with us as we had two beds and then when we reached our room we began a talk feast. Al went to bed at two and we were both going strong then and it was not until well after four that we turned out the light and went to sleep. On Sunday morning, as usual whenever we are in London, we had our breakfast in bed and then Jimmie had to go and see his Mary, not that he hadn't seen her all Saturday afternoon and evening but he had to see her again the first thing Sunday morning. The boy has it bad alright. I went down to Bonds for tea and we all had another gossiping match as you may be sure. I think I heard all about Toronto and Oakville and all that has happened since I left.

Jimmie handed me a parcel which you sent over for Mrs. Scott so I thought as the lovers might like a few hours alone I went out to Mrs. Willisons, where Mrs. Scott is staying and gave her your parcel. I wish you had been there when she opened it. I laughed for about an hour. She wondered and wondered what it was and after pulling off the paper and saw the sun-bust she began to cry. Mrs. Willison and I laughed at her for the tears were pouring down her face and she said "Thats just like Mrs. Malone. I feel so good I cant help crying." I told her to buck up and not take it to heart as I supposed Mother had bought it at Knox's. Then she nearly batted my head off. She took it out of the box and looked at it for about an hour with her eyes shining and a smile on her face, and then she pinned it on her shirt or blouse or whatever you call it and looked at herself in the glass and couldn't keep her eyes off it for a minute all night. Then she began telling Mrs. Willison all about you and what a wonderful woman you were and a whole lot more until Mrs. Willison said that the one person she would like to meet in Toronto is yourself as she has heard so much about you from everyone. I told her that my Maw was sure there with bells on and they all agreed. But I dont think I ever saw Mrs. Scott so pleased with anything in all my life, she kept making us all look at her new sun-burst and every two or three minutes she would sneak away to give herself the once over in the looking glass. Then they stuffed me with home made cake until I nearly bust and out of self defence, I had to go back to the hotel. It was a bully evening I spent and I always try to see Mrs. Scott everytime I go to town. I am sorry I havent had any chance to take her out much but as she is going back to live with Jessie after this week I will see more of them both.

As you see I am still at Aldershot but I hope to get back to my own battalion at the end of next week. Everything is fine here but we are leading a lazy life. The scouting course I am on is all to the merry, and we certainly have a lot of fun. The first few days when we were all new at the game and new to our Sergeant Instructor they made us work. We dug trenches for three days and also did some crawling. Crawling is the word for it. We were supposed to crawl about 250 yards without making any noise or attracting attention whatsoever. I crawled on my tummy for about ten miles as I thought but which was only about 75 yards actually, and then I crawled through a hedge and fell asleep. I slept for over an hour and the old boy was looking all over the lot for me. Finally he woke me up with his yelling and I came out of my hiding place much to his disgust. The next day he took us out again to do some more of his stunts. He marched us about five miles and it was as hot as the dickens until we came to a Village Pub. Here we induced him to stop for a few minutes by offering to buy him a couple of beers. That caught him. We went into the Pub and we began to buy and he began to drink. We would get him talking about his experiences in South Africa and would slip him another couple of pints whenever he began to weaken in his stories. Well we didn't give him a chance to think about the work he was going to give us to do for as soon as he would pause in his talking we bought more suds. This kept up until it was time to go home and it was comical to see the old fellow stagger those 5 miles home again. The next day he took us out to do some shooting and the same programme took place as on the previous day. He seemed to

enjoy it thoroughly and we all enjoyed it because it let us out of a lot of hard work and only cost a few shillings so you see the enjoyment was quite mutual.

Yesterday morning Geoff Marani and I nearly broke up the school. It happened this way. We got up pretty late and were in a hurry to get to school so I jumped on the back of his motorcycle and we tore through the streets of Aldershot, arriving at the school gates just as the parade was forming up. When we arrived on the road right in front of the whole school and everyone was watching us, the darn motorcycle hit some loose gravel and skidded. I can remember quite distinctly travelling through space but the next thing I was sitting on top of Geoff, who was on the road under the machine. It was a good thing that I sat down on that part of my anatomy which nature intended me to sit on, otherwise I might not have been so lucky. Geoff and I lay on the road there too darn surprised to do anything but laugh. The whole school, when they saw we were not hurt, let out one roar which shocked the School Sergeant Major and they all ran over in a bunch and hauled us to our feet. Everyone is still laughing and want us to perform some more fancy dives as a couple of the boys didn't see us before. But no chance - one stunt like that is enough.

When I got back from London on Monday morning, I received letters from both yourself and Father and all sorts of good clippings, all dated about the 28th September, and also a letter from Dr. and Mrs. Young. The Doctor gave me a very vivid account of a game of golf he had "with a very close relation of mine at Lambton", it was certainly awfully funny and I bet I laughed for hours. I can just see every stroke that was played and the

aftermath of each I can almost hear. I must write to them both when I can possibly get going. I am glad to hear that you are both enjoying good health and working the old bus overtime. I notice from your letter that you are sending some socks. Thats fine. I will be able to use them quite nicely as some of my socks are just beginning to go. Tell Father that I received his score card from Zetland and it made fine reading as did his clippings also.

I think I have told you all the news now. its raining like the dickens again but thats nothing new here so I didn't speak of it before.

With very best love to you both and God Bless you.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

P.S.

Your Maple Leaves arrived in good condition and I'm keeping them in a book for future reference. The country must look great now.

Love. G.

Aldershot,

Oct. 18th, 1916.

My Dear Father:-

Just ten minutes ago when I returned from school, I received your dandy long letter of Oct. 3rd, also one from Mother and one from Fred Woodland telling me about "Canadian Night." Yesterday I received seven Globes and the Weekly papers of the 16th September so you see I have been corralling all the mail around these parts lately. I hardly know what to tell you about as nothing especially startling or exciting has taken place since I last wrote.

In your letter you were asking whether the courses I have taken in the past will be taken into account as qualification for higher positions. Now in one sense they do, and in another they do not. It certainly stands to reason that the Subaltern who has qualified himself in various courses will be given a choice over a man who has no special qualifications. But on the other hand such courses are only given to the Subalterns so that they may get a good general knowledge of the subject and on his return to the battalion will be able to instruct the men. So it really amounts to having as many officers as possible qualified in each and every subject so there will be sufficient instructors throughout the battalion. At the present time each Subaltern is qualified in at least one subject and most of them in two. The seniority list is the true guide as to whom is next in line for promotion, and our list as I think I told you before is as follows, i.e. as far as the Subalterns are concerned:-

(1) Snow (2) Ross (3) Heyworth (4) Miln (5) Myself. How it goes after that I don't know as I only got a glimpse at the list, which

is not supposed to be for publication in and amongst the battalion at the present time. So whether I had Captains qualifications or not it would be quite impossible for me to cut in ahead of the other four boys. Qualification is quite unnecessary for promotion on the field as everything depends on the seniority list.

Your various messages I will deliver personally to the boys when I get back with them a week from Saturday, and I will certainly be glad to be with them all again as this life is so darn slow and monotonous and one gets fed up with loafing after a certain length of time. I received a note from Doc. Loughheed this morning, in which he informs me that we have been reinforced by 350 men and 6 officers from the 135th battalion, who were raised from the London district and were one of the ringleaders in the Camp Borden - Sam Hughes Riot. However I reckon we will handle them alright and there won't be much rioting in this battalion. They also sent us 6 officers as the establishment has been changed once more and each battalion must carry 40 officers instead of 32. It is too bad as we might just as well have brought Jack Alexander and the others along with us instead of leaving them at Borden. Speaking about these boys, they have all been put into Pioneer Battalions at Shorncliffe and I believe most of them have already gone to France. But to continue - Doc informed me that they were going to put a couple of new officers in with us so he has changed our residence to a smaller place where we can live alone and not as he says be disturbed by some one else snoring. You can certainly trust to little Doc to look after our interests. He also told me that he is quite himself again as he had just received a long letter from his girl, who loves him in the same old way. So I'm afraid your good advice concerning him will have to be disregarded until

some future date. Stoney is certainly a great boy and one of the funniest. Much to his disgust he has to get up at six o'clock every morning and attend Sick Parade. One morning he arrived back at the room all out of breath as he said a rat as big as a rabbit chased him right across the parade ground and finally cornered him so that he had to get his back up against the wall and fight for his life. He certainly has a wonderful imagination or else something serious is the matter with him. He claims this to be the gospel truth and swears that the same old rat chases him every morning and night whenever he appears on the parade grounds. After this yarn was told everyone calls him "Stoney the Rat." Johnnie Miln also claims to have been attacked. I guess Mr. Rat only picks on those of his own size as the rest of us have been immune.

I'm sure I told you that I had safely delivered the Sunburst to Mrs. Scott the same day I received it, and before your letters telling me of it had arrived.

We have been getting typical English weather lately, raw and cold as the mischief. It forms the main topic of conversation around these parts and proves to be a very wide one, as it keeps everyone guessing and each person commenting on it is able to add a few more expletives and prefixes than any former person, with whom you have been conversing. Even the natives of the blasted country for miles around remark "How unusual for this time of year". Did you ever notice how a person will tell the darndest lies about the rotten weather of his native land. Everyone around here seems to apologise whenever the subject is brought up. I think they must be ashamed of it. When you wake up in the morning it is raining or else has just quit and you find a regular Scotch mist all over the place

and if you can see through the stuff it can be counted as "most unusual." I suppose it is unusual that you can see at all. After breakfast you grope your way to school, exchanging casual remarks regarding Old Country climatic conditions, with every Canadian you meet, who generally heartily endorses your remarks and adds a few new ones of his own. Sometimes the sun shines then everyone says "Perfectly wonderful weather we are having, eh" what wonderful nothing. You can bet your boots it will rain twice as hard the next day to make up for it. However the officers get along fairly well with their rubber boots, slicker and son-westerns, while the men get used to being wet in time. Every evening I get back to Barracks my batman has a roaring fire going in the grate (no furnaces over here) and I sit in my room in perfect comfort, with my boots off and all my old clothes and sweater on, and write up my notes and do a little studying or else write letters until bed time. The two things that I can do real well in this country is eat and sleep. I am a regular bear at both games and the pride of Albuhera. My hair has grown remarkably long, which reminds me that I should have paid a visit to the "Hairdresser" (not barber over here) to-day, and I am getting remarkably fat. This is quite noticable as my collars are all getting too darn tight, and I have nearly as much trouble getting into them as you used to have getting into mine.

I might just as well stop now as I'm afraid I can't say any more but hope to have some sort of news next time, as I'm going to London this week end to see Jimmie and all the other boys. Tell Mother that I am feeling well and I am keeping my feet dry and my nose clean.

With very best love to you both and so glad to hear that you
are both enjoying good health. God Bless you all.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

Albuhera Barracks,

Aldershot, Oct.23/16.

My Dear Mother:-

The course at Aldershot is drawing to a close and I hope by next Monday to be back with the boys at Bramshott, although it has been a very pleasant three weeks holiday, and although slow in spots nevertheless has its advantages, especially in the shape of week end leave which is to be had each week merely for the asking, and I have taken the fullest advantage possible of the privilege and have spent each and every one of the week ends up in town, where I have met hundreds of boys I know, and to see them again things certainly make it worth the while. A week ago Saturday, as I told you, I met Jimmie who had a great big fairy story about Norma Smith coming over here to attend some school or other. I thought he was just raving as he was in love and therefore not quite responsible for what he was saying so I humoured him along.

Last Saturday I went up to town and spent Saturday afternoon with him and his lady love, by attending a Movie show and afterwards supping tea in some swell dump, after which they shook me so I went to the show with Doc MacLachlan and Reg. Elliott (you remember Reg at Jacksons Point) whom we managed to run into at the Cecil. As we could only manage to get one single room at the Hotel (Reg got that) we all bunked in the one bed, which was sure one awful tight squeeze, and whenever one wanted to turn we all had to and as usual had our breakfast in our bed on Sunday morning a la Harry Lauder. We managed to get up and dressed by half past twelve and after meeting Jimmie (who managed to break away) we all had lunch together at some other swell joint.

After our lunch we strolled back to the Hotel (Jim left us after the fish course) and there met Jack and Stewart Boulter, Chap Kilmer and any number of the other boys, and so sat down in the large reception room, or whatever it is, and had a great old talk. Along about four o'clock, just when the conversation was beginning to lag, I noticed two or three ladies standing in the doorway looking right over at me. I thought Gee I must be making a hit or else my kilt wasn't low enough. I looked them over and as I didn't know any of them I dropped back into a half doze, from which I had just awakened. The next minute however, I was on my feet and running towards them for there stood Norma Smith looking straight at me. I was never so surprised in all my life. There we were in the Cecil. I beating it for the door and Norm beating it for me. We met about half way and then clinched. She nearly shook my hand off and I didn't quite know whether to let out a yell or keep quiet. I know I managed to ask her where in the name of heavenly dick she came from, and what the sam hill was she doing here. We were both asking questions as hard as we could and giving no time whatever for an answer before we would shoot another one over. At last we quieted down a bit and she introduced me to her friends and so I asked them to have some tea. Then I realized what a mistake I had made, because at that moment I had exactly one shilling and tuppence in my jeans, and the Bank closed until Monday. However they didn't even give me a fighting chance to crawl as they were delighted with the idea, so down they all flopped and began to order enough stuff, which made me sweat all over and made my one and two look like a Chinese Pesos. You can imagine me sitting there with a genial smile of hospitality on my face and feeling like a gone turkey inside and my left hand rubbing those two

pennies and the shilling against each other, and trying to kid myself that they wouldn't eat more than a dimes worth. But Lord they kept on ordering and as each new item was called out my heart skipped a couple of beats. It looked to me like a dirty night. But thank the Lord Brad Snow burst into view and before he could turn around I had a pound off him, which he protested at my taking, as it left him strapped with only a Toronto car ticket and the return ticket on the railroad to Bramshott. But its more blessed to give than to receive so I left him my blessing in spite of his cursing me. The last I saw of him he was beating it after someone he knew with the desire of making a touch, I hope he succeeded. Anyway I haven't seen him since. Well I strolled back to the table and apoligised for having so suddenly left them, and explained that I had to give him an important message from the Colonel. I was entirely forgiven. With a certain sense of feeling of relief, I sat down again and looked over the victuals, which seemed so extensive before but had now shrunk to a very meager quantity. So just to show that money was nothing to me I got the waiter to bring in an apple pie and some French Pastry. They all slopped their tea into them and refused any more, even though I insisted on another bucket full, but now that I had the money, nothing doing. Isn't that woman-like for you? Well after straining a couple of quarts or so through my moustache and also scalding my throat, to which I only said "Dear, dear". Norm and I shook the rest and hopped into a taxi and dropped in on the Bonds and Jimmie. We sat in front of a big grate fire and talked for hours. It seemed so funny and strange and yet so natural to

be seated talking with this Oakville crowd in London of all places, and believe me it most certainly made me feel that after all home isn't so far away as it seems.

We had a long talk and a most enjoyable evening and as I had to catch the 10.30 train for Aldershot I broke up the party by taking Norma back to her hotel, and afterwards going to the station myself. Norm told me that she had seen you in Oakville and that you had sent me all sorts of messages etc, and also had given her a letter to Mrs. Scott. I hope to be in town the coming week end and if so I am going to take her around and introduce her. Naturally after all this excitement that occurred I didn't see Mrs. Scott, but I am going to write her a note to-night or else to-morrow morning.

I guess I've said enough in this for one letter so its me for the haymow. With all sorts of love to both yourself and Father, and God Bless You.

Your loving Son,

Gerald,

P.S.

Tell Father I have received a note from Mr. Wm. Robins and I will call on him in London next week.

Love,

G.

Bramshott Camp,

Oct. 30th, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I arrived back at Bramshott last night and immediately beat it into the Mess, as I was sure there would be some mail for me and I wasn't disappointed. Fred Grant said as I appeared in the room, "Thank God you have arrived, we have just been discussing the advisability of moving the Mess into another hut to make room for all your parcels." Gad in one corner of the room parcels and newspapers galore, as well as letters, were stacked up a mile high. You should have seen me tackle those bundles just exactly like a Fox Terrier after a rat. Your parcel of socks, handkerchiefs, and candies were with the rest and in excellent condition. The handkerchiefs were exactly what I needed. The candies were great, and the socks were simply wonderful. All the boys took a feel at them and said they were the softest ever. They are simply grand and the finest I ever saw. In fact they seem too good to wear. I also received a parcel from Mrs. Young full of candy, coffee, Marmalade and the Lord knows what all. It even included a can opener so Doc Loughheed and I are going to have a great old feed one of these fine nights. I also rec'd about 9 Toronto Globes, Star Weeklies and Sunday Worlds from Father, all kinds of clippings, about three letters from Father and also the funniest letter in the world from Bill Burns. I had a grand time with it all and passed out the papers and clippings to the gang, while I read my letters. It was certainly a grand home coming and you can bet I was mighty glad to be back.

Our course at Aldershot finished Friday afternoon so I caught the evening train for town, and after I had had my dinner I rang up Jessie Scott, who was doing nothing in particular, so I beat it out

there and had a quiet little talk with her. About eleven o'clock Mrs. Scott strolled in from Mrs. Willisons and we had some more talking until about midnight, when I thought it about time to let them go to bed. On Saturday I visited the Bank of Montreal and got "well heeled" and in the afternoon got a hold of Norma Smith and took her out to Mrs. Scotts, where we had afternoon tea with Mrs. Scott, Jessie and Mrs. Hall (the Mother of Arthur). I juggled my tea on one knee, a plate of cake on the other, a hunk of toast in one hand, and some sandwiches in the other. Then I dug in for fair.

I told them of my experiences in getting back to the hotel the night before, when I think I travelled all over London, in the bowels of the earth in the tube. I got completely lost and it took me two hours to get home instead of a regular 15 minute jaunt.

Norm and I stayed and had dinner and then, as Mrs. Hall had gone home, the four of us went to the theatre and saw "Potash and Perlmutteres in Society". It was very funny and Mrs. Scott got giggling and naturally couldn't stop, which started Jessie and Norm, so the three of them cackled like a mess of setting hens throughout the whole show, and as we blew ourselves to a box in sight of everyone. I felt like a nickle, and every time I opened my mouth to tell them what a lot of silly nuts they were they cackled in unison. Mrs. Scott laughed and her face got red and the tears poured down her face until I thought she would be sick. She even said she was weak at the knees, which reminded me of you after a shot of Port Wine. On the way home I recalled to Mrs. Scott the evening you both got soused on Rheubarb Wine, in the kitchen, and she laughed all over again. It was a mighty funny evening and when I called on Sunday she was still giggling.

On Sunday we called on Mrs. Willison and took her for a drive

for an hour or so. Then went back to her place and had our tea. I was with the Scotts nearly all the time and spent one of the best week ends I have yet put in.

The mail is closing in about two minutes so I must cut it short. When I write again I'll tell you about my experience in the Underground. Before I quit I must thank you again for the socks and handkerchiefs. They were simply grand.

I will write Mrs. Young and thank her too.

All sorts of love to yourself and Father, and God Bless You.

Your loving son,

Gerald,

Witley Camp,

Nov. 4th, 1916.

My Dear Father:-

To-day we are here and to-morrow we are somewhere else, where we will be to-morrow no one knows. Last Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock the order came from Headquarters to be ready to move to Witley Camp by two o'clock the next afternoon, so as you can imagine everything was in an uproar and we all resembled a bunch of bees, the way we had to buzz around. However, by noon on Wednesday, after working until pretty late the night before and all morning, we were all ready to move, and then of course it had to commence raining and believe me it certainly did itself proud. It rained to beat the band and at two o'clock our parade ground resembled a pig sty there was so much mud. Well we walked the six miles to Witley and it rained like the dickens all the time, and naturally all the men were soaked through to the skin, and when we arrived we found that the 127th Battalion, whose quarters we took over, had received no instructions to get out until about an hour before we arrived, so we had to put our men into huts with their men and believe me those old huts were somewhat crowded. Our men however showed their ability to take care of themselves, for on asking them next morning how they managed to spend the night they informed me that everything was fine, as they didn't use their own wet blankets but evidently borrowed those of the 127th and left the wet ones for those poor suckers. Also they managed to pick out the best spots in the huts viz, around the stoves. How the 127th managed I don't know but I'll back our men against any of them when it comes to shifting for themselves. Luckily the other crowd moved out the next day, otherwise there might possibly have

been a row. They are certainly a great bunch of boys and know how to take care of themselves in any old kind of an emergency.

The idea of shifting us to Witley from Bramshott is that the Fifth Canadian Division is to be formed here, and evidently we are slated to hold down a place with the Ontario Brigade. This makes us all feel fine as we have now every hope in the world of remaining as a unit as long as the Fifth Division keeps its head above water. This means that if the Canadians put another Division in the field in the future we will be right with them. Next week we start Divisional Training and the first thing on the programme is to put the remainder of our men through Musketry and after that we will work, not so much as a unit, but as part of the Brigade. Other Toronto Battalions that have evidently caught a place in the Division are, Col. Kingsmill's 123rd Battalion, and Col. Chadwick's 124th Battalion (originally founded from the G.G.B.G. and Mississauga Horse). We all hope that we will be brigaded together as we all know each other since we recruited at the old Armouries together. The other poor suckers that don't make the Division will be smashed up and sent over in drafts, so naturally we are all quite pleased.

In one of Mothers letters I was greatly amused to hear that Toronto gossip had it that we were slated for Egypt. I told the other boys and we all had a good laugh. Here's a tip - don't believe all the rumours you hear, because in this game rumours are more numerous than fleas on a dog. Ever since we started recruiting rumours have been numerous and I suppose always will be until the battalion becomes extinct. It is part of the game. Don't believe all you hear because I will hand you the straight dope and keep you informed from time to time. This movement necessarily means that the Battalion will be

quartered here in England for the next four or five months on Brigade and Divisional training unless something unforeseen happens to the whole shooting match.

Witley, as a camp, is situated in country quite similar to Bramshott surroundings and is supposed to be less muddy, but as far as I've seen it's just as bad if not worse. The one big disadvantage is that we have no decent battalion parade ground, and the biggest advantage that I can see is that in each of the officers rooms there is a nice little grate or fire place, which we certainly make use of every evening which helps an awful lot to brighten and cheer everyone up after a sloppy day's work in the rain.

My address in future will be "Witley Camp, Surrey, Eng.", but any mail that may be addressed to me at Bramshott will be forwarded to me according to arrangements made at the Post Office there before we left.

In answer to your questions re Newspapers, I think I told you before that the same are arriving O.K. except that they come irregularly and in batches, but which are nevertheless none the less appreciated. Your letters have been arriving regularly and the clippings have been keeping us all in touch with Toronto news.

Hoping both you and Mother are enjoying the best of health. I am feeling great and getting as fat as a hog.

Best love to you both, and God Bless you.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Witley Camp, Surrey,

Nov. 8th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

At last we are settled down in our new camp and quite as comfortable as possible, or as much as the rainy weather will permit us to be. It is certainly a wonderful country for rain and it certainly keeps us all guessing. To-day, however, has been the very first in three weeks that it hasn't spilt the few odd drops and everyone is so pleased that we nearly cabled home to let you know it had stopped raining. Outside of the moisture the weather has been remarkably warm compared with the usual November weather at home, and it has been on exceptional days only that an overcoat has been necessary for warmth purposes. But it is a great country for rain coats. No one even thinks of stirring more than a couple of hundred yards from the quarters without one, for if you do its ten to one you'll get soaked. So on even the finest days everyone may be seen carrying a waterproof and it generally comes in useful too. Last night the roof over our room, unable to withstand the strain, suddenly commenced to leak in about ten places, the biggest of which, unfortunately, happened to be right over my bed. When we discovered it this morning Stoney refused to believe that there was anything wrong with the roof at all but placed the blame on other quarters.

Luckily the camp is situated on high ground and on fairly sandy soil so we are very seldom troubled with mud, which is a great blessing and very seldom do we require to wear our rubber boots, but with an eye for the future a number of us have received from Canada (and from Midland the town which Fred Grant has made famous at that) a pair of Carrigans, which come almost up to the knee.

They are going to come in very useful when we get into muddy and sloppy surroundings.

Just two miles from the camp is the Village of Milford, which boasts of a railway station, and a couple of stores and a few pubs, and it is from here that we embark and disembark on our week end leaves up to London town.

The camp is on the same line i.e. the London and South Western Ry as that running to "Liphook for Bramshott Camp" and which place is just six miles distant, and necessarily that much farther from London.

About a mile farther along the Portsmouth Road is the town of Godalming and about five miles farther is Guildford. Last night Al Ramsey, Brad Snow, John Miln and myself went to the latter town just in time to drop into the theatre to see one of the punkest shows I have ever seen in all my life. Why the shows we used to see at St. Catherines were ten times as good. I think the Company was one of those things which play to one night stands all over the country. But the show itself -- we ran into the thing blind without looking at the name and what do you think we saw -- our old friend "East Lynne". It was a stupendous production so it said on the programme and believe me we all enjoyed it to the utmost. We hissed the Villian and cheered the hero and heroine along with the rest of the audience and had the time of our lives. The acting or whatever they called it as you can easily imagine was punk, which made us enjoy the evening all the more. Guildford is some burg all right.

Here are some of the first pictures we have taken of the camp and some of the boys, and as Al Ramsey only got them to-night

I am sending them along to you. You may notice in one of Stoney and myself that the screen I used to wear has disappeared from my upper lip, according to the privilege granted from General Headquarters to permit officers to shave the upper lip if they so desire. Say you ought to see Phil Boyd. I will send a picture of the gang along to you in the near future and you'll see for yourself that he is the very image of Sir Sam Hughes and is known by that name all over camp. I didn't realize before what a difference a moustache -- or rather the lack of one -- made in a person.

You may also notice from this snap shot that I'm not growing very much thinner. On the contrary, I think I have been gaining about five pounds every week since we have struck this country.

We have received no further news concerning the Fifth Division but that we know our place in same is almost a surety. But who knows what is going to happen next? Nevertheless we are all content to sit down and wait results.

We were all glad to notice in to-nights papers that Hughes has walloped Wilson in the U.S. elections and we hope for a decided improvement in the attitude of the States in the future.

How are you and Mother keeping?

Give her my best love and God Bless and keep you both.

Your loving Son,

"Gerald",

Witley Camp, Surrey, Eng.,

Nov. 14th, 1916.

My Dear Mother:-

Your letters and parcels are arriving safely, and it seems every day there is an incoming mail I haul down a goodly share. Just the other day I received your second parcel containing socks, shirts and candy. The shirts are fine and will come in mighty handy, especially the silky one which I will crawl into when I intend to put on a little dog and make a heavy splash in London. The socks were also good and I'm sure must have caused you a whole lot of hard work. Knowing this you see I appreciate them all the more and they will also help me "splash" in town. As for the candy "nuf sed". To tell you that they disappeared in about two shakes of a dead lambs tail is sufficient to let you know how much they were appreciated. Your letter of about the 25th of October arrived safely, along with a letter enclosing clippings from Father, and also a joint letter from Father, Frank and Mib from Montreal. Needless to say how pleased I was to get them.

This last week or so we have been plodding along in the same old way around camp, and it began to get pretty tiresome, so Al Ramsey and I skipped down to London after Church Parade on Sunday. We walked into the Savoy about two o'clock and discovered quite a gang of the boys hovering around. Stan Beatty, Ollie Junkin, Evan Ryrie, Art Stanway, Jamie Auld, Ev Smith, Al and myself all had lunch together and it certainly was fine to see them all. That is the beauty of the London trip. Every week you go to town you bump into an entirely new bunch. After lunch I beat it out to Mrs. Scotts and met Charlie Crompton, who has just returned from Salonika and on his way home to Canada. So Mrs. Scott, Charlie and myself went out

Friday, June 1st, 1901.

My dear Mr. [Name]

My dear Mr. [Name]:

Your letter and picture are waiting at the office. I have been so busy that I cannot find time to write you more than a few lines. I received your letter of the 28th and was glad to hear from you. The picture is very nice. I will send it to you as soon as I have it. I have been thinking of you a great deal lately. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy with my work, but I always find time to think of my friends. I will write you again soon. I am, dear Mr. [Name], very truly yours, [Name]

to the McMillans for tea, while Jessie and Norm (who is living with Mrs. Scott) went out for a motor ride with a couple of the boys on leave from France. By the way the McMillans are on their way to Australia and I understand intend stopping in Toronto for a couple of days with Mrs. Boyce Thompson. They are great friends of Mrs. Scotts. After tea we went back to Mrs. Scotts for dinner, where the motoring party joined us, also Mrs. Willison. After dinner Jimmie, Mary and Dorothy Bond dropped in and we had a mighty pleasant evening. I got back to the Savoy about half past eleven and slept with Al in Ollie Junkins room. Not that we did much sleeping as we all talked until about half past two and we had to get up at five to catch our train back to Camp.

I am sorry I must quit now as the postman is waiting until I finish.

Best love to you and Father, and God Bless You.

Your loving Son,

"Gerald,"

Witley Camp, Surrey, Eng.

Nov. 16th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

Your Newspapers are arriving fairly regularly now although they come in batches of twos and threes, which is caused by the mails which presumably only leave Canada twice a week or so. But it makes no difference as I start in on the first page of the earliest paper and don't quit until I have read the last of Eatons Ad on the last page. Your two Popular Magazines also arrived safely and made fine reading. Last night I received two parcels of socks from Mother, which I certainly appreciate as I know she has taken all sorts of pains in making them. They are all beautiful. I have received all parcels, letters and clippings up to date so don't worry about them arriving at their destination.

Everything at Witley Camp is fine and running along very smoothly, in fact you could stick us in any old camp in the country and once we get settled down they would all look alike to us. We are kept busy all day drilling the men or else working in the Orderly Room and have very little time to admire the scenery or the surroundings.

We had a mighty funny Mess-night the other evening. It started off very quietly and had all the ear marks of being the blooming bore it always is, but Hugh Murray, Fred Grant and Scotty Shiell all tried some new fangled cock tail that Major Allan heard about, and the result was that everything began to take on a rosy look. Oh yes, Phil Boyd took a crack at it too. The fur began to fly then as they all began laughing and all trying to make speeches at once and the same time. and to cap the climax the band began to play a bunch of Scotch airs. That was the last straw, Hugh tilted his head back and smiled all over

and hummed away and beat time with a knife on the numerous plates, glasses, etc. within reach in Zetland style. Then he would yell over at me "Hi, Irish isn't that grand music". Fred Grant kept time with the music by trying to sing. Gee it nearly bust up the party. And Phil Boyd would come in at the end of each verse by bellowing out the battle cry of the Boyd clan "Confido" and at the same time would demonstrate the crest of the Clan by holding up his arm to its full extent and pointing one finger to the sky.

I never saw one measly cock-tail hit a crowd so hard. Hugh got generous and nearly gave away his shirt, while Scotty Shiell (Scotch as he is) presented the mess with a 25 lb cheese, amid deafening applause. Then someone presented the Band Master with a box of cigars and got him to play the piece again. I thought they would never quit. It was the funniest sight I ever saw. Fred Grant done himself proud when he, as Mess President, insisted on making a speech in memory of Sam Hughes. It was some speech believe me.

Last night Ross, Heyworth, Miln, Al Ramsey and myself went to Guildford and saw a punk show, but we told everyone this morning it was great so a whole gang of the senior officers are going down tonight to see the show. I see where they will be looking for us with a club to-morrow morning. But since we got stung we hate to be lonely so companions in misery will be agreeable.

That is about all the news I can give you as everything is just the same old routine during the day, and after dinner we generally sit around reading or else go for a little walk and then go to our own rooms and toast our toes and then hop into bed.

The weather, strange to say, has been beautiful this last week. The sun has been working overtime and to-day there is actually a touch of frost in the air.

Tell Mother I don't need any flannels or anything like that because I haven't even worn any that I brought over with me as yet. If I ever do need any I'll let her know. Give her my very best love and tell her I'm feeling great.

Now I think I'll hoof it to bed. Good night and God Bless you both.

Your affectionate Son,

"Gerald",

November 17th, 1916.

Witley Camp, Surrey.

My Dear Frank:-

I'm almost afraid to even start this letter to you, seeing that it has been so darn long since I "fixed bayonets on my trusty Waterman" as Bill Burns says, and tore off a few add lines. But "honest to Gawd Major" as St. Louis, one of our French Canadian crooks used to say to Major Murray, I've been so darn busy that it has been all I could do to write home every week. However, in self defence, I must admit that I have started on several occasions to do my duty but for some reason or another never did I finish them. So I'm starting all over again and hope to God this doesn't share the same fate as the others. You have done noble in writing as often as you have and I think I have received them all O.K. to date. The last was a composite letter or a three in one from yourself, Father and Mib, evidently written after some wallopig big meal at the Windsor, which must have been great. I can hear Paw gulp from here and can see him quite plainly picking his teeth and reading the Newspaper. It was also good to hear from Mib too. Tell her I haven't seen Billy yet but possibly I'll bump into him some of these fine days in London. That is the meeting place for Canadians.

The Lord only knows what I am going to write you about as things are carried on in the same old way, without one variation from the routine, which has been like the poor with us from the first and will be most always. I'm not going to go into the routine here because it is too damned tiresome and uninteresting, but I might

just say a few words about some of the characters we have or have had in the Company. Just this afternoon when things were a little slack I picked up the roll book of the Company in which every man who ever passed through the Company has his name recorded. There certainly were some great old characters but thank God we are now rid of all the "undesirables" and the crowd now with us are absolutely the pick of the whole attested bunch. To look back on the old days at the Armouries from where we are now is a source of amusement. Lordy but dont I remember the first day I got a glimpse of my platoon. I have to laugh whenever I think of them at that date. Honestly they were a hell of a looking crowd. I came in late but even then there was all sorts of room for improvement. Most of the men had Military Great Coats and Tams, but then there were any number who couldn't get fitted so they just had to wear their ordinary or Civilian overcoats. If lucky some wore tams while the others turned out in headgears of various patterns, such as Christies, Felt Hats, Cloth Caps and God knows what else. I remember big Bob McCombs, he was sure a hell of a sight. Bob is about 6'4" in height and built in proportion. He wore a tam on the top of his nut in anything but a smart and soldierlike manner. His ears, like a yids, doubled over and the nob on the top of the hat came just about in the centre of his forehead. He wore a blue black overcoat, much the worse for wear, with every third button missing. He was lucky enough to get fitted with a tunic but not a pair of pants in the place did we have that came within 6 or 8" of the ground when he got them on, and as he said "the waist was so small that it nearly choked him". His boots were once black, but not mates, with a suspicion of heels or soles. He was, besides presenting such an

ungamly appearance, the most awkward man I ever saw, and he continually fell all over his feet. But outside of all these trifles big Bob was the most good natured and willing man you ever could want to meet, although he did raise hell every once in a while when someone would stamp on his heel instead of keeping in step, and then Oh, Lord, how he used to curse. To-day I wish you could see him. He is one of the neatest and best working men in the whole Company and is a man that keeps the rest of my platoon in good spirits, even when everything is breaking wrong. I suspect him to be overage but I'm not saying anything as he is too good a man to risk loosing. Bob, of course, is an exception. There is another man called Barney, who caused no end of trouble for the first few weeks. He had been a factory hand all his life and wasn't the kind to take orders from anyone when he didn't feel like it. After a couple of set to's, in which I got my way and which resulted in a mutual hatred of each other, things began to go along much smoother. Even to this day he gets his tail in a knot at times but still it generally happens over things of no account, for when it comes to walking miles in the rain and getting soaked to the skin and all the rest of such inconveniences, he is one of the best ever. The turning point, I think, came on a route march we had from Queenston to Niagara when we got caught in an awful rain storm, which really soaked us in about two minutes. He was grouching away to beat the band, cursing the rain, the officers and the army at large. I was soaking like the rest and as we wore no tunics the silk shirt I had on just clung to me like glue. In this condition he got a look at me and I threw a grin at him and cracked a couple and then he began to

laugh and since then I've never heard a peep out of him under circumstances where grouching is justified. He'll do all right when it comes to a pinch and I'd like no one better beside me. Another man I had named St. Louis, whom I mentioned before, was a darb. Why in hell he ever joined the Army I dont know, because he never tried to play the game in any particular. If there was a drunken brawl St. Louis was in it. If anyone absented themselves without leave - he did it. He never tried to do anything right, so naturally was jerked up fast, which didn't exactly please him. I tried everything on that man but nothing doing, so then I began to soak him every time he even turned his head. He certainly led a hell of a life when on parade so he quit coming for days at a time. Then naturally he was brought up in Orderly Room before Major Murray. The idea of being brought up before his Company Commander made him very meek and holy, so he would try to smooth things over. He would tell Hugh that he had been sick the day or days before and couldn't get down to the Armouries. I remember him saying "Honest to God Major I was so sick I damned near died" and when Hugh didn't believe him and intimated as much it was "Honest to god Major you can ask any bloody doctor in this whole damned town if I wasn't". That fellows talk was certainly great and many the laugh we have had over it, but thank Heaven we got rid of him. He was canned as "undesirable" so it said in Orders. The whole trouble in those days was that we expected a little too much from some of the men and didn't quite realize that they were merely Civilians in Soldiers garb and had never in their lives been accustomed to obeying orders smartly and promptly, unless it pleased them without at least arguing the point. And further it had been formerly nobodys damned business but their own whether they shaved

or polished their boots or not. So you see things came pretty tough for them at first and its a wonder some of them didn't take a poke at us.

I could go on forever telling you about the men, some good and some bad, but its the same thing in every battalion that was ever mobilized or recruited so outside of telling you about my prize man Seymour I'll pass the rest of the bunch up. Seymour or Sir Sidney Seymour as he is generally known in the first place is an Englishman, a Baker, married , about the average height and a half passable face until he smiles and then he shows his teeth, or rather his tooth and the most remarkable set of gums you ever did see. And God have mercy on the person Sid takes a fancy to for he will do nothing but smile at such person all day long. Unfortunately I got into his good grace and he honoured me with that sunny smile of his on all occasions. He was first of all in the front rank of my platoon and every time I took a look at the men this "disease" was eying me like a damned dog looking for a bone. The thing got so I couldn't stand the strain so I put him in the rear rank, which was a little better but still annoying at times. The man never did anything right and on the other hand he never did anything contrary to orders that would give me a chance to jerk him up quick. He kept just "within the law". I think I did everything on earth to get rid of the man but all to no avail. When we got out to the Exhibition Grounds he had my goat so bad that I could have wept. He never was and never will be any good at drilling because his head was made for nothing except to hang a hat on, and he was slower in his movements than a snail. I gave him extra drill to smarten him up but had to

quit that when my N.C.O's nearly threatened to mutiny as they wanted to know what in hell they had done to be punished in this manner. Then Volunteers were asked for, for Signallers, and I explained to the platoon the honour it would be to have good men as signallers for the Company. Sid was game and volunteered and I heaved a sigh of relief. But to my dismay he was back with me next morning as the Signalling Officer said he wouldn't do at all. Then Machine Gunners and Bombers were asked for and Sid right on the job volunteered for both, but was thrown back at me almost before I got rid of him. Finally we were asked to supply an extra cook and I got busy. I knew Sid was a baker so without asking for volunteers I detailed him to the job. He held that for three days and just when I was hugging myself with joy, I noticed him back in his old place in the platoon. After than I detailed him as a Mess Orderly for the Mens Mess for a week, a job which any damned fool can make good at, and to give Sid credit he held it down by the skin of his teeth, but at the end of the week he was back as large as life. By this time every officer in the Battalion knew of him and kidded the life out of me after each unsuccessful play I made. In fact there is a large gallery watching the game with the keenest interest. Then we went to Niagara where permanent Mess Orderlies were detailed and Sid got the hook after a couple of weeks. The only peace I could get was having him sent on fatigue. The potatoe peelers refused him after a short trial, as he cut away too much of the fruit in peeling, and the Provost Sergeant told me he was no good at cleaning up the lines. Well I was about beaten then and almost gave up the ghost so Sid came back to his old place in the platoon and demoralized the whole

shooting match. He went up to the ranges with the Company and gave a fierce exhibition but just barely good enough to avoid being turned down. He stayed right with us through the sands of Borden, and I couldn't think of any way to sidetrack him. When we got to Bramshott I found him a job with the transport but he was dropped from that as soon as the transport officer got back from week end leave. The Bayonet Fighting Instructor, Al Ramsey, took him on to fill the sacks and sew them up, but had to replace him after a week on account of his inability to repair more than one or two a day. So Sid came back again smiling as usual. He always seems pleased to get home again. At the present moment his lordship has made a place on the Sanitary Police, which is a gift from Stoney Loughheed. His duty now is to boss a couple of defaulters and clean up the latrines. He hasn't got sergeants stripes or anything like that but he seems quite happy as his sunny smile is still in evidence. How long Stoney will put up with him is the question. I think his job is safe for a little while anyway because Stoney, the poor simp, says he feels sorry for him. The longer he stays sorry the better for me. But its been a great battle up to date and I'm afraid the finish is yet to come.

I'm afraid I've spent a lot of time on talking a lot of rot which wont interest you very much, so now I'll try to give you an idea of what we are doing here.

As I dare say you know by now we have moved our place of abode from Bramshott, for the special reason that the 5th Canadian Division is being formed at this Camp, and as we have every hope now of making a place and getting over as a unit, we dont care how often they

make us move. Of course there is always the chance of the whole scheme falling through, but until that time comes we should worry. We are plodding along in the same old way, the men doing Musketry and the officers supervising and doing odd jobs. The routine is pretty tiresome and not much fun connected with it, but we manage to have a pretty fair time after hours and on week ends.

The other night we had a mess dinner that was the best ever. Mess dinners as a rule are nothing but a damned bore, as we have to doll up and there is too much formality to have very much fun or excitement. However, this night Hugh Murray spilt the beans by introducing some new phonney drink before the meal started, and several members of the congregation were pretty well ginned up when the dinner gong rang. Everyone filed into the Mess room walking as straight as possible and with sober faces, which shone like the setting sun. Fred Grant ripped off a snappy grace, after which everyone flopped into their chairs and gave the "College Call". Things went along too quietly to last very long and the band playing some Scotch Airs proved to be the breaking point. The real fun started right then. Fred Grant began to sing, which was fierce. Hugh Murray joined in and beat time with his knife on the glasses and plates within reach, with his face all aglow. Phil Boyd bellowed like a bull, while Major Allan interrupted the proceeding every few seconds by trying to explain that he was going to sing a solo entitled "Scots Wha Hae". Things got aw ful lively but not rowdy and speeches were in order then. After about two hours of this we adjourned and then Hugh Murray, Frank Allan, Fred Grant, Heyworth, John Miln and myself started a little sixpenny game. We played for hours and

believe me it was some game. Everytime I won a pot Hugh would yell "that a boy "A" Company stick it into them". In this way we coached each other along and managed to freeze the others out on several occasions, until all combined against us and naturally the biggest sixpence game in the history of the regiment was recorded. It made a dollar game look sick. Of course, after each win, no matter which side was successful, drinks were in order and so by 2 o'clock the next morning it was a queer looking party that was holding sway. Hugh still had enough pep left to cheer after each "A" Company victory and was game enough to try and kick some more refreshments into himself, but it was awful hard work. John Miln was the funniest of all. He got powerful sleepy and it was all he could do to keep one eye open, every once in a while to look at his cards, and then began to bet like a crazy nut and when he lost he would start an argument. Major Allan felt that he should be in bed and every five minutes would state his intentions of retiring but I'm sure you couldn't drive him out. The game ended when John fell off his chair and failed to rise within the 10 seconds. So even though we lost money, Hugh and I claimed a moral victory. But Oh -- next morning a fine gang appeared on parade. I was told to count my platoon, which I did three separate times and got a different answer each time. However, I split the difference and handed it in to Major Murray, who got the Sergeant Major to total the four platoons up.

It was a fine night and everyone is looking forward to St. Andrews night on the 30th which is bound to be good.

Yesterday afternoon being Saturday Doc, Stoney, Geoff, Heyworth and myself thought we'd go to Hindhead and shoot the odd game of golf. The weather was mighty cold but we hired a taxi and

proceeded on our way. As we arrived at the Club it began to snow so we waited for it to stop. If we had kept waiting we would still be there for it has been snowing or rather sleeting ever since. So we pulled up in front of a roaring wood fire and toasted our toes, and discussed the war from every angle, and finally started a little game. The liquor laws prohibit the sale of refreshments except between the hours of 6 and 9 P.M. but by calling for ginger ale we managed to put in the day very nicely. We played all afternoon and had dinner at the Club, and as it was snowing so hard we couldn't get a taxi to get us back to Camp, so we had to walk. Believe me it was a good walk too, seven miles in the darkest, dirtiest night I ever had. We arrived back in Camp soaked to the skin and a happy little party we looked. After that I have put up my Clubs for the winter and refuse to play until I'm damned sure we will be able to get a taxi both ways. It was a hell of a walk.

I think I'll quit now as nothing extraordinary has been taking place lately. The men are all completing their Musketry training, and the weather this last few days has been pretty cold, and at present it is snowing like the dickens. The snow is rotten and soaks you a damned sight worse than any rain. I have paid quite a few little visits to London and spent many pleasant hours with Mrs. Scott, Jessie, Norma Smith, Jimmie and Mary Bond. The crazy time I had on my first leave is a thing of the past and everything since has been perfectly respectable, which is a darn sight more fun in the long run.

Give my best to Mib and tell her how glad I was to hear from her. With all sorts of luck etc to yourself.

Your affectionate brother,
"Gerry,"

Nov. 22nd, 1916.

Witley Camp,

My Dear Father:-

I really must apologize for this letter. I have only fifteen minutes in which to write it as the mail closes then. I haven't had a chance to write you during the week as I have been over my head in work and it has kept me mighty busy, I can tell you, as every officer in our Company is and has been away all week, excepting myself. So, as you can easily imagine, I have been working overtime. Besides the work in the Orderly Room I have had to take the Company out on Route Marches, Trench Digging and Night Work so I really haven't had much time to myself.

We have just received another shock as 150 more men and no officers are to be supplied by us for some draft, the whereabouts of their destination is unknown. Of course this only means about 40 men from each Company but still we all hate to see them go. But we have to be prepared to accept any of these little tokens with a smile on our faces, but feeling pretty blue inside. We no doubt will be filled up again so we will continue to carry on in the same old way.

On Saturday I have to go to live at the Ranges as we have about 150 or 175 men who are going to complete their Musketry and a certain number of officers have to go along and conduct the various practices. It means that we will live right at the ranges for about ten days or so and then get back to the battalion when same is completed.

I received your letters and clippings and letter from Mother all safe and sound, also the weekly papers and a whole batch of Globes and some Magazines from you, and let me tell you they are all appreciated to the utmost. In fact we all read every word in the

Toronto Newspapers even to the ads. I haven't been able to get up to London lately but I have hopes of making the journey immediately after my return from the ranges. Mrs. Scott has asked me to come down for Christmas and you bet I will if I can possibly get away from the Camp here. If I don't get away then I most certainly shall on New Years.

Tell Mother that I have received her socks (6 pairs) O.K., and was more than delighted with them. You mentioned that you were both sending apples, etc. You bet I'll be on the lookout for them and as soon as they arrive I'll let you know.

Tell Maw I got her letter all right and was glad to hear that she had become bar-maid at the Y.M.C.A., but tell her for Heavens sake not to work too darn hard, for from what I have ever seen of the ladies at the Canteen they worked their heads off.

Now I must quit but I promise to write a much more newsy letter next time.

With all sorts of love to you both.

Good night and God Bless You.

Your loving Son,

"Gerald,"

Bramshott Camp,

Hants,

Nov. 27th, 1916.

My Dear Father:-

Well I'm certainly being kept on the move alright. Yesterday Fred Grant, Dick Bird and myself got word to proceed, at less than two hours notice, to Bramshott, together with 13 N.C.O's for the purpose of instructing the Seventh Brigade in the gentle art of Musketry. It came rather suddenly and as somewhat of a shock. We had no idea to what battalion we were going, nor as to the duration of our stay, all we were told was to get out so we got. As we had no method of transportation we had to revert to the old time honoured custom of hoofing it. We pulled into Headquarters at 4.50 P.M. or just ten minutes before we were due, and from there were assigned to the 155th Battalion from Belleville for rations and to carry on instructing the whole Battalion and have them fit for the ranges by Wednesday morning. So you can imagine we have to work awfully fast to try and crowd a ten days job into two days. I'm afraid it will be rather an unsatisfactory job both with regards to the men and the instructors. How long we are to stay here I don't know any more than when we left Witley yesterday. Archie Armour is the Brigade Musketry Officer and he is going to let us have the dope on the subject to-night after the meeting at Headquarters. We all hope it is only for a few days but you never can tell it may amount to a month.

However, next door to us are the 157th from Midland and Orillia so we dropped in last night and they all made quite a fuss over Fred, and made us all feel at home in about one minute. I was quite surprised to find that Billy Hedges was Senior Major of the 157th

so you may be sure we got together and talked Zetland for a couple of hours. They are an awfully decent bunch and are very anxious for us to go and live with them during our stay here. Fred is going up to Headquarters when the result of the aforementioned meeting is published and arrange for our transfer. It sure will be fine if he gets it fixed up, especially if we have to stay any length of time. Major Hedges has invited me to share his room with him, and it is a dandy big one with a cracking fine stove in it. However, in my next letter, I'll let you know the outcome of it all.

The Battalions here at Bramshott were all certainly hit much harder than the Witley crowd in the number of men to be sent in the present draft. Bramshott was hit for 4000 men while Witley got off with about 1000. The idea of bringing us down to instruct looks very much to me as if the Bramshott bunch are to be smashed to smithereens in the very near future. Of course they are all hopeful of remaining together for a while, but I don't think they will.

I am quite interested in the report I read in the "Times" today, that hereafter Canadian officers below the rank of Captain are the only ones to be sent over to France, i.e., to re-enforce the Canadian Divisions over there now, and all officers above the rank of Subaltern will be given the option of reverting or else being sent back to Canada. Personally I'm tickled to death with this new plan because the country is simply swarming with Senior officers of Canadian Battalions, which have been broken up formerly. These men are doing nothing for the good of the cause but sitting fast and drawing pay. This movement will cause a show down and in 99 cases out of 100 will show up the quitter who has got cold feet. And I know there'll be a bunch who won't revert to the lowly rank of

Lieutenant, i.e, willingly anyway, because they are the ones who have tried to save their faces by jumping into uniform but who are not over anxious to get into the game itself. Time will tell and I'm kind of anxious to see who the quitters are.

I hope you and Mother are feeling fine and having a good time. I got a letter from J.B. the other day and he told me about the nightly walks you pull off together.

With very best love and God Bless You.

Your loving Son,

"Gerald,"

Witley Camp, Surrey,

Dec. 3rd, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

I have certainly been going some since I wrote home from Bramshott last Sunday. You will remember me telling you we walked to Bramshott on Sunday afternoon, and not having the slightest idea how long we would be away, we took everything we owned along with us. Well we stayed only two days there instructing and in that time put four battalions through their preliminary Musketry, and as we were preparing to get back to Witley orders came along from Headquarters to proceed to Bordon Camp, (I've heard of a Camp with a similar name before) with about 50 odd instructors to take up our residence for the next two weeks with the 127th Battalion (York County), and to work everyday at the Longmoor Ranges as Range Officers. You can bet we were pretty peeved as we weren't crazy to be away from our own Battalion for so long, and more so because no means of transportation was offered us except "Shanks Mare". However, there is no use bucking orders so Tuesday night we started out for Bramshott on our 8 mile walk with our instructors and two teams with G.S. Waggon carrying our baggage. Well we hoofed it through the mud and arrived at Bordon about 10 o'clock, and after quite a bit of work got our men into comfortable quarters, and then Fred Grant was called into the Orderly Room and informed that word had just arrived from Bramshott that our services would not be needed on the Longmoor Ranges as a heavy draft had been called for and was to be made on those very battalions which were to have commenced shooting on the following day. Naturally we were mad.

After walking that distance through the mud, and it was no picnic believe me, and working like the dickens getting the men comfortable and packing and unpacking our baggage, and the Lord knows what all, we were recalled. We were feeling pretty hungry and tired by this time so we went up to the Officers Mess and there ran into a number of Officers I went through the P.S.I. with. The 127th is practically a Toronto Battalion, and Lieut. Col. Clarke is the C.O. Russell Lawrence, who is one of the Company Commanders, took me in tow and got me a nice room with a fine grate fire, after filling us all up with a fine supper. Camp Bordon is a wonderfully pretty Camp and one of the oldest Military encampments in England. In peace times it was used altogether by Imperial Troops and is laid out exactly like a little town, minus the stores and shops. There is one main thoroughfare running along one edge of the Camp and branch roads or avenues run into it at right angles. These avenues are paved with brick and down the middle of same run a long line of Pine trees. On each side of these avenues are the mens quarters. Not the wooden huts that we live in but solid brick rows of houses or cottages as they are called. Each cottage adjoins its neighbor and is divided from same by a party wall. Each contains five rooms, two large ones down stairs and three smaller ones upstairs. In each room is a fire place and any amount of coal and a bench and table. Those old boys certainly must have lived like Lords in Peace Times all right. Well there are ever so many of these avenues leading into the main road and some are even reserved and labelled "Married Quarters" where all the married men lived with their wives and families. There are also fine brick schools built right in the Camp where the

soldiers kids were educated. So it was all quite easy to picture the stories I have read about the old barrack days. The Non Commissioned Officers, i.e, the Sergeants also had an avenue of their own and so did not have to live right with the men. But the officers quarters - it was heaven. Apart from the mens quarters and on the other side of the Main Road was a Pine Forest cleared here and there and with fine brick mansions (detached at that) scattered here and there and surrounded with rose gardens, tennis courts, bowling greens and everything that makes life worth while in peace times. Those fellows certainly must have lived like Lords all right. It is certainly by far the most beautiful spot I have seen in England and it would be no hardship for those English bucks playing at the gentlemans game of soldiering in those piping times. I have just attempted to give you a rough and hazy idea of the place for I spent nearly all Wednesday morning wandering about and looking all over the place. I was tickled to death with the place and everything was so quaint but not entirely unexpected, and I remembered having read of such places some time ago.

Well to get back to our walking tour. At half past one in the afternoon, after repacking all our duds, we got on our way and hit across country via old English lanes where you cant see either to the right or left on account of the high hedges and trees and byways and thoroughfares passing through little Villages typically English with their stone walls and moss covered buildings, such as Headley, Grayshott, Churt, Thursley and any number of other places, and finally about 5.30 we arrived back at Witley Camp mighty glad to be back again after walking more than 37 or 38 miles since leaving the place.

However its a grand way of seeing the country and about the only way these days as the owners of automobiles have discovered owing to the limitation of gasoline sold to private owners (I think it amounts to about 15 gallons per month) But some day I'd like nothing better than to get you and Paw in the old Cadillac and drive you around and see all these sights.

Thursday night being St. Andrews Night and the 134th being a branch of the 48th Highlanders, and necessarily having a certain amount of Scotch element with us, we had to celebrate the occasion. And celebrate we did in Highland fashion. St. Andrew I understand was the patron saint of Scotland, but what he did for a living or to make his memory sacred I'm darned if I know, and whether he was born or died on the 30th of November is still a mystery to me. But nevertheless lacking all this knowledge I got dogged up in my kilt and sporran etc, and took my place with the festive throng. We had a grand dinner, to the strains of the pipes and the band, which "done noble" in grinding out Scotch Airs and keeping the boys in good spirits and good spirits in them. We went through all the formalities of cheering the haggis which was brought into the room with our Pipe Major and a couple of pall bearers, while we stood with one foot on our chairs and the other on the table and waving our table napkins cheered until we were hoarse. After the dinner came speeches, which were a revelation, songs, which succeeded in keeping the officers of other battalions awake and sword dances, highland flings, four in hand reels etc, etc, mostly performed by Major Frank Allan, Hugh Murray and numerous other Scotch celebrities. It was an awfully funny night and everyone enjoyed themselves to utmost in spite of the Scotch surroundings, and it will be one

we'll remember for a long time.

On Friday we held a 12 mile route march and saw some more of England , and on Saturday we did Battalion Drill. So you see we have had a pretty busy week and not much time for loafing.

In addition to all this, another draft of 50 men was called for which has kept us busy outfitting them and getting them all into shape for their departure, which takes place this afternoon. This is our third draft and makes a total of 500 men sent by us to the old 15th Battalion. However, we have sent no officers yet and have no idea if same are to be called for. It is not likely the Colonel will let anyone go until it is finally decided about the 5th Division.

I am going to London for a two days holiday starting to-morrow night and as soon as I arrive you may be sure I'll ring up Mrs. Scott. She has been awfully good to me and I expect to have Christmas dinner with her as she has already invited me to do so. I will write and let you know all the stunts we perform in town and give you all the latest gossip when I return.

I guess by the time you receive this letter it will be pretty near Christmas time and I would sure like to have my Christmas dinner with you and Paw, and do the usual stunt afterwards of eating Hutch or A.B.S. & C. and going to the movies - The York, I mean.

Now Good Bye and God Bless You both and may you have a real bright merry time on Christmas, and I hope next year that I'll be right there with you.

Your loving son,

"Gerald",

P.S. Tell Father that the Shoe Packs arrived last night.
They fit fine and are simply great.

G.

Witley Camp.

December 11th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

This has been some wonderful week for big mails of which I got a way more than my share. Parcels galore have been arriving one after the other. Last time I wrote I managed to crowd in at the bottom of my letter that the Shoe packs had arrived safely. I tried them on immediately afterwards and they fitted perfectly. I told you before that I had bought a pair but I only wore them once because they were size ten and miles too big for me, even though I wore three pairs of socks. But as yours fitted perfectly and were a much better boot in every respect I sold my former pair to one of the boys who had none. I have been wearing them almost continually ever since and am quite the envy of the rest of the boys.

The other day I drew down two parcels from home containing socks, candy (Laura Secord), cakes from Coles, I think it was, and a million other good things. Tell Mother I gave Bill Adams, my Batman, the pair of socks and he was tickled to death with them. He says he is only going to wear them on Sundays. I receive all your letters quite regularly together with clippings which are as interesting as ever to all the boys, the Weekly Papers and also the Globe so you see there is nothing wrong with the Mail these days. Stoney has also been receiving parcels from Mrs. Stoney and our room is fairly filled with grub and cigarettes. We stage a party nearly every night and all the eats and smokes are appreciated by us all.

The Colonel has just told me "that is some Dad of yours, I have received a lovely long letter from him the other day." He also said he would write you shortly.

Witley Camp.

December 11th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

This has been some wonderful week for big mails of which I got a way more than my share. Parcels before have been arriving one after the other. Last time I wrote I managed to crowd in at the bottom of my letter that the shoe packs had arrived safely. I tried them on immediately afterwards and they fitted perfectly. I told you before that I had bought a pair but I only wore them once because they were size ten and mine too big for me, even though I wore three pairs of socks. But as yours fitted perfectly and were a much better boot in every respect I sold my former pair to one of the boys who had none. I have been wearing them almost continually ever since and am quite the envy of the rest of the boys.

The other day I drew down two parcels from home containing socks, candy (Laura Secord), cakes from Coles, I think it was, and a million other good things. Tell Mother I gave Bill Adams, my Batman, the pair of socks and he was tickled to death with them. He says he is only going to wear them on Sundays. I receive all your letters quite regularly together with clippings which are as interesting as ever to all the boys. The Weekly Papers and also the Globe so you see there is nothing wrong with the Mail these days. Stony has also been receiving parcels from Mrs. Stony and our room is fairly filled with grub and cigarettes. We stage a party nearly every night and all the cats and snakes are appreciated by us all.

The Colonel has just told me "that is some Dad of yours, I have received a lovely long letter from him the other day." He also said he would write you shortly.

Al Ramsey and I went to London last Monday night and bunked at the Picadilly Hotel in all sorts of style. We spent the whole day shopping in Picadilly, Regent St. and Oxford St. and even went through the whole of Selfridges Store. It reminded me of going through Eatons on Christmas week. I think we spent about 2 hours in the toy department alone.

On Tuesday afternoon I called at Queensboro Terrace and had afternoon tea with Jessie. As both Mrs. Scott and Norm were out, Jessie and I went down to the Italian Quarter and had dinner and then went to one of the theatres. We got back about 11.30 and talked to Mrs. Scott and Norm until about 12.30. Then I beat it back to the Hotel and pounded my ear until 5 o'clock when I had to get up to catch the train back to Camp in time for parade.

Ever since then I have been conducting a Musketry party of 40 men to and from the ranges at Aldershot daily. It is a rotten job for we have to get up each morning at 4.30, walk 3 miles to Milford, take the train to Aldershot and walk another 3 miles to the ranges and be there by 8.30, arriving home again at about 6 o'clock. It is a punk job and liable to last for another two weeks.

With best love to Mother and yourself.

Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

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at the Piccadilly Hotel in all sorts of style. We spent the whole day
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With best love to Mother and yourself.

Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Witley Camp,

Surrey, Dec. 13th 1916.

My Dear Father:-

As I will be at the Ranges all day to-morrow I feel that I must drop you a few lines to-night before I flop into the hay and let you know how things are going. I am still trotting down to the ranges at Aldershot every day and watch all the crocks of the battalion trying to hit the target, and I must say that there is a good time in store for the Germans in the future for I'm positive that without the slightest danger they could stand up fully exposed and let this party blaze away at them for hours. Really they are the worst lot of shots I ever saw in my life, but what can be expected from the Cooks, Batmen, Mess Orderlies and Stretcher Bearers of a battalion? They sure are a bum lot and the little march we have each day to and from the station nearly kills them. I am confident that our party will have the lowest score of any at the ranges during the present course.

Your leather vest is coming in more than useful these chilly mornings for I wear it at the ranges all the time, and believe me I've often felt mighty glad I had one. The funny part is that when I was last in London I dropped into several stores and priced some and had fully intended to purchase one on my next leave. So you couldn't have sent a more useful thing. Many thanks.

Everyone at home has been awfully good to me this Christmas and I feel like a piker because I can't return all their kindness. All Mothers parcels have been arriving quite regularly and were, as usual, very much appreciated. Aunt Dora sent me a parcel which

Witley Camp.

Surrey, Dec. 13th 1916.

My Dear Father:-

As I will be at the Ranges all day to-morrow I feel that I must drop you a few lines to-night before I flop into the hay and let you know how things are going. I am still trotting down to the ranges at Aldershot every day and watch all the crooks of the battalion trying to hit the target, and I must say that there is a good time in store for the Germans in the future for I'm positive that without the slightest danger they could stand up fully exposed and let this party blaze away at them for hours. Really they are the worst lot of shots I ever saw in my life, but what can be expected from the Cooks, Batmen, Mess Orderlies and Ströcher Bearers of a battalion? They sure are a bum lot and the little march we have each day to and from the station nearly kills them. I am confident that our party will have the lowest score of any at the ranges during the present course.

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just arrived this evening containing cake, candy and cigarettes, also one from Dorothy Blackey which I must acknowledge. I also received a letter from your golfing pal, Mr. Wright, who is also shipping a cake along. It is awfully good of everyone. I'm afraid our room looks an awful lot like a bakers shop because Stoney has also received cake and candy from home. But we dont mind how much comes along for we feel quite confident of being able to get outside of it all.

I got a very pleasant surprise the other day when a letter came to me from Col. Donald. I cant begin to tell you how pleased I was. It seems like old times to hear from him again and we all wish he were with us for when all is said and done he is responsible for the whole shooting match and started us all on the right road. The officers and men have all got a soft spot in their hearts for him. He is a soldier from the drop of the hat and best of all a gentleman. I felt quite honoured to-night when I received your letter enclosing the congratulations of the boys of Zetland on my election to the office of Inner Guard. It was quite a surprise for all I ever hoped for or expected at the most was that I would be retained as Senior Steward, and an advancement such as this was simply great of them all. I noticed Mr. Harcourts name on the paper. I suppose he was present at the meeting filling his usual position of counting ballots from the old plug hat. I would certainly liked to have been there that night.

I received a lovely letter from Mother last night and I'm so glad she liked her little birthday present. It wasn't much to look at but I intended it to mean a whole lot and I know now that she understood.

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also one from Dorothy Blackey which I must acknowledge. I also
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glad she liked her little birthday present. It wasn't much to look
at but I intended it to mean a whole lot and I know now that she
understood.

I must get to bed now for five o'clock will come awfully early to-morrow morning. Stoney is scratching away at himself and swears he has bugs. I hope he has because we are sure then to stage some big game hunting.

With all sorts of love to Mother and yourself.

Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

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early to-morrow morning. Stoney is scratching away at himself and
swears he has bugs. I hope he has because we are sure then to
stage some big game hunting.

With all sorts of love to Mother and yourself.

Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Witley Camp,

Surrey, Dec. 18th, 1916.

Dear Father:-

I've always wanted to see an honest to goodness fog ever since I was a kid. I'm satisfied now for during the last three days we haven't been able to see more than a hundred yards or so ahead of us even when the fog was at its weakest. So you can easily imagine that our little musketry troupe has been lately put clean on the bum. We start out every morning and grope our way to Milford station and after a whole lot of confusion and swearing in getting into the train we get word that there will be no shooting, then we disembark and all the different units start for home at once on a road that will only hold a column in fours. The fog makes all the fun for us because we can't see to pick out our own men from the mass. After some more swearing, at which every one is quite an adept, shoving and pushing which reminds me of the old island ferry baseball crowds, we somehow or other get straightened away for camp, where we arrive generally about eleven o'clock and dismiss the party for the day. When this fog will end I don't know and am not worrying very much because as it is now I spend every afternoon in reading and sleeping, and in fact having the softest time of my life.

On Saturday afternoon the mist seemed to lift so Doc MacLachlan, Murphy, Stoney and myself got a taxi and went out to the West Surrey Golf Club and got in 6 holes before we were caught in the densest fog I ever saw. As we had a side bet on the game no one thought of quitting until we had finished nine holes so we played on. It was just exactly like playing in the dark. You could see the ball leave the club and could get a line on its direction and then you would have to chase

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ahead and look for it. It took us over two hours to play those three holes but it was a picnic from start to finish. The stakes we won didn't begin to compensate for the lost red dots, of course we improvised all sorts of side bets such as the person who could finish the hole losing the least number of balls, collected half a crown from each of the others as well as half a crown for the hole. Just to show you, the eighth hole was 220 yards long. I lost 4 balls and took 14 strokes and collected 10 shillings for being the low man. It was some funny game believe me. We had an awful time getting home for the poor old taxi could only crawl, and its lucky it did for we bumped into a couple of rigs and a few men but no damage was done.

I havent been to town lately and am not likely to get there until some time in January as all our Christmas and New Years leaves have been cancelled and we are not allowed to use the trains during that vacation time. Congestion of traffic is evidently the reason. However, I am liable to get a little trip to town shortly after the festivities are over.

On Christmas Day we are planning a bumper dinner for the men as I understand Col. Michie has sent us £50 for the purpose. Then we are also having a big shooting match. Each platoon is entering a team of six men as well as a team from each of the following, the Pipe Band, Brass Band, Machine Gun Section, and the officers making 20 teams in all. The winning team to be presented with 5 shillings per man. All the men are very interested and at the present moment they are either cleaning away at their rifles or else practicing trigger pressing or aiming. I am afraid that our Musketry party will be at the ranges, unless it is foggy and so we

ahead and look for it. It took us over two hours to play those three holes but it was a picnic from start to finish. The stakes we won didn't begin to compensate for the lost red dots, of course. I improved all sorts of side bets such as the person who could finish the hole losing the least number of balls, collected half a crown from each of the others as well as half a crown for the hole. Just to show you, the eighth hole was 220 yards long. I lost 4 balls and took 14 strokes and collected 10 shillings for being the low man. It was some funny game believe me. We had an awful time getting home for the poor old taxi could only crawl, and its lucky it did for we bumped into a couple of rigs and a few men but no damage was done.

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will miss all the fun. I am praying for fog as hard as I can and all the boys are busy paying me the compliments of the season and a Foggy Christmas.

Col. Curries "Red Watch" has arrived at the Mess and has caused all sorts of amusement to some of us and indignation to the others. It isn't exactly a popular novel around here.

With very best love to Mother and yourself and with every wish for your good health.

God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

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all the boys are busy paying me the compliments of the season and a
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With very best love to Mother and yourself and with every wish

for your good health.

God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Witley Camp,

Surrey, Dec. 21st, 1916.

Dear Mother:-

Everyone at home as been awfully good to me this Xmas for hardly a Canadian Mail passes but what I generally land a gift of some kind or another. The day before yesterday I received a nice letter and a draft of £3 from Uncle Jim and a further draft of £5 came in from Father just to-day. The Kemp family sent me a box containing socks and cigarettes. St. Pauls Church came through with some very useful articles, such as socks and handkerchiefs and stuff to eat, and even Malone Lodge sent over tobacco and cigarettes, which was almost duplicated by the University Club.

I received a very nice letter from Frank in to-days mail, and needless to say was awfully glad to hear from him. I notice he says that I haven't acknowledged any except his first letter. The darn mail must be cock-eyed somewhere for I swear I acknowledged every darn one of them. However, I'm writing him to-night and I'll tell him all about it then.

That £5 draft of Fathers is going to come in mighty handy when I get up to town again, and you can bet I'll buy something pretty decent and useful with it. Thanks to both of you for it.

The box which you were sending me from Michies and the apples have not yet put in an appearance. I'm afraid the Deuchland must have got them. But I haven't given up hope of getting them yet.

We are having the most devilish weather here you ever did see. One day it snows, the next is foggy and after that therest of the week is spent in raining. Our poor old Musketry Party is still daily ploughing through mud and water to and from the ranges,

Witley Camp.

Surrey, Dec. 21st, 1916.

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and as a rule we no sooner get there than they send us home again without firing a shot. To-day we did that stunt and in the bargain got soaked through to the skin so I have spent the whole afternoon soaking in a hot bath and having a wee bit sleep. So even the rainy days have their bright spots.

Father was anxiously inquiring about the 5th Division. Tell him that I cant give him any definite news about it yet as we received very few indications on which to work. There are all sorts of Latrine rumours both pro and con but I dont take any stock in them. However, one thing is sure and that is Brig. General Leckie has come over from the front and is now stationed in Witley camp, and Witley is now entirely separated from Bramshott, which was formerly our Divisional Headquarters, but now we act only on orders originating from our own Headquarters right here. This is evidently a start in the right direction anyway. In fact the 5th Division is in existence -- but whether as a Training Division, which is simply for the purpose of training officers and men and then drafting them over to France to fill the gaps, or as an Active Division which will go over as a unit I cant tell at the present moment. But you can rely on it I'll let you know as soon as I verify the facts.

Now I think I've told you all the gossip and cant think of any more to say so Good Night and God Bless you both, and many thanks for the Christmas present.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Be sure and have a good time at Atlantic City.

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Now I think I've told you all the gossip and can't think of any
more to say so Good Night and God Bless you both, and many thanks
for the Christmas present.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Be sure and have a good time at Atlantic City.

Witley camp,

Surrey, Dec. 25th, 1916.

My Dear Mother:-

Christmas day has come around again and I cant resist the temptation to sit down and drop you a few lines and let you know what we are all doing with ourselves to-day.

Four officers only could get leave so the rest of us are holding down the camp in their absence, and a pretty good job we are making of it.

For the last few days the men have been very busy preparing and at all hours of the day you would see parties of men making for the woods armed with axes hatchets, saws, shovels, etc, and returning later with trees and pine boughs and almost everything imaginable to be used for decoration purposes.

They have all worked hard getting their huts, mess room and recreation room into shape and now if you go into any of their rooms the sight certainly brings the Christmas season to you with a bump. Every hut has its Christmas trees and elaborately decorated according to their various tastes, and everything is as homelike and as comfortable as they can make it. Our own mess room is profusely decorated with holly, pine boughs, paper bells etc, etc for ton-night we are to have our Xmas Dinner in the company of all the officers wives, who are living in the vicinity. Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Morgan, Helen Morgan, Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Shiell will all be here and possibly some others. So we are going to have a real party and as closely resembling a family party as possible. The cook has been working overtime, and as I have just snoopied into the kitchen I can give you some idea of what we are going to have. Three walloping

Witley Camp,

Surrey, Dec. 23rd, 1916.

My Dear Mother:-

Christmas day has come around again and I can't resist the temptation to sit down and drop you a few lines and let you know what we are all doing with ourselves to-day.

Four officers only could get leave so the rest of us are holding down the camp in their absence, and a pretty good job we are making of it.

For the last few days the men have been very busy preparing and at all hours of the day you would see parties of men making for the woods armed with axes hatchets, saws, shovels, etc., and returning later with trees and pine boughs and almost everything imaginable to be used for decoration purposes.

They have all worked hard getting their huts, mess room and recreation room into shape and now if you go into any of their rooms the sight certainly brings the Christmas season to you with a bang. Every hut has its Christmas trees and elaborately decorated according to their various tastes, and everything is as homelike and as

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big turkeys, all roasted brown, are now resting in the pans and waiting to be eaten. Plum puddings and about twenty mince pies are also strewn about as well as a lot of other stuff which will come in handy to help fill up on. Taking all in all it looks as if we will have some dinner to -night.

This morning we held a shooting competition on the miniature ranges, and all sorts of rivalry and excitement was in evidence until "B" Company were returned the winners. I had the official job of chief scorer so I stood up on a ladder in front of a large black board and put down the scores just like the kid that puts down the ball teams scores at the News on Bay Street. As a matter of fact the officers won the competition, much to the mens disgust, but we didn't claim the prize but passed it down to the next highest team. But we just had to show them that they were still inferior to us even at their own game.

This afternoon our football team (champions of Niagara, Bramshott and Witley camps) are playing a picked team from Bramshott Camp and all the boys are down at the game. Nearly all the officers are out at the game too or else playing golf at Hindhead. Golf is played all the year round as there is very seldom enough snow to do much more than cover the ground, and even that all melts away inside of a couple of days. I drove a number of the fellows out to the Club in the battalion Ford and it was a scream. It was the first time I ever drove one of those things and liable to be the last, for in that short drive I blew out one tire and punctured another. One of which was a beautiful "Maltese Cross" and when I laughed everyone wanted to know what the joke was. I knew they would not be able to appreciate it

big turkeys, all roasted brown, are now resting in the pans and waiting to be eaten. Plum puddings and about twenty mince pies are also served about as well as a lot of other stuff which will come in handy to help fill up on. Taking all in all it looks as if we will have some dinner to-night.

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so I kept quiet. But honest-- everytime I see one of those punk
tires I can almost hear Father cussing -- so its no wonder I laughed.

This has been a mighty queer Christmas and I would certainly
have loved to spend it at old 86 but I feel that probably next year
we'll all just do that little stunt.

I do hope that you and Paw are having a good time at Atlantic
City and doing everything up in style.

Now I'm afraid I'll have to stop and go and hop into my kilt
and get all dolled up for dinner, for you know we have to put on all
the dog possible to -night, becuase there will be ladies present.

With all sorts of love to Yourself and Paw and may God Bless you
both in the coming New Year.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

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since I can almost hear Father cussing -- as its no wonder I laughed.
This has been a mighty queer Christmas and I would certainly
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Now I'm afraid I'll have to stop and go and hop into my kilt
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the dog possible for--night, because there will be ladies present.
With all sorts of love to Yourself and Paw and may God Bless you
both in the coming New Year.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

Witley Camp, Surrey.

Dec. 31st, 1916.

My Dear Father:-

After hours of strenuous work I managed to steal (beg or borrow was out of the question) this overgrown mess of note paper. Everybody is writing to-day to beat the band and paper is at a premium for we have just run out of battalion paper. so everybody is looking for some mark who isn't in the writing humour. I managed to slip this batch out of the Colonels pile when he wasn't looking, and it begins to look as if I will get away with it. If not I bet he gives me 6 days C.B.

To-day I received a lot of reading matter from home and it came in very nice. Letters from you and Mother dated the 7th December, The Varsity Supplement, which has created all sorts of interest, and the Weekly papers. To say nothing of a whole mail bag full of Globes. I was awfully pleased to hear that you are sending me a Smart Woods Sleeping Bag. I have heard from a number of the boys that it has any of the others beaten to a standstill. I was thinking of buying a Wolsey but now I'll sit tight and save my money.

Jan. 1st, 1917.

I couldn't finish last night so I'll continue now where I left off. We have had quite a big day. New Years Day, unlike Christmas, is not a holiday for us so we varied our programme of training to suit the occasion. Since nine o'clock this morning (and its after five now) we have been very busy having an athletic meet, and since the men couldn't get home to Scotland for New Years we tried to keep them amused. Our programme consisted of 100 yd dash, one mile run, tossing the caber, which excited great interest, Blind fold squad drill,

Witley Camp, Surrey.
Dec. 31st, 1916.

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bombing and bayonet fighting competitions, tug of war, Pipers race, where the Pipers ran 100 yards squaking their pipes, obstacle race, three legged race and sack race. Everyone entered into the competition and great rivalry existed between the Companies. However "A" Company scored as many points as the rest of the battalion combined and thereby copped all the glory. It was a good days fun and had the dreary routine stuff beaten cold, and we all enjoyed ourselves.

The Fifth Division is as far away from us as ever, and although there have been "doings" around here lately, we have been left entirely out in the cold. The 85th from Nova Scotia, the 116th (Sam Sharpe's), the 123rd (Kingsmills) and the 124th (Chadwick) have all received their orders to proceed to France as units. We were recommended by our brigade headquarters before any of the others but --- evidently someone in our bunch died on the job and let the other four cut in ahead of us. They are going over and will take their places with various divisions, as I understand some of the old units have been so cut up that they are being put together to make up a complete battalion. Well we have lost the chance of a life time and we subalterns especially feel pretty sick with the whole affair. I suppose all there is left for us to do is to sit and wait and trust to the Lord that we will be forced into the 5th Division by some one at the War Office.

Well I am going to quit now. I hope you and Mother had a nice time at Atlantic City and that it did you both the world of good.

Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald"

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Good night and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald"

Witley Camp, Surrey,

Jan. 4th, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm still enjoying the same old good health as usual, and still "carrying on" in the same old way. To-day has certainly been a prize one for I received letters from you and Father, together with clippings, also a note from Mrs. Scott. To-night, however, I got the surprise of my life for just after supper the mail man come in and handed me Fathers package of apples, which I had long ago given up hope of ever seeing as I felt sure that someone had pinched them en route. There were also boxes for the Colonel and Hugh Murray, which I dare say they will receive to-night. Just a few minutes ago the transport stopped outside of my door and dropped off the Smart Woods Sleeping Bag which Father told me was on its way. It sure is a dandy and has everything stopped around this camp. Hugh Murray and a number of others have been in admiring it and they all say its the best ever. I am going to give it a workout to-night and I'll let you know how it goes later, not that I have any doubt for it is the softest thing I have ever seen. I'll bet they have a hard time waking me up in time for morning parade.

I didn't get down to see Mrs. Scott and the gang at New Years as I expected because all week end leave has been cancelled for all time. How I'm ever going to get to town again I don't know but hope to manage it somehow. What the idea is of continuing this no week end leave stuff I don't know, but I suppose the Brigade have to think up all these new little stunts for they evidently do like their little joke.

Witley Camp, Surrey.

Jan. 4th. 1917.

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We are all working away as hard as ever with no prospect of ever getting any nearer France than we now are, which doesn't help the spirit of the men in the battalion to any great extent so far as proficiency and satisfaction is concerned. Our only chance evidently is the much talked of Fifth Division which the authorities assure us will be ready about next April or May to go across. Its going to be pretty hard to hold the men but maybe its just as well because we are pretty comfortably fixed right here in Witley.

Owing to lack of any further news, I'll draw this to a close. Let me express my many many thanks for the sleeping bag and may other things which you have sent to me ever since leaving home.

Good night and God Bless you both.

With very best love,

Your affectionate son,

"Gerald,"

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ever getting any nearer France than we now are, which doesn't help
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Good night and God Bless you both.

With very best love,

Your affectionate son,

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Witley Camp.

Jan. 8th, 1917.

Dear Father:-

As I happen to be the Orderly Officer to-day, I have all sorts of spare time on my hands and if I don't do something I know I'll begin to wreck the Orderly Room, just to cause a little excitement. The most exciting thing I've done so far is to crawl out of bed at a quarter to six and appear busy. There is a maxim in the army which I sure am trying to live up to to-day and that is "Remember that there is a time to work and a time to play, the time to work is when you are being watched." So far I have succeeded but things began getting slower than ever so here I am hunched up over a desk and throwing ink around under cover of Infantry Training and Field Service Regulations. Of course its foolish to learn Training Regulations too thoroughly for from the time they are issued they begin to be obsolete. So as long as I manage to exist until supper time and keep out of everybody's way I shall be quite satisfied with my tour of duty. Another little thing I've managed to learn is not to do any more work than is necessary for if you do you will get the evil reputation for liking it. I have it from good authorities that such a reputation has blasted many a promising career. So these are the reasons that I happen to be tearing off these few odd lines.

I am more than delighted however, to have had the luck to draw down this job for to-day, now that the hardest part of it is all over and that took place when I had to get up, for the Company is at the present moment doing Company Training on Thursley Commons, about two and one half miles away. Not that I'd mind that so much but it happens to be snowing like the dickens (excuse me if I said snowing

Witley Camp.

Jan. 8th, 1917.

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I meant to say a mixture between rain and sleet) and the ground naturally is a trifle muddy, and I can just imagine Hugh Murray with his officers and men flopping on their bellies dodging imaginary bullets, fired from an imaginary enemy, whom they are endeavoring to dislodge at the point of the bayonet from an imaginary position. Imagination plays a devil of a big part in Company Training all right and is the or I hope will be the cause of a lot of muddy clothes and much cursing to-day. Say, this thought has actually cheered me up and I almost feel like looking for work to do, but I guess I'll resist the temptation.

As I said before it isn't such a punk job after all because if I have learnt nothing else I've discovered that the brat of an Orderly (a mere kid of 16 or 17) is a whirlwind at playing checkers. He has skinned me about twelve games running and when he beat me the last time, after only losing three of his own men and gave me the laugh, I thought it time to tell him to go back to his work and quit bothering me. He has just challenged me to a game of dominoes (where that kid scrapes up all those games has me fooled. I dare say he'll spring "Old Maid" on me next) but I have managed to stall him off for fifteen minutes and then we are going to play for the Nelson Monument on Trafalgar Square.

I think I told you in my last letter that I received the Sleeping Bag alright. I tried it out the night it arrived, and like all the quack medicine testimonials, "I have used nothing else since." That first night it surely proved its worth. For it was as cold as blazes outside, and to give it a good work out, I opened the window wide and being still rather skeptical I also slightly opened the door. Stoney was asleep at the time under a couple of ordinary blankets so he

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and safe at the time under a couple of ordinary blankets so he

didn't offer any objections. After dousing the glim I crawled inside and in a very short time was warm as toast. Then I remember nothing more until next morning. I awoke to find Stoney all huddled up in a little ball with his blankets twisted up in knots all around him trying to keep warm. He was awake and his teeth were chattering, and when I wished him good morning he told me to go to hell and for Gods sake shut the blasted window. He told me afterwards that he woke up in the middle of the night nearly frozen and was too darn cold to get up and get some more covers so lay there shivering until morning. Now I ask you -- if that isn't the height of laziness what the deuce is? However, the main thing is that the old bag stood the test like a blooming bridegroom and was just as hot -- well, as Frank was when he took the big dip -- and believe me he was some hot. Can I say more?

Tell Mother that I received her parcel from home containing the Woodstock socks and handkerchiefs from Ed. Malone. I wish you would let me have his address sometime for I would like to write him. I did get one letter from him some time ago but to tell you the truth I didn't answer it as I couldn't make out his address.

Everyone here is pretty well as usual, except for a few colds here and there on account of the bum weather, which thank the Lord hasn't fizzed on me a bit and we are all getting so that it will soon look like a fat mans battalion. I know my pants got so darn tight I had to get the tailor to shift the buttons. Safety first is still my motto.

Give my best love to Mother, and I do hope she is feeling all right again after her few days in bed. And I do hope you both had

didn't offer any objections. After donning the gown I crawled inside and in a very short time was warm as toast. Then I remembered nothing more until next morning. I awoke to find "fanny" all knotted up in a little ball with his blankets twisted up in knots all around him trying to keep warm. He was awake and his teeth were chattering, and when I wished him good morning he told me to go to hell and for God's sake shut the blasted window. He told me afterwards that he woke up in the middle of the night nearly frozen and was too darn cold to get up and get some more covers so lay there shivering until morning. Now I ask you -- if that isn't the height of laziness what the deuce is: However, the main thing is that the old bag stood the test like a blooming bridegroom and was just as hot -- well, as Frank was when he took the big dip -- and believe me he was some hot. Can I say more?

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a good time and painted Atlantic City at Christmas time.

My game of dominoes awaits and I've run out of speech.

God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

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My game of dominoes awaits and I've run out of speech.
God Bless you both.

Your loving son,
"Gerald."

Witley Camp.

Jan. 15th 1917.

My Dear Mother:-

Your very welcome letter arrived the other day, also Fathers from Atlantic City as well as clippings. It was good to hear from you both down there, and also to hear that you were having a good time. I was sorry to hear that your old tummy had gone back on you but hope to goodness you'll be all right shortly.

I managed to get down to London yesterday afternoon after Church Parade and spent the day with Mrs. Scott, Jessie and Norm. Mrs. Scott was in bed with a bad cold so we all spent the afternoon up in her room trying to cheer her up. Norm had received a great big box the size of a coffin from home, containing fruit cake and the Lord only knows what all, so I had a very enjoyable afternoon sampling everything she owned. I had dinner with Jes and Norm, and although they bewailed the fact that it was just costing them 1/6 each, it didn't affect my appetite the least bit and I told them they were lucky the meal wasn't a la carte or it would have cost at least 5/ each. After dinner the three of us went up to Bonds and saw Mary and Jimmie Ryrie, where we had a great old gossip about everyone at home. I broke up the party quite early in order to catch the last train from Waterloo back to camp, which left at 10 o'clock. It was a mighty enjoyable day and I liked it fine as it was the first time I had been away since the first of December, and although the holiday was short it was none the less enjoyable.

To-day we had a grand time. I took my platoon out for a little picnic. We drew our raw uncooked rations from the cook house

Witley Camp.

Jan. 15th 1917.

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consisting of 6 ounces of meat, 6 ounces of potatoes, a couple of ounces of carrots and onions, with salt and pepper, and two slices of bread per man. We then walked out to Thursley Common and at half past twelve we got busy and began to cook our dinner. We decided to make Irish Stew so we poured water over the mixture in our mess tins and built a roaring fire all around the tins and waited for the stuff to boil. We had more fun than a picnic, for some of the men couldn't wait after smelling the onions cooking, so some began eating right away and a few were even finished before the remainder got going. Others ate a bit here and there of each piece just as it got done. In fact not one of us waited until the stuff was ready before we got to it. However there were no complaints and everyone appeared happy and contented, but I can just imagine the cursing and swearing the poor old cooks would have gotten for serving up the same kind of a meal to those very same men if they had been back at the old battalion cook house. It was a great day and everyone enjoyed it. The men were all like a bunch of kids and were feeling so good after their dinner that I didn't have the heart to carry on as per the weekly syllabus of training, so for the rest of the afternoon we all played games which I hadn't seen since I went to the Model School. Talk about second childhood -- we sure were it. The mail man has arrived and as the Canadian Mail closes to-night I must stop.

Take good care of that old rip snorting stomach of yours and get it well soon or else you'll hear from us all.

Best love to both you and Father, and God Bless you.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

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it well soon or else you'll hear from us all.
Best love to both you and Father, and God Bless you.
Your loving son,
"Gerald."

Witley Camp, Surrey,

Jan. 18th, 1917.

My Dear Father:-

All this week our battalion have to perform Divisional duties and the consequence is that we have very few men left to carry on with training, for Headquarters sent in word that they wanted a fatigue of 100 men here and 200 there, 75 in some other place and some more somewhere else, so it resulted that our company had two men on parade, one being a Sergeant and the other a Corporal. It looked funny to see a company of two on parade surrounded by five officers, and reminded me very much of the 48th Highlanders parade last winter after the 134th got under way, when they used to turn out platoons whose strength varied from 5 to sometimes 9 or 10. The other companies were just as bad as ourselves so you can imagine the wonderful spectacle we presented. This being the case, the officers are necessarily having rather a soft time of it. For example, this morning immediately after parade, Geoff Marani and I drew some ammunition from the Quartermaster Stores and lugged our revolvers out to the Revolver Range and blazed away all morning trying to hit a tin can at about 20 yards distance. The results wouldn't turn a cowboy green with envy, but we did manage to come pretty close to the mark on several occasions. I think I could do a man twice as much damage if I threw the blooming gun at him instead of trying to shoot him. We just got home in time for lunch, and this afternoon nearly all the other officers have gone out to waste some more good Government Ammunitions. I hope they have better luck than we had or else the Germans will have nothing to fear.

Yesterday I was in charge of a fatigue of 100 men, in breaking down a few trenches so that the 85th Battalion would have to rebuild them at night time, under the examining eye of General Leckie and

Wiley Camp, Battery,

Jan. 18th, 1917.

My Dear Father:-

All this week our battalion have to perform Divisional duties and the consequence is that we have very few men left to carry on with training. For Headquarters sent in word that they wanted a battalion of 100 men here and 200 there, 75 in some other place and some more somewhere else, so it resulted that our company had two men on parade, one being a Sergeant and the other a Corporal. It looked funny to see a company of two on parade surrounded by five officers, and reminded me very much of the 48th Highlanders parade last winter after the 18th got under way, when they used to turn out platoons whose strength varied from 5 to sometimes 9 or 10. The other companies were just as bad as ourselves so you can imagine the wonderful spectacle we presented. This being the case, the officers are necessarily having rather a soft time of it. For example, this morning immediately after parade, Geoff Marani and I drew some ammunition from the Quartermaster's store and loaded our revolvers out to the Revolver Range and blazed away all morning trying to hit a tin can at about 20 yards distance. The results wouldn't turn a cowboy green with envy, but we did manage to come pretty close to the mark on several occasions. I think I could do a man twice as much damage if I threw the blowing gun at him instead of trying to shoot him. We just got home in time for lunch, and this afternoon nearly all the other officers have gone out to waste some more good Government Ammunition. I hope they have better luck than we had or else the Germans will have nothing to fear. Yesterday I was in charge of a fatigue of 100 men, in breaking down a few trenches so that the 85th Battalion would have to repulse them at night time, under the examining eye of General Lockie and

his staff. When I told the boys this they took a huge delight in their work, and made the worst looking mess of things I ever saw in my life.

I think I told you in one of my former letters that the 123rd and 124th had been ordered overseas, although we had been recommended on several occasions for the place. We all felt pretty sore, but as it turns out we are quite tickled over the fact, because it has just come to light that these two battalions are not going over as fighting units but as Labour Battalions, which is about the lowest grade a battalion can boast of. The different grades seem to be as follows:-

- (1) Fighting Unit.
- (2) Construction Battalion, (builders of roads, railroads &c.)
- (3) Pioneer Battalion, (unglorified engineers, diggers of trenches &c.)
- (4) Labour Battalion, (who do nothing more than perform the fatigues in a Division so as to leave the other battalions as little work as possible outside of fighting.)

So you see its a fine prospect they have now in view, and you can bet we are all tickled to death we didn't get the place, and we are all quite content to sit around now until April when we hope the 5th Division will be ready to go over.

Tell Mother that her cookies arrived safely and in fine condition, only two or three were broken. They certainly remind me of our old sideboard in the dining-room at home, which Mother at one time used to keep under lock and key, but which both Maurice and I knew could be opened by almost any old key in the house.

I suppose by this time you have both returned hom from Atlantic City which I hope has done both Mother and yourself the world of good.

With very best love and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

his staff. When I told the boys they took a huge delight in their work, and made the worst looking mess of things I ever saw in my life.

I think I told you in one of my former letters that the 123rd and 124th had been ordered overseas, although we had been recommended on several occasions for the place. We all felt pretty sore, but as turns out we are quite tickled over the fact, because it has just come to light that these two battalions are not going over as fighting units but as Labour Battalions, which is about the lowest grade a battalion can boast of. The different grades seem to be as follows:-

- (1) Fighting Unit.
- (2) Construction Battalion, (builders of roads, railways &c.)
- (3) Pioneer Battalion, (unarmed engineers, diggers of trenches &c.)
- (4) Labour Battalion, (who do nothing more than perform the fatigues in a Division so as to leave other battalions as little work as possible outside of fighting.)

So you see it is a fine prospect they have now in view, and you can bet we are all tickled to death we didn't get the place, and we are all quite content to sit around now until April when we hope the 5th Division will be ready to go over.

Tell Mother that her cookies arrived safely and in fine condition only two or three were broken. They certainly remind me of our old sideboard in the dining-room at home, which Mother at one time used to keep under lock and key, but which both Maurice and I knew could be opened by almost any old key in the house.

I suppose by this time you have both returned home from Atlantic City which I hope has done both Mother and yourself the world of good. With very best love and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,
"Gerald."

Witley Camp,

Surrey, Jan. 25th, 1917.

Dear Father:-

I missed last Monday's Canadian mail on account of a Field day we had at Hanley Common, but you didn't miss very much news as everything has been fairly quiet around these parts since I last wrote. Although things have been fairly quiet for us still other battalions can't exactly say the same. For every few days or so some battalion or other gets crocked and its men spread broad cast among the lucky ones that still retain their identity. However there is a reason for all this as it has come out in Orders that the Fifth Canadian Division has been formed and then enumerates the battalions, which will make up the three brigades. Our position is assured and unless the whole thing is shot full of holes before arriving in France, we will remain together and cross over with the Division sometime about next May. To-day we received re-inforcements of 200 men from the 120th Battalion, who were recruited from the 13th of Hamilton, and this now practically brings us up to strength again for the first time since we lost our first draft at Bramshott Camp. The Hamilton boys all hated to be scattered but seemed quite content to join us for their C.O. told them just before turning them over to us of the very friendly relations which always existed between the 13th and the 48th. He also said that he was more than pleased they were coming into our regiment as Col. Marshall of the 15th had been formerly a Captain in their own Militia Unit. He made quite a nice little speech and then our boys cheered the 120 and they returned the compliment so everyone felt fairly happy under the circumstances. Things look something like business when we are now being issued with Lee Enfield Rifles and Web Equipment and to the

Wiley Camp.

Burby, Jan. 22nd, 1917.

Dear Father:-

I missed last Monday's Canadian mail on account of a Field Day we had at Hanley Common, but you didn't miss very much news as everything has been fairly quiet around these parts since I last wrote. Although things have been fairly quiet for us still other battalions can't exactly say the same. For every few days or so some battalion or other gets crooked and its men spread broad east among the lucky ones that still retain their identity. However there is a reason for all this as it has come out in Orders that the Fifth Canadian Division has been formed and then enumerates the battalions, which will make up the three brigades. Our position is secured and unless the whole thing is shot full of holes before arriving in France, we will remain together and cross over with the Division sometime about next May. To-day we received re-inforcements of 200 men from the 120th Battalion, who were recruited from the 12th of Hamilton, and this now practically brings us up to strength again for the first time since we lost our first draft at Bramshott Camp. The Hamilton boys all hated to be scattered but seemed quite content to join us for their C.O. told them just before turning them over to us of the very friendly relations which always existed between the 12th and the 48th. He also said that he was more than pleased they were coming into our regiment as Col. Warshall of the 12th had been formerly a Captain in their own Militia Unit. He made quite a nice little speech and then our boys cheered the 120 and returned the compliment so everyone felt fairly happy under the circumstances. Things look something like business when we are now being issued with Lee-Enfield Rifles and Web Equipment and to the

mens delight turning in the Oliver Equipment and Ross Rifles. There certainly must be an awful lot of similar scrapped junk in this country. Where it all gets to I don't know. In another couple of weeks we will, I hope, be starting Divisional Training and then we will have to hump ourselves to keep up our reputation of efficiency. That is all the dope I have for the present.

I received letters from Mother and yourself, also the clippings from Atlantic City which proved very interesting, especially the ones showing the American views on President Wilsons Peace Note. We all enjoyed them thoroughly. Your letters were written the day before you left Atlantic City for home. I hope you had a decent trip back and not quite as bad as your journey down.

I expect a Canadian mail will arrive in camp sometime to-morrow and I am looking forward to getting all the news of your exploits and how you found Toronto on your return.

Colonel Miller and Major Allan are at present away on instructional courses. The Colonel indulging in a ten days Cooks Tour of the front lines in France, and the Major attending a Senior Officers course at Aldershot. Major Shiell is in command of the battalion in the meantime and believe me he is some C.O. In a great number of ways he reminds me of our old Colonel Uncle Dunc. He certainly is on his job and keeps us all hustling most of the time.

I must wind up this scrawl now. Hoping that you both are feeling well after your trip and neither of you working too hard.

With all sorts of love and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

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Witley Camp, Surrey.

Jan. 29th, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

This morning I received a letter from Father dated the 8th of January, and evidently written just after your arrival home from Atlantic City, and I was sorry to hear that you had such a rocky trip. However, I hope by this time you are feeling your oats once more and hitting all the high spots and bright lights around Toronto.

The mail from Canada has been very uncertain since the New Year, and until to-day I haven't heard from home for the last two weeks. I suppose the tie-up will open with a rush one of these fine days and I'll be swamped with letters from home. I hope my letters have been arriving safely but I dare say the tie-up in the mails works both ways.

We have been enjoying regular weather here lately. For the last week or so it has been pretty cold. Not the damp kind but the real old Canadian cold which has frozen up all the ponds tighter than a drum. We have all enjoyed it immensely, even though it does take a powerful lot of willpower for me to tear myself away from that good old sleeping bag each morning. There is a pond quite close to our quarters and here we have had a couple of real games of shinny. Yesterday afternoon we all arose from a good dinner, and feeling at peace with everyone, we all got clubs and with a hunk of coal for a hockey puck we got everyone into the game. It was exciting while it lasted but we all came to the conclusion that it was a bum game when played in kilts. It was too cold for one thing and too convenient in case some one had a spite on you and felt like paddling your tail for another. After we were all

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puffed out we retired to our mess and thawed out before the grate fire and talked, naturally about the ice at home and the hockey games at the Arena and all the old players. We had a great fanning bee and it lasted all evening and late into the night.

To-night we go out to the Common to dig trenches and believe me it always is very trying on the nerves. You see the beauty of the whole thing is that it is dark and the men, like all soldiers, don't believe in working any more than necessary, so they spend most of their time sleeping in the trenches when the officers aren't looking instead of digging. They are sheltered from the wind there and its pretty easy to sleep with those fellows at any old time. So you see it keeps us busy waking them up. They generally keep a sentry posted and he warns them whenever an officer happens to loom up on the horizon. As far as we subalterns are concerned we would let them sleep to their hearts content if we could only find a comfortable spot, but Major Murray is generally too darn active and it keeps him busy looking after us as well as the men.

Just this minute a couple of photographs have arrived from Elliott and Frys, which I will send along to you as you requested in one of your former letters. If you don't care for them very much just let me know and I'll have another taken when I go to London. To tell the truth I'm not crazy about them myself.

I must close now as the mail carrier has arrived.

Best love to both you and Father.

God Bless You.

Your loving son,

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Witley Camp, Surrey,

Feb. 1st, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

I sent you a couple of photos by registered mail yesterday, and I hope you receive them safely at some not far distant date. In one picture you will notice I have a cauliflower ear and in the other a black eye and I think either one would do credit to Bob Fitzsimmons. But let me assure you the camera lied as I haven't had a good scrap for a long time and I'm weak for the want of a beating. Let me know whether you think they'll do, or if you want me to look up some other guy to shoot me again and do his gol darndest to make a Greek godish appearance. There are some of those fellows around this country that can make a cheese sandwich look like a real banquet.

I didn't realize until I dated this letter that Father's birthday was so close at hand. I thought of it some time ago and hoped to be able to get to town to get him some little thing. But as I couldn't that ends the matter, but I surely do wish him many more birthdays of happiness and all the good luck and health in the world. I received all sorts of letters from home yesterday. Letters from you dated the 11th and 17th of January, also letters and clippings from Father of the same dates, together with the Arena Gardens Weekly which all the boys enjoyed. The mails are not as regular as they might be and that I think accounts for everything arriving in batches.

We have been having beautiful weather lately, clear and cold, almost like Canadian winter except for the snow. I don't think we have had two inches of snow altogether and that is what I miss the most.

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All the ponds are frozen over and the London papers are full of the doings of the bloods on the London Duck Ponds. They all seem to have gone skating mad.

We were out on Field Manoeuvres to-day and during lunch hour all hostilities ceased, and because there happened to be a beautifully frozen pond between the opposing sides we all stripped the nearby trees of shinny sticks and had a glorious rough and tumble game of shinny, with a tin can for a puck. There were ten times the number of casualties caused by the game than by the battle and that is where the stretcher bearers got in their good licks. One fellow got accidentally hit over the eye, which laid him cold, while there were numerous bloody noses and cracked shins. They called the lunch hour short for fear we wouldn't have enough men left to continue with the tactical scheme on hand. We have just returned to camp after running about all day and every one is mighty hungry and tired. To-morrow we have our weekly 15 mile route march and on Saturday we have a half holiday. At the present moment Al Ramsey is having a corn operated on by Surgeon Loughheed. I never let the eminent physician cut mine but I always do the next best thing by using his razor. Then you ought to hear the cursing next morning when he begins his attempt at shaving. I always be in bed and laugh my head off at him. Then he generally accuses some of the batmen for using his razor. He got a good one on me though for it was mine that he used for cutting the strings for opening one of his Christmas parcels.

The supper bell will be going in about ten seconds and if I'm not there in time some of those gluttons will pinch all the

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We were out on Field Manoeuvres to-day and during lunch hour all hostilities ceased, and because there happened to be a beautifully frozen pond between the opposing sides we all stripped the nearby trees of shiny sticks and had a glorious rough and tumble game of shinny. With a tin can for a puck. There were ten times the number of casualties caused by the game than by the battle and that is where the stretcher bearers got in their good looks. One fellow got accidentally hit over the eye, which laid him cold, while there were numerous bloody noses and cracked shins. They called the lunch hour short for fear we wouldn't have enough men left to continue with the tactical scheme on hand. We have just returned to camp after running about all day and every one is mighty hungry and tired. To-morrow we have our weekly 15 mile route march and on Saturday we have a half holiday. At the present moment Al Ramsey is having a corn operated on by Surgeon Loughheed. I never let the eminent physician cut mine but I always do the next best thing by using his razor. Then you ought to hear the cursing next morning when he begins his attempt at shaving. I always be in bed and laugh my head off at him. Then he generally accuses some of the batmen for using his razor. He got a good one on me though for it was mine that he used for cutting the strings for opening one of his Christmas parcels.

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Wishing Father many, many happy returns of the day, and
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Witley Camp,

Surrey, Feb. 8th, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

I am afraid all the mail boats are being held up at the present time on account of this new Submarine Warfare, for none of us have received a bit of mail from home for nearly two weeks. I presume it is also hitting you at home in the same way, but I keep on writing on the chance that some will get through without too much delay.

The weather has been grand lately, a little snow and lots of cold. To hear the English people talk you would think they are batty, for the Newspapers everyday are full of the Terrible Artic Weather which is visiting England at the present time. Yet I haven't read in any of the Newspapers of any one place on the whole island where the thermometer has gone down as far as zero. Generally, whenever we have cold weather it is accompanied by the damp atmosphere, and then believe me you sure do feel it, but this spell has been quite different and is very similar to the Canadian cold. We are all enjoying it immensely. Sometimes, however, coal gets quite scarce around the Camp, and then we all go to bed very early in the evening as it is the best way to keep warm.

According to the Newspapers everyone is skating all over the country side, as all the ponds have been frozen over for the last two or three weeks tighter than drums. They say it is the longest spell of frost experienced in the country since 1895. We have no skates with us but we, nevertheless, play shinny every day after parade hours with the help of limbs of trees and a tin can.

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Talk about boyhood days again --- why we not only play shinny, but as I told you before in one of my letters, we also go to school and honest --- we have some "Homework" which we have to do to-night and hand in to-morrow morning. We have our school in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts, and the Subalterns are nearly always to be found at the back of the room and sitting as near the stove as possible. The senior officers have to appear more dignified and so cant scramble for the choice seats, but march bravely up to the front of the room and incidentally darn near freeze to death. We have a lot of fun and have learnt a lot of good dope. I expect in another week the school will close and we will resume our work with the battalion.

We generally have a lot of fun every night in the mess after our dinner. There is always something doing and everyone is generally trying to put a good joke over on the other fellow, but last night the climax was reached when we managed to sell our Adjutant a pair of his own boots. It is a good story and the beginning goes back to six months ago when we were on board the old tub "Scotian." At that time numerous things happened which directly affect this story. In the first place it was the occasion for the founding of the now famous legal firm of Grant, Malone & Co., whose sole aim is to please its clients in undertaking any transactions whatever. Secondly the "Merry Sunshine Circle" consisting of Hugh Murray, Fred Grant and myself, came into existence for the purpose of buying up large blocks of stock in the Auction Pool on the days run, the intention being to split all our winnings three ways. The result being that we never cashed a ticket and we gave one Francis Michael

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Murphy, Captain and Adjutant, the wherewithall to have a good trip to London. That almost finished the "Circle". Thirdly, on board was an Imperial Officer conducting a small party across, who went by the name of "Brewer" and who touched Hugh Murray for two pounds, and as security gave him an I.O.U. for the amount. As a matter of fact we haven't seen or heard of friend Brewer from the time we parted at Liverpool, and so Murphy's one delight in life has been kidding Hugh about the two pounds. Now that we have the introduction all clear we will proceed.

Last night, immediately after dinner, Hugh consulted the firm of Grant, Malone & Co. about arranging for an auction sale of a couple of pairs of his boots, which were slightly small for him. Fred pointed out to him that this was slightly out of our line, but as the motto of the firm had always been "anything to oblige," we would undertake the sale on the condition of a 50-50 split in the proceeds. This proposition was entirely acceptable and he also desired that we should try our luck in selling Mr. Brewers worthless two pound I.O.U. This latter stunt required a lot of thought but nevertheless, never doubting that we could do it, we accepted. The next thing we had to decide was who was to be the purchaser. Murphy was our unanimous choice, so then we got busy scheming how to make Murphy bite. After much thought we decided to carry it out in the following way. While Fred was announcing the occasion of a Public Auction Sale of Major Murrays goods and chattels to the assembled gentlemen, I beat it into Murphys room and borrowed his long black riding boots, and with

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Hugh's two pair he wanted us to sell I placed them all on the Auctioneers table. Fred then harrangued the crowd until he got them worked up and had them all willing to bid whether they wanted boots or not. The first pair he offered for sale, which were a six dollar pair "slightly soiled", were knocked down to the Chaplain after a spirited contest for 15 shillings, and someone else bought the other pair for 4 shillings. Then came the real sale of the night, "Special Extra Attraction" he called it. He held up the long riding boots and talked about them for fifteen minutes steady and then called for bids - - nothing doing. At last, becoming desperate, he offered to throw in, as something Extra Special, Brewers I.O.U for two pounds to the purchaser of the boots. He then asked Murphy to bid. Murphy told him he would be glad to bid 15 shillings for both the boots and the I.O.U. but he was afraid that they were not his size, (thinking all the time that they were Hugh's boots and never dreaming they were his own). Fred then asked him if he would give the 15 shillings if the boots fitted him. Murphy said "Yes" and began to try them on. Why he didn't recognize his own boots I don't know, but he gave Major Shiell the money to hold until he had a "try on." He then pulled one on and after complaining that they were "too damned tight" he said he would take them. Major Shiell then paid the money over to Hugh and Murphy, not even yet suspecting, came over to us and told us that he had made a damned good buy, as the boots he had just purchased were much better in every way than his own. He then asked us if we would sell his old boots for him, which we agreed to do on the 50-50 terms. So then Murphy requested me to take his

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Hugh's two pair he wanted us to sell I placed them all on the

newly bought boots to his room and bring his old ones out for the sale. I agreed and picking up the boots beat it out the door, ran around the building once and returned with the same boots. Murphy thought they were his old pair so Fred put them up for sale. Hugh Murray proved to be the only bidder and his best was only 5 shillings, but Murphy refused to sell out at that price so the sale ended. Murphy then left the mess with the boots under his arm and Brewers I.O.U. in his pocket, well satisfied with his night's purchases. Then we told the rest of the boys the joke and Lordy how they yelled. About five minutes later Murphy returned, his face working white then red by turns. All he said was "Gentlemen the drinks are on me, and if ever I want any phoney law business done I'll go to Grant, Malone & Co.".

So there you are -- everyone is satisfied except Murphy. Hugh got 15 shillings for a worthless I.O.U.. The Merry Sunshine Circle's wrath is appeased and the firm of Grant, Malone & Co. has gained quite a reputation as well as their counsel fees.

Well this is all until the next time.

With best love to you and Father, and hoping you are both well. God Bless You.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

newly bought boots to his room and bring his old ones out for the sale. I agreed and picking up the boots beat it out the door. I ran around the building once and returned with the same boots. Murphy thought they were his old pair so Fred put them up for sale. Hugh Murray proved to be the only bidder and his best was only 5 shillings, but Murphy refused to sell out at that price so the sale ended. Murphy then left the mess with the boots under his arm and Brewster I.O.U. in his pocket, well satisfied with his night's purchases. Then we told the rest of the boys the joke and Lordy how they yelled. About five minutes later Murphy returned, his face working white then red by turns. All he said was "Gentlemen the drinks are on me, and if ever I want any phoney law business done I'll go to Grant, Malone & Co."

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With best love to you and Father, and hoping you are both well. God Bless You.

Your loving son,
"Gerald."

Witley Camp,

Surrey, Feb. 5th, 1917.

Dear Father:-

It is pretty late but, as the Canadian mail closes first thing in the morning, I feel I must get busy and tear off the few odd lines to you to let you know how things are going with us all.

This afternoon Colonel Miller, Stoney, Lester and myself dared the wintry weather (there is over an inch of snow now on the ground and cold as the dickens) and continued our Revolver Training. The training is supposed to be progressive but I'll be darned if I found it so. We stuck a target up and blazed about forty rounds of ammunition at it. If the Colonel hadn't been present we could have kept the target for another practice, as it would practically have been untouched. The Colonel spilt the beans however, and made a fairly decent score, but the rest of us might just as well have been shooting snipe with a pop gun. We were rotten.

To-morrow -- unless it is so late now that to-day is to-morrow. And if it is already to-morrow -- then to-day nearly all the officers of the battalion start in on a six days course of instruction at Headquarters, in preparation for collective training. Up to the present time we have done nothing but individual training, but shortly we are to start Brigade and Divisional Trainings in Company with other battalions. Then I think our work will be much more interesting.

The weather has been quite cold lately, which has been quite a welcome change, and now the ground is all covered with snow and it

Witley Camp.

Surrey, Feb. 25th. 1917.

Dear Father:-

It is pretty late but, as the Canadian mail closes first thing in the morning, I feel I must get busy and tear off the few odd lines to you to let you know how things are going with us all.

This afternoon Colonel Miller, Stoner, Lester and myself started the wintery weather (there is over an inch of snow now on the ground and cold as the dickens) and continued our Revolver Training. The training is supposed to be progressive but I'll be damned if I found it so. We stuck a target up and blazed about forty rounds of ammunition at it. If the Colonel hadn't been present we could have kept the target for another practice, as it would practically have been untouched. The Colonel split the beans however, and made a fairly decent score, but the rest of us might just as well have been shooting snipe with a pop gun. We were rotten.

To-morrow -- unless it is no later now than that to-day is to-morrow. And it is already to-morrow -- then to-day, nearly all the officers of the battalion start in on a six days course of instruction at Headquarters, in preparation for collective training. Up to the present time we have done nothing but individual training, but shortly we are to start Brigade and Divisional Training in Company with other battalions. Then I think our work will be much more interesting.

The weather has been quite cold lately, which has been quite a welcome change, and now the ground is all covered with snow and it

looks quite like old times back home. I dare say that to-morrow or the next day will bring a thaw or fog, and then our pretty scenery will look like a piece of cheese.

We have just heard that the States have broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. We don't take an awful lot of stock in any of these yarns since the results of the Presidential elections. Another reason is that we all doubt very much whether those same Americans have enough guts to give up their soft money making position and risk the possibility of a decent scrap. Well I suppose it's their own affair and they will deal with it according to their lights, but I certainly thank heaven I'm not one of them.

I have lost my old batman Bill Adams, who was boarded by the M.O. and is being sent back to Canada as medically unfit. Most likely he will arrive in Toronto even before this letter arrives, and he told me he would be sure to drop in to the office and see you just as soon as he arrived. He is quite happy to get back to his wife, but certainly hated to leave his son with our battalion. Bill certainly is a funny old card. His former occupation, and the one he will return to, is that of Picture Dealer in John Britnells. Stoney and I hated to lose him but we realized that it would be criminal to keep him with us, as he is too old and would have croaked sure if he had had to go over to France. He says he will call on you and give you all the news, so if he hasn't arrived yet you can expect to see him almost any day.

How are you and Mother keeping. I sincerely hope you are both well, and that the Atlantic City Plumber has fixed Mother up so that there will be no more Murphy Gas escaping.

looks quite like old times back home. I dare say that to-morrow or the next day will bring a thaw or fog, and then our pretty scenery will look like a piece of opium.

We have just heard that the States have broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. We don't take an awful lot of stock in any of these yarns since the results of the Presidential elections.

Another reason is that we all doubt very much whether those same Americans have enough guts to give up their soft money making position and risk the possibility of a decent scrap. Well I

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crowded sure if he had had to go over to France. He says he will call on you and give you all the news, so if he hasn't arrived yet you can expect to see him almost any day.

How are you and Mother keeping. I sincerely hope you are both well, and that the Atlantic City Plumber has fixed Mother up so that there will be no more Murphy Gas sampling.

With all sorts of love to you both.

Good night and God Bless You.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

So glad to hear that Frank is going to live in Hamilton.

With all sorts of love to you both.

Good night and God Bless You.

Your loving son,

"Gerald."

So glad to hear that Frank is going to live in Hamilton.

Mytchett Camp,

Feb. 19th, 1917.

Dear Father:-

As you will notice, I am hanging my hat in this Camp for the next week or so, while the forty men I brought up from Witley complete their Musketry on the ranges. This is purely and simply a Musketry Camp where the units, detailed to fire, live until the course is completed and then we all beat it back to our own battalions. At the present time there are detachments from six different Witley Battalions consisting of about 500 men all told. Of course each detachment live in huts all by themselves, have their own cooks and their own rules and regulations, as well as the Camp Standing Orders. The Commandant of the Camp and his staff, together with the Range Officers, are the only permanent residents of the place. The rest of us finish our work and then make room for the next Musketry party that happens to come along.

Aldershot is only two miles away, and the trains run so regularly that we can get down to see a show whenever we want to, which all helps to pass the time.

We haven't had much luck with our shooting so far for various reasons. We came here last Thursday and have only fired two days since on account of fog. It has been so foggy all day to-day that it is quite impossible to see the targets at 100 yards, so we have been sitting around Camp all day reading. The mist will cause us a great deal of delay, but we got quite a shock a few minutes ago when we heard that nearly half the party doing duty in the butts

are now quarantined for "Mumps". That means a whole lot more delay, and as the course is supposed to be for 10 days we will consider ourselves lucky if we finish under 18 or 20.

Yesterday afternoon Doc Maclachlan, Stoney and Brad Snow motored up and brought me your very welcome letter of the 30th January, together with a number of clippings which I intend to read to-night.

I was glad to hear that you and Mother were feeling your oats and that everything was going along fine.

How is old Whatley? Has he been fired lately, or does he still hover around as usual with his same old dew drop?

I am going to quit now as there is nothing new to tell you. No more dope on the 5th Division either, only I understand Garnet Hughes has taken Gen. Leckies place as G.O.C. and is going to inspect our battalions to-day.

With best love, and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

Witley Camp,

Feb. 11th, 1917.

Dear Father:-

Many happy returns of the day, and may this day be the beginning of all the good luck and health coming your way for a great number of years to come yet.

I must thank you for your cablegram. It was certainly very kind of you indeed. I received it on my birthday and it was the next thing to seeing you all. I also received letters from Mother and yourself, together with a draft for three pounds. The draft came in fine, although I couldn't get to the Village in time to buy champagne for the occasion, I bought drinks all around for everyone in at the mess dinner we were holding on Saturday night. So all the boys drank my health, etc. Then I told them there was still lots of money left out of your draft so they all rose to the occasion like true Scots and had another drink. In fact we had a nice little birthday party.

Mother's cake arrived via Mrs. Scott just about an hour before the dinner so we all ate that too, and believe me it was great cake. It was awfully good of you both to remember me as you did, and I can certainly tell you I am the best looked after young man, as far as parents are concerned, than any one else in the battalion. Some day I hope to be able in some small way to attempt to repay you both.

There has been very little doing here lately. The long expected thaw set in yesterday and by to-day is going great guns. Any little snow we ever had has now disappeared and the cold spell is over for

another year. Everyone claims that the back of the winter is now broken and from now on we must expect all sorts of rain and mist. It is getting pretty muddy outside, which no doubt will be a whole lot worse shortly, but we should worry.

Marcel has asked Doc. Lougheed and myself up to his place for tea to-night, so I'll have to be stopping now in order to get dressed. In an hour you can just imagine me juggling a dish of tea on one knee and a bath bun on the other and pretending I'm having a whale of a time.

With all sorts of good wishes and best love to you both, and God Bless You.

I am,

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

Mytchett Camp,

February 25th, 1917.

My Dear Mother:-

This happens to be Sunday morning, and since it is raining cats and dogs, we are enjoying a holiday for it is quite impossible to do any shooting on such a day. If to-morrow is anyways decent however, we have every hopes of finishing the course in the morning, and then immediately after the men get their dinner, we will pack up and hoof it back to Witley, and hope to be there in time for supper. How I am ever going to make some of the old crocks walk that 14 miles I don't know. There are quite a few members of the party who belong to our Sanitary Police, Mess Orderlies, etc, who have never had a route march of any description since leaving Canada, and the march down here about ten days ago certainly produced an awful flock of cripples. They have been limping all over the place since we arrived, and if they ever survive the march home they will parade sick for the next month.

We have had a lot of fun however on our little party, for we have been firing at the ranges every day, and every night the men go into Aldershot and spend their money (which is something they can't do at Witley), and if they have none of their own they spend somebody's anyway, myself included, for I have been their steady meal ticket since we arrived, so I thank heaven we will be getting out to-morrow and having a pay day in a couple of days. But this is one of the privileges that an officer conducting any such party as this has.

I haven't heard from home this week, but I was talking to the Orderly Room over the 'phone the other day, and they told me to hurry back as there was enough mail for me in the mess to sink a battleship. So its me for it as soon as I arrive.

The weather has been pretty rainy of late, but not a bit cold and more like April weather at home, not a sign of snow but plenty of mud and pea soup all over the ground to make up for it.

How are you both keeping? I am feeling fine, except when I have to get up early in the mornings and that never did appeal to me very much, but outside of that all is O.K.

Best love to both you and Father. I'll write just after we arrive back in Witley and let you know about our journey.

God Bless You.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

Witley Camp,

March 4th, 1917.

Dear Father:-

Its Sunday afternoon and everyone is busy. There are a bunch of the boys just outside the hut playing base ball, some are in the room playing chess, others are reading and a few are writing letters. All the "B" Company Officers have got out horses and have gone for a ride to look over some ground for their Companys Manoeuvres tomorrow night. So you see everyone is busy and you wouldn't dream of thinking that we are not enjoying ourselves.

I arrived back at Witley on Tuesday, shortly after noon, with my Musketry Party and I can tell you that the majority were very glad to be back after their 14 mile march. The Pioneers we had on our party, and other such members of the battalion who never go out on route marches, were pretty well all in, but the rest of us never turned a hair although we went the distance in heavy marching order and only took a shade under four hours.

I found that quite a few changes had been made during my absence, which proved rather interesting. Firstly, the battalion had all gotten back to kilts for the first time since last December, and its really startling what a vast improvement it makes in the appearance and the general improvement in all ways in the men. They certainly do love the kilt. As soon as my party were dismissed everyone, without a single exception, all tore to their huts to put on their kilts. The men all certainly look at their best now.

The next change I noticed was that Captain Murphy (formerly our Adjutant) was now in command of "B" Company as Major Grubbe had severely sprained his ankle one night by jumping into one of the trenches. As he is liable to be laid up for six weeks or more, Murphy

has temporarily taken over his job, while Frank Ross is acting as Adjutant. Major Allan is away at Aldershot taking a Senior Officers Course, which is liable to last for another month, so Major Shiell who had "D" Company is acting as the Senior Major, and John Young who was second in command has got the Company, while Geoff Heyworth one of the subs. is acting as second in command. It is all quite a shake up but I presume things will revert to their normal state when Major Allan and Major Grubbe return to the battalion.

We have been having lovely spring weather lately, which has had the effect of getting everyone out of their shells and working to get their old soup bones in shape for the approaching baseball season. Baseballs were flying around everywhere, and everywhere men and officers alike are complaining of "Charley horse". However, yesterday afternoon Corporal Lapitina (fine Scotch name) of "D" Company challenged us to do combat with his pets. We took him on but they walloped the life out of us 8-2. It certainly did remind us of Niagara Camp when we used to play nearly every evening last summer, and the boys certainly did have a good time kidding us because we couldn't sting the old pill in the same manner as made us famous last summer. But with a little practice we'll get our batting eyes back, and when our scheduled games start I think we'll be able to look after ourselves again this season.

The battalion football team have been going great guns all winter and have cleaned up on everything within miles. The boys have a splendid record, in that they have never lost a game, although they were tied once with the 95th Battalion at Exhibition Camp last spring. Since coming over here they have taken on all comers and have won the championships of both Bramshott and Witley Camps, and are now

entered in the football tournament for the championship of the Aldershot Command, which is the largest in area of all England. So we are bound to see some excitement before long.

Major General Garnet Hughes is , as you know, now the G.O.C. 5th Canadian Division, which is no longer a training but a mobile division, and is deemed certain by all the authorities will proceed over to France as such, but when ---the Lord only knows. We have received most of our overseas equipment now, including Lee Enfield Rifles, Webb Equipment, English made boots, all our Transport and Medical Supplies. In fact, I think we have everything except our Steel Helmets, which no doubt will come along very shortly. A number of the other battalions are similarly situated, but there are none as fortunate as ourselves, in that we are entirely free from contagious diseases, while nearly every other battalion in camp has either one or two and in some cases more huts quarantined for either Mumps or Measles. Our men have escaped remarkably well. We have to my knowledge only had one hut quarantined since arriving in England, and that was some time ago when one man developed a case of Measles. However, it stopped there and we haven't been bothered since, while the battalions all around us have been having the time of their lives. That is the reason why the 123rd and the 124th are still in Camp. They haven't been able yet to get away.

When I got back from Mytchett I found all sorts of letters, clippings, magazines, socks, shirts, candy, handkerchiefs, etc., awaiting me. Some of Mothers and your letters were dated about the middle of January, while others were dated nearly a whole month later, and they all arrived together. The mails are not all that they are

cracked up to be, but as long as everything arrives safely we should worry. Your clippings are as interesting as ever and are a great boon around the mess, and there is always a great demand for "Next on that Popular". The other boys get weekly papers, etc, the same as I do but they all come to me for reading matter when theirs is all done.

Both Mothers and your letters were splendid, and I tell you it is fine to get them so regularly, and to know that you are both feeling so well. There is one thing I can't understand however, and that is that you say Archdeacon Cody has never received my letter thanking them all for their Christmas box. I wrote to Mrs. Cody very shortly after receiving same. As for Doctor Young, I wrote either to him or Mrs. Young some time ago, which I am sure they must have received. Nevertheless , I intend to write them again very soon. I must admit I have the devils own job trying to keep up with my correspondence because at times I forget who the sam hill has written me. However, I'll have to do better in future or else I plainly see I'll get my head in a sling.

I tell you I was more than pleased to hear of Jimmie Blackkeys good fortune. Captaincy and then Military Cross. That is certainly travelling some and I haven't a doubt on earth that he is just the boy that deserves everything that is coming to him. I was terribly sorry I didn't see him when he came to England, but I'm afraid Hume Crawford must have been having a pipe dream when he said I was in scotland, for I haven't been out of Witley Camp, with the exception of my two weeks jaunt to Mytchett, since the 4th of last december. I, naturally, haven't seen Jimmie Ryrie for some time, but

I received a letter from him not long ago and was terribly surprised to discover that his affair with Mary Bond had become a thing of the past. What happened I don't know, but the Ryrie-Bond event that I had counted on is all off.

With all sorts of love to both Mother and yourself, and
God Bless You.

Your loving son,

"Gerald",

P.S.

Tell Mother the Salt Water Taffy and the Laura Secords were great,
to say nothing of the socks and shirts.

"G"

Witley Camp,

Surrey, March 8th, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

I think I told you in my last letter about the safe arrival of your different parcels including socks, shirts, etc. They all fit fine and couldn't be a bit better. In fact those socks are great things, for up to date I have never had even a hole in any one of them, even after a long route march and that is going some, believe me, for I remember my favorite stunt used to be to run two or three toes through every sock I ever wore before I started in on the home made ones. The shirts were all right too and came just about the time they were needed most. Also those candies were a great treat and didn't last very long. They were too good.

I also told you that the battalion had gone back to kilts. Well so we did. Then of course the thermometer immediately did a Brodie and jumped down to somewhere in the vicinity of zero, and so we have been shaking for the drinks for the last three or four days. Believe me this is where those mits of Maurice's came in mighty handy, for I have been wearing them and was mighty thankful for them, as kid gloves may look all right but they are no darn good to keep out the cold.

We have now got any number of horses in our stable, and a great excitement prevails every day we pull off a route march, for that is the day when all the senior officers have to mount their trusty steeds and lead the procession. Our Company Commanders look all right when they have to walk like the rest of us, but oh gee -- you should see them mounted. They aren't exactly what you could call expert horsemen. Everyone of them scrambled for the quietest looking skate in the crowd, and the deader the plug the better pleased they are.

Phil Boyd has chosen a Clydesdale, and believe me, they are two of a kind. He is absolutely the punkest rider I ever saw in my life. And in addition to that he is very nervous, so when he climbed aboard old "Be Thankful" the other day, with the aid of two grooms and the Company Sergeant Major, he went as pale as a ghost, to the great delight of his men who were making all sorts of side bets amongst themselves as to how long the Major would last. However, outside of being so excited that he forgot to give any commands, (or else he was frightened of scaring the horse if he did) he got along pretty well. The other Company Commanders are not quite as bad but still punk enough to give us all a good many laughs.

Doc Maclachlan, as the Machine Gun Officer (and being a junior got last choice) has a dog that hates to leave the stable. The other day he loaned it to me so that I could give it a good work out. I was quite ignorant of the beasts capabilities at the time so I got in on the deal with my eyes shut. The stunts I put up on that nag didn't take long to stage in actual time, but each will go down in the history of the battalion. A groom brought the thing out and before I knew where I was I awoke to find myself sitting on the saddle with the horse fox-trotting and dipping and doing all the other stunts which form a part of organized dancing. Doc hit the thing over the seat of its pants with the best part of a pine tree, which caused the thing to sit down on its back side right in the middle of the road and gaze about in bewilderment. It only sat that way for about twenty seconds then it gave a horse laugh, scrambled to its feet and then dug for the stables around a couple of huts at a speed that would make Mearns envious. It got to the

stable but was immediately chased out by the Transport Officer, (don't forget poor innocent me on its back all this time). This time it went around in circles until I got dizzy, and then suddenly made a mad dash through a barbed wire fence. Needless to say that took some of the pep out of it, but at the same time I didn't feel exactly as comfortable as sitting in a 1914 Cadillac, but by the Grace of God I managed to stick on by hanging on to the saddle with my lefthand and the root of the horses tail with my right. After that I had a nice little ride, but when I got back to the stable the horse looked as though it had been through the retreat from Mons, for it was bleeding like a stuck pig where it had hit the fence. However, I was kind of glad when the exhibition was over, but it was good while it lasted.

Well I've got to trot along now as we all have to go out and do a night march in a few minutes.

Everyone is in good health and enjoying themselves, and I have every hope of going down to London to-morrow night and spend the week end with Mrs. Scott and the girls.

Good night, and God Bless both you and Father. Hoping you are both well.

Your loving son,

"Gerald".

Witley Camp,

March 12th, 1917.

My Dear Mother:-

I hear that the mail doesn't go out until Thursday so this letter is going to be written more or less in instalments. I thought that I had better begin it to-night and tell you the news from London before I forget, for it was just this morning we returned from one of the best week end parties I've had for a long long time. It all started last Friday when Stoney, Doc and myself all got leave together and caught the two o'clock train for London. It was an awful slow train (not any faster than the Sutton Flyer) but we didn't care for the main thing was to get out of Witley, and a train ride even looked good to us. We got into Waterloo Station about five o'clock and taxied to the Picadilly Hotel, where we got a whole blooming suite of rooms and with enough spare space to accomodate a platoon. We had dinner at the hotel, which was some meal (that to what there was of it) for you know the restrictions now in force are such that an officer in uniform can only spend 5/6 in any public place for a dinner. It certainly is tough when you can't get people to take your money especially in this country. However, we managed to do fairly well and paddeq out most of the corners under our vests without too much trouble, and then feeling quite contented with the world, we went to a show called "Young England". Say if that show ever hits Toronto and you feel that you need a good sleep go to it. It was a darn light opera according to the programme, and we watched the plot unravel for about twenty minutes without batting an eyelash, but when Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake began wrestling with a couple of other bums over a song about the Spanish Main I lost interest

and turned over on my back and fell asleep, quite content that the Spaniards would not be able to stand the strain. I didn't hear any more until Doc gave me a kick about half an hour later and said, "For Gods sake lets go home". We got out then just as the Villan done a Brodie and Queen Elizabeth was counting him out. We then went back to the Hotel, and to bed for a well earned nights sleep. Saturday morning we awoke about half past nine and had our breakfast in bed, and believe me it was some breakfast. Everything from grape fruit down to coffee, without a slip except when one of my fried eggs got away from me and went for a little cruise along the floor. I then rang up Mrs. Scott and found out that she and Norm were coming down town to do some shopping, so Stoney and I hustled into our clothes and hopped into a taxi and called for them. We dropped them at some store and then we did some shopping of our own, as I had to buy a few things such as an Electric Torch, a Holster for my revolver and a few other little things. Stoney insisted on me buying a holster for I have been in the habit of keeping my gun in one of his socks, (just like Father used to do with that blunderbus of his), and just because it had worn a few holes in his socks he was peevish. He is quite unreasonable at such times. After we had bought our junk we picked up Mrs. Scott and Norm again and then drove to the Cecil, where Jessie is now working. (The Royal Naval Air Service have taken over that Hotel and are using it for Officers). We got Lady Jess, who is actually crazier than ever, and we all had lunch at the Picadilly Grill. That was one of the funniest meals of the century. The five of us got a table in one corner of the room, and the row Jessie and Norm made was immense. Jess was wound up and she talked like a blue streak with Norm trailing her

hard, and Mrs. Scott filled in the dull moments. Some lively gang all right.

According to those same fool food restrictions, we couldn't spend more than 3/6 for lunch per person, but as this only applied to Stoney and myself, we got Mrs. Scott to order our meal for us. Then we could eat as much as we liked. In this way we got a decent lunch. During the meal we ordered some kind of a drink, I forget what they called it, but it was full of oranges, lemons, apples, etc, but I'll take my oath there was nothing intoxicating about it at all. Norm didn't like it so reniged and told Mrs. Scott she would get drunk if she wasn't careful. We all laughed at her and dug right in. Mrs. Scott got outside of a couple of glasses and then her imagination began to work at top speed, just like some person else I know. Her face got as red as a beet and her eyes began sparkling and she whispered to me that she was afraid she was drunk. She then explained her symptoms, which as near as I could judge were as follows:-

1. Cold shivers playing tag up and down her spine.
2. Quite a shaking feeling in the vicinity of the knees.
3. Slight dizziness.
4. Hot and cold all over in turns.
5. A thousand others which I can't remember. Then -- Oh Lord, she began to laugh. Well she giggled and laughed and cackled and got as red as blazes, and between spasms she told me she wished she was home so that she could stretch herself out on the sofa for she was dead sure she was pie-eyed. Then to make matters worse Jessie got the habit and between the two of them I thought we would all get pinched for sure. Rhubarb wine wasn't in it for a moment with this party. I thought

I'd have to hire a derrick to get those two people home. It is quite possible that you may be able to appreciate the situation far better than I can tell you about it. I told Mrs. Scott "Thank Heaven Mother isn't here or I'd be Court Martialed at the very least". It was some dinner believe me, and we got them outside and into a taxi as quick as we could. They all were effervescent so we got them home and left them for a while to recover at their leisure. Stoney and I then went back to the Hotel and picked up Doc MacLachlan and Jimmie Ryrie. After dinner the four of us went back and took the whole gang to see Harry Lauder. Well to make a long story short, Mrs. Scott got going again and had the whole seven of us laughing our heads off. Harry Lauder was funny but didn't have a darn thing on her. Jessie would make things ten times worse by leaning over and saying "Carrie, I'm ashamed of you". Then away they would all go again. How I ever lived through that performance I don't know but my stomach is sore yet from laughing. After the show we all piled into a taxi and went back to Queensborough Road where we all sat around talking and laughing until two o'clock, and then someone noticed the time so we made a quick get away.

Sunday morning at least was a day of rest for the four of us, slept all the time except when it was time to eat. We had both breakfast and dinner in bed and then about three o'clock got up. Then of course we all went back to Scotts and played billiards until dinner time. We all had dinner with them and played more billiards afterwards, while quite a gallery of admiring(?) English men and women looked on in horrified silence.

I'm afraid the average English person will never understand the Canadians. They certainly did amuse us anyway, and for their

special benefit, we pulled off a few extra stunts to make them thoroughly disgusted. Doc brought things to a climax when he lay on his belly on the table with his feet waving in the air and made a shot. One old hen couldn't stand that, and turning to some blooming cockney she said in an undertone to some Sparrow beside her, "Such foreigners". Stoney was the only one of us that got it and when he told us we had a good laugh. I guess it was coming to us all right.

Tuesday 13th.

I had to quit early last night and get to bed for we all had to be up at 5.30 and attend a Muster Parade, and then go out to Hankley Common for the rest of the day, where we staged a pitched battle with "C" Company. However, I was telling you about London. Well after our burlesque game of billiards the whole gang of us went to the Movies and saw "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", a picture I saw at the Strand nearly three years ago. Oh yes, the Movies are certainly up to date over here. As a rule they are pretty punk and not in the same class as ours at home. Well after the Movies we went back to the house where Jessie excelled herself in telling our fortunes and performing many other such stunts for us. It was just half past one when we left, and they practically had to drive us out so that they could get to bed. We had such a good time we all hated to leave, and especially so, as we had to get up at 6.30 next morning and catch the train back to camp.

It was a real holiday, and a continuous round of pleasure from start to finish, and the best I think I ever had. I sure hated to come back to work, believe me.

Ever since, we have been dashing madly up and down the Commons staging sham battles etc, etc, and killing time as best we possibly can. To-morrow, however, I am off to Mytchett Ranges conducting a small Musketry party, and I'm rather glad for it will be a change, and I'll be able to do a little shooting for the day. After to-morrow though, I'll be back at the old stand with the Company. Now I think I'll draw this, the longest letter I ever wrote in my life, to a close, at least for to-night anyway.

Wednesday, 14th.

Well to-night we had a very nice little concert over at the Mens Mess Room. It is the custom of a number of ladies to visit the different Military Camps and give the men a little treat. Every week they stage a little party in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts, but to-night they came over to us and sang to the men. They sang awfully well at that, and the men were all greatly pleased, but it did sound pretty funny to hear them fighting their way through American Rag Time stuff with their decidedly English accent. It didn't seem quite natural somehow.

As the mail closes to-morrow morning, I think I'll come to a close now as I have told you all the news anyway. I hope you and Paw are enjoying good health and not working too hard.

Pte Faultless came up to me the other day and informed me with a grin from ear to ear that "My Missus was conversing with your ma at the knittin club the other day". If she is as bad as her husband she certainly must be nutty.

I'm gone now. With very best love, and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,
"Gerald,"

Witley Camp,

March 19th, 1917.

My Dear Father:-

The German subs must be playing the dickens for there hasn't been a Canadian Mail in this part of the world for over three weeks, but our Chaplain tells us that there is a big mail expected in Camp to-morrow morning. I suppose the thing is working both ways and you are receiving no more news from us than we are from you. But for heavens sake if you don't hear from me don't begin worrying but just put the blame on the subs, for you can bet that I'll write at least every week and more when I get the chance, also the minute I start for France you can rest assured I'll cable you (when that time will be I don't know for we don't know whether it will be this year or next. Not the least bit of information on the subject is available.)

We have been having glorious weather lately and it makes every one of us get out and dance around for joy. We have started playing baseball, football and every other game known in sportsdom.

The officers all got out and worked hard for a few hours the other day getting their wings into shape and felt so good that a challenge was sent in to the men right away. The next day the game was staged and before it was over we all had to admit that we weren't ~~as~~ nearly as good as we had thought. Needless to say we got skun 11-3. We discovered afterwards that the men had been working out for the last two weeks and were ⁱⁿ/pretty fair shape. That is the time they slipped it over us all right. We were so rotten that even Jim McCaffery wouldn't have allowed us to carry water to his hired help.

The sergeants also walloped us at Soccer yesterday so you see it has been a very bad week for us. If we don't show a little class soon

the buglers will challenge us to a game of marbles for keeps.

We have received a number of supernumerary officers lately from the 120th and the 173rd Battalions, which were broken up a short time ago. Both these Battalions come from Hamilton and were over at Niagara with us last summer. The 120th were recruited from the 13th Regiment and the 173rd from the 91st Highlanders. They are certainly a good lot of boys and have helped liven things up wonderfully around our mess. Its not likely you would know any of them but they are Wilkins, Matheson, Colquhoun, Dunn, Skeddon, Wattam and Crawford. We heard that they were good ball players so naturally welcomed them with open arms. They will plug up the holes in that infield of ours, I hope.

We were outside our mess the other night tossing the ball around when someone yelled at me from the road, and there stood Abe Macabe. I was awfully surprised to see him and we had quite a long chat. He is coming up for dinner some of these nights with us, as he is liable to be located here in Witley for some little time.

You remember Travis, well he is living right next door to us and I see him quite often. He is now with a Machine Gun Company and hopes to get over with the famous 5th Division. He is looking as well as ever, and was inquiring after both you and Mother.

Our Company, if all goes well, will start out to-morrow morning for a three days march around the country side, billeting in Villages as we go along. We ought to have a lot of fun on the trip and I'm certainly looking forward to it. However, its raining like the very dickens just now and if it keeps up, it might interfere with our plans.

How are you and Mother keeping, and is Frank definitely located in Hamilton yet. Hoping to get some news from you in to-morrows mail, and getting all the news.

With love, and God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald,"

Witley Camp

March 25th., 1917

Dear Father:-

Things have been happening all of a sudden in this sleepy old camp. In fact every thing has been coming so fast these last few days that I hardly know where I'm standing. Now the first thing I must talk about is the arrival of Canadian mail last Thursday when the mail for me alone nearly broke the Postman's back. There were letters from you dated the 13th 19th 21st 27th of February & the 1st, of March also letters from Mother dated the 13th 16th & 27th February also also a large parcel containing two pairs of beautiful socks and a big tin of maple sugar which certainly tasted good. Besides all this there were four packages of clippings, ~~two~~ bundles of Star Weeklies & Sunday Worlds & about five thousand Globes. So you can quite easily imagine that it has kept me humping in all my spare time reading my correspondence & Toronto news.

In one of your letters I notice much to my astonishment that Mr. Wright has never received word that his cake arrived O K. I wrote him quite a long letter shortly after receiving same and in it Expressed my thanks & told him all the news of Witley. I was quite surprised to hear that he had not received that letter I can't understand it. However at my earliest I will write him again & explain all.

Now about that watercolour picture of Maurice. There evidently seems to be quite a mistake about that picture & I feel that it should be rectified at once. I am sorry to say that I am not the person to receive thanks from Mother & yourself for all the thoughtfulness & thanks are due to a much more thoughtful person than yours truly. Mrs. Scott is that person. She had the picture made & went to all the trouble about it. She showed it to me

when I was in town & I'm sorry to say that that is all I had to do with it.

Mrs. Scott is the one that dipped down into her jeans & sent it on to Mother.

You were also enquiring about your two drafts namely for \$3 & £5. I told you in a former letter about the three pounds arriving just in time & how I bought the drinks for the house with it on my birthday. I daresay that that letter had not been received by you when you wrote me. Yes indeed we had a blow out with it & it looked like a plugged nickle when we were finished. The £5 draft just arrived on Thursday when I corralled most of the mail & was enclosed in your letter of the 19th of February. Many thanks for same although I don't deserve it but one thing I promise you is that if I ever get the chance I'll spend every cent of it on Mrs. Scott as a slight token of Mother's & your esteem for all her goodness to us all. Now don't worry about me running short of money. I get all I need & more than I can ever spend around Witley. Whenever I discover that I'm getting too far ahead of the game I have to go to town for a week end to get square with myself.

I was more than amused to hear that the Battalion had something in store for Hume Crawford & that he had qualified for his Field Officers certificate. It certainly was news to me. What actually did happen was that Hume was sent to a course at the Canadian Military School at Shorncliffe for 10 weeks for the very simple reason that he was the one that could be spared at that time more than any of the rest of us. As for the qualifications its all rot. That course no more gave F O's qualifications than I did to your grandmother's ducks. It was most amusing to hear how such a story can get twisted around. I have kept the joke to myself so no harm will be done. I was glad to hear of the good time you had at Zetland with the

gang from New York. It certainly made good reading.

Now I think I have answered most of the things you wanted to know so I'll tell you what we have been doing this last week. On Tuesday our Company took a ten mile hike to Fernhurst in Sussex after fighting our way all day against one of the other companies. We started at 8 in the morning and arrived at our destination all over three counties Surrey Hampshire & Sussex chasing "B" Company out of its numerous positions & as we were in heavy marching order (tin hats & all) & the day was rather warm we were a pretty tired bunch when we pulled into the village finally.

Fernhurst is a typical English village with its one main road running between white stone walls at the approaches & its village green opposite the pub. & a little farther down the street was the Village Hall & school House. Throw in a couple of dozen little houses with all this & have the surrounding country about from 600 to 200 above the level & then you have Fernhurst.

As we marched down the hill to the Village the darn place which looked like Sleepy Hollow from the distance suddenly sprang to life & about 150 or 200 kids charged up the road yelling their heads off. They certainly gave us a royal welcome but the older people were slightly different. While the kids yelled themselves hoarse they rang up the Provost Marshal at Bramshott & prayed for Police protection, as a lot of Highlanders had come accidentally intended staying for a while. This seemed strange to us but we discovered later that a battalion of the Gordons had billeted there for four months early in the war & so the inhabitants were just a little frightened of our appearance. Our kilts & dress must have stirred up pleasant recollections. We took the Village hall & billeted two platoons there. Another went to the Vicars gymnasium (down a few back alleys) & fourth stayed in the barn behind the Pub. The Transport were the lucky ones for they drew the barns on some Lords Estate.

The Transport consisting of three General Service Waggon & a water cart brought all our grub & the cooks built an oven on the Village Green so you see we were set? After the men had had a good supper we went to our quarters at the "Spread Eagle Inn " when we got three double beds & a private room where we sat & ate. It was an inn that you read about. The front door opened into the bar. Immediately to the left was the Tap Room which boasted of partitioned off nooks all around while at the end of the room the most immense fireplace I have ever seen. With the fire going full blast there were two benches which could hold four people on either side of the fire & right in the chimney itself. It was certainly a quaint old place. The bed rooms were situated upstairs. It kept us guessing for a long time how to get up to our rooms but we finally located the stairs immediately behind the bar itself so that every time you came down ~~stairs~~ you would find yourself standing right behind the bar. It was funny. Once you got upstairs you were all right except that the floor had a decided cant towards the barnyard & it was quite impossible to walk along the corridor in the usual way or else you would bump your head on the sloping roof. The place must have been a couple of hundred years old & I swear the whole shooting match was almost ready to topple over.

Our private dining room was down stairs adjoining the bar with a door opening right on the main street. Here we were very comfortable as they fed us in good old English fashion & had a roaring grate fire in the same room. As we ate our pipers marched up & down the street in front of our door & helped us digest our meals. Some Class all right to our "A" company mess.

We had a lovely stay there for two days but we ~~worked~~ hard & pulled off a few tactical stunts much to the joy of all the kids who played hookey from school & followed us in droves. In fact we couldn't

appear on the street at all without stumbling over a bunch of them who blocked our paths at every chance & saluted us just to see us return it. It certainly was a comical sight.

Thursday morning we started for Witley at 6 o'clock & were attacked by another of our companies at the Devils Punch Bowl near Bramshott & after being entirely wiped out we all beat it for camp & arrived there in time for dinner in the middle of the day. It was a splendid two days & we all enjoyed the change & had quite the time of our young lives.

Last night however the real excitement happened. All afternoon Marcel, John Miln Heyworth & myself spent playing golf at Aldershot Command Golf Club & we had just arrived back in camp when the order came out that no one was to leave camp until further notice. Also all officers & men on leave were to be recalled immediately. Things evidently looked startling but we sat tight awaiting further orders. At eight o'clock the orderly officer rushed in with the news that we were to pack up our stuff immediately. We all tore to our rooms & began chucking everything in sight into our packs & kit bags with visions of "France on the double" awaiting us. We then got word to report immediately at the orderley Room so grabbing my pack (which contained a blanket a waterproof sheet & my raincoat) my revolver & an Electric torch I beat it over. We then got instructions to get the men ready. After a wild old scramble everyone was finally ready including our first line transport we had a battalion parade. We "stood to" all right but managed to snatch the odd few winks of sleep with our clothes all on. We paraded this morning all packed up ready to move anywhere & were inspected by our brigadier Colonel Embree D.S.O. who looked us all over & then dismissed us. The mobilization was shortly afterwards cancelled & now we have resumed normal conditions again. The whole division was in the same box & we imagine that it was only

one of those false alarms & done only for the purpose of seeing how fast we could all get ready. There was certainly lots of excitement while the fun was on & rumours were galore. Inside of ten minutes I heard that we were to proceed to the following different places:- France, Mesopotamia Salonika Edinburg Grimsley (on the east coast) and even that we were going back to Canada to repel an enemy invasion via the States. After this I believe nothing.

Things have now settled down again & I have hauled out my good old sleeping bag again & intend to sleep my blooming head off to-night just to make up for yesterday.

To-morrow we will get our room straightened out again & get back to Civilization again. I must quit as I'm so darn sleepy I can hardly see & that bed of mine is calling for me.

With best love to Mother & Yourself

Good-night & God bless you,

Yours loving Son

"Gerald"

Crowborough Sussex

April 2nd, 1917

Mr dear Mother:-

You no doubt will be surprised to hear that I am residing in this God forsaken hole & will be for the next two weeks. I was rather surprised too but things move fast in the army at times, in fact so fast that some night I'll go to sleep at Witley & wake up in Timbuctoo in the morning. About two weeks ago I was warned by the orderley Room to hold myself in readiness to proceed on a trench warfare course at Crowborough. I heard no more about it until yesterday morning at 7.15 when MacGregor (Doc's batman) woke me up & gently broke the news, that I was to report to Brigade Headquarters at 8.00 o'clock curses-- on Sunday morning too & me expecting to sleep in. Generally when Mac gives me a dig in the ribs in the mornings & tells me ~~its~~ time to shake myself I tell him he's batty for I have another three minutes yet. But yesterday Gee you should have seen me travel. I was up & dressed & away in no time leaving Mac to pack up some stuff for me & send it along to the Station in the transport. Well I reported on time & then 5 Officers and about 40 men from other battalions with myself hooked it for the station. We caught the train & after changing three times we arrived in Crowborough at six o'clock. Some rotten tiresome ride with only one little incident to cheer us up & that was at Clapham Junction where we had to change trains & wait two hours. We felt kind of hungry at the time so we invaded a refreshment counter & asked the girl for some coffee. Unfortunately she had a slight impediment in her speech due to a cleft palate. We didn't know what the Sam Hill she was talking about & after asking her the same question a couple of times we began to get wise as to what was the matter. She was some girl alright the men talked to her for the whole tow hours just to hear her talk. That was our only excitement.

We finally arrived at Crowborough which is near nowhere in particular I don't know where it is exactly on the map but if it ~~is~~'nt it ought to be in the vicinity of Salesbury Plains its so darn muddy.

We then had to march 4 miles all up hill to the camp & of all the muddy roads I ever sawe in my life these are the worst.

Even after arriving at the camp we had a hard time finding where the trench warfare School was located but after wandering all over the place we found it hiding behind a tree.

We got our men finally located in their huts & then we were shown where we were to live. The senior officers (there must be 1000 officers all of-
ficers quarters so we subalterns were all shot into a hut and told to make ourselves comfortable. so here we are tonight all squatting around a 2x4 stove trying to keep warm. That same stove was the only furnishings supplied. Well as you can imagine we had more darn fun than a picnic & I have'nt laughed so much for a long time. As soon as our kits arrived from the station I grabbed my trusty sleeping bag & bagged the place nearest the stove. There are 32 of us in the hut & the last man naturally got the coldest spot in the room for his bed. Believe me I was mighty glad I had that sleeping bag with me for I spread it out on the floor & after a long song service we crawled in & went to sleep. Some of the fellows had nothing but blankets & they nearley froze to death before morning. It ~~xxxx~~ turned awfully cold during the night & snowed like the very dickens. The hut was rather draughty & the snow naturelly piled up on the floor but I slept on unconscious of all the excitement caused by the fellows stirring up the fire trying to thaw themselves out. Some class to that bag. This morning it was still snowing & pretty cold so we hopped into our clothes pretty fast & beat it into the officers mess where there was hot water where we got shaved & washed. I luckily wore my larrigans to school & I was mighty glad. We had a short lecture & then we were taken out & given a pick & shovel & show a nice patch of about a mile away & told to get busy. Say the mud was a mile deep

We splashed through it & then took off our coats & worked like navvies. The way we dig ourselves in was a treat. Say shovelling snow off the front walk will be a lead pipe cinch for me when I get home & if I can't do anything else I'll bet Tommy Church will be glad of such an experienced drain digger. I could make some of the wops look sick now.

The boys right now have been envying me on account of my bed & boots & how much I paid etc etc I tell you I'm living in solid comfort although some of the others find the conditions a bit rocky.

I have'nt any note paper with me & I even forgot to bring my pen in the rush so that is why I'm writing with pencil in this message Book. I have managed to bum an envelope from a B C officer & I'll borrow a pen to address the letter from some one in a few minutes & then I'll be all set when someone else lends me a stamp.

I felt that I had to drop you & father a lot to-day & know how you both must feel. I certainly wish I could have been with you both.

However I hope when the 2nd of April comes around next year I'll be on the job with you both.

My very best love to you Mother dear

Good-night & God bless you

Your loving Son,

"Gerald"

Bridge Hotel

Tunbridge Wells

Easter Sunday

April 8th 1917

My Dear Father:-

After our strenuous week at Crowborough digging trenches we are at Tunbridge Wells for the week end recuperating & not taking baths at the famous Wells.

I asked a taxi driver to-day where the Sam Hill the Wells were kept. He said he had only lived there a few years so could'nt say whether there really were any wells in the place or not. I know I have'nt seen any odd ones floating around so I guess they just call the place Tunbridge Wells to attract the crowd from London, Crowborough & other unenlightened places.

The school of Trench warfare was dismissed yesterday afternoon so we hired a taxi & came over here as it is the nearest place of any size. It is a quaint old place & if I remember correctly it was the place you came to Mr. Hoskin when you were over here some time ago. Our hotel is quite comfortable & the meals are pretty fair but awful small owing to food restrictions. But the best of all is the old bed upstairs. When you lie on it it sinks down about 'steen feet & you ought to have seen me sleep last night. I hit the feathers about eleven o'clock & did'nt hear a sound until morning. I looked at my watch and as it read only nine o'clock I got up & took my time dressing & got down stairs about half an hour later to discover that it was half past ten instead of half past nine for the day light savings scheme had been brought into effect some time during the night & we had therefore lost a whole hour somewhere. However outside of beating us all out of an hours sleep it is certainly a great system & gives us daylight to burn. Of course it is universal throughout the whole country, which accounts for its success & popularity. At the present moment my watch reads half past eight & it is still daylight. Last night it was pitch dark at the same hour.

As I said before the last week has been rather more or less strenuous for we have fallen from the rank of officers & gentlemen to the very ordinary rank of everyday common wops. Each morning they kick us out of bed at 6.30 and

after snatching a breakfast we do physical Jerks for an hour and then ~~draw~~
Picks & Shovels & lug them up a long half mile hill to our digging area.
Then off comes our coats & the dirt begins to fly. We keep this up all day
with one hours rest for lunch which is quite acceptable but all the pleasure
is taken out of it by the sergeant Major who makes us carry up some
corrugat-
ed iron sheets for rivetting purposes after lunch. However we have a lot of
fun since the stiffness in our backs & arms has passed away. But I was cer-
tainly stiff for a couple of days.

We only have one more week in this place & then I will be beating it back
to Witly a fully qualified Trench Walloper.

Our taxi to take us back to Crowborough has just come to the door so I
must be on my way.

With very best love to Mother & Yourself

God bless you

Your loving Son

"Gerald"

Piccadilly Hotel.

Piccadilly & Regent Street

London W.

April 14, 1917

My dear Mother:-

I am just on my way back to the battalion from my two weeks course in Trench Digging at Crowborough & I am not the lease bit sorry its all over. They made us work like a bunch of navvies while we were there for over eight hours every day with hardly a let up. I know it nearly broke their hearts to allow us an hour for lunch each day but they used to make up for it in the afternoons. From the camp to our digging area was only about half a mile but the worst of it was it was up hill all the way & we all had to lug up picks & shovels, corrugated iron, wooden frames barbed wire post & timber & about a thousand other little things for our trenches. It certainly had the desired effect if keeping us in good condition was the object. I know the first few times we walked up that hill loaded downwith luggage I thought I'd croak but after a few trips I felt much better. We then had to dig a trench about 7' deep & put on all the trimmings. I tell you that manual labor is certainly great stuff. We worked our blooming heads off every day & beat it for bed every night right after dinner. Now that its all over I feel fine & never was in better condition in my life. I swear the mess at the school lost money. They charged us 4 shillings a day but holy mackeral from the amount we got away with it should have been 4| a meal & then I'm sure they would lose money. Right now I can make a good sized dinner look like a piece of cheese? It sure was a great course & I enjoyed it immensley although the weather was pretty punk.

We have been having the darndest weather lately. The calender says it is Spring. Parliament says it is Summer but it looks more like Winter to me. We have been having snow nearly every day except for a few when it only rained. This naturelly made the spot somewhat muddy & I've thanked the

Lord more than once that I had my larregans with me. Never a wet foot in two muddy & wet weeks.

The course finished at noon to-day fortunately for us. We all came to town & I'm staying here at the Piccadilly over night & going back to Witley to-morrow afternoon. I have'nt seen any of the Scott gang as yet but I have tried twice to get them on the phone but they are out some place I suppose, shopping tea for this is the hour for it. However I intend to call around & give them the once over to-night anyway & then I suppose you will all be pulled to pieces in the course of our customary gossips which are the habits on such occasions.

London seems to me to be much quieter this time than on former visits. There don't seem to be as many soldiers walking around the streets (although heaven only knows there are an awful lot) I guess leave from the front is pretty scarce these days for they seem to be too busy taking tea with Mr. Fritz. I certainly hope they keep the good work up. What is the news from the big town? I have'nt received any mail lately but I expect there will be a big bunch for me at Witley when I return to-morrow night I am looking forward to it.

I will stop just for the present & get some dinner & beat it out to scotties. I will continue this scrawl in a few hours.

Monday April 16th Witley

I have just finished my breakfast & have a few minutes to spare before I have to go out on parade so I thought I had better finish this letter. I got quite a surprise Saturday night just after I finished the first chapter of this letter I rang up the Scott's & discovered that Jessie was the only one home. Norm was out of town & Mrs Scott had sailed for Canada. I certainly was surprised to hear that you may be sure that if I had only known I would have run up to town last week end instead of going to Tunbridge Wells I certainly am sorry I did'nt get a chance to say good-bye to her. Well as Jessie was lonely I got a taxi & drove out

& took her to dinner at the Piccadilly & afterwards to one of the shows. We had quite a good evening but I had an awful time getting her home. Taxis are as scarce as gold pieces in London now in the evenings so we had to push our way into the tube & get home that way. Jessie said "You know I don't mind mixing with the common people once in a while" So we were Jake. On returning to the hotel I ran into Al. Ramsey & spent all day Sunday with him. In the morning we walked through Hyde Park & saw the equestrians on Rotten Row & then fed the swans in the Serpentine & watched a couple of old duffers sailing toy sailboats until it was time for lunch. So we walked back to the hotel & there I ran into Bob & Billy Ball. Bob is looking well & gave me all the news from Toronto. I was very glad to see him. In the afternoon we strolled around town for it was a beautiful spring day. Then we took a bus ride & finally took in the movies. I left town at eight o' clock & got into camp about half past ten to find a number of papers & clippings (March 15th) as well as Magazines & Books waiting for me. The Torchy book is great. I read a couple of chapters before I went to bed. Your parcel of socks underclothes & candy also arrived O.K. but your poor Charlie Chaplin was somewhat the worse after his sea voyage but at the present moment Stoney is operating on him with a tack hammer trying to fix him up.

The Laura Secord candies were fine. They only lasted a short time (Doc Laclachlan has just finished the last one. They were too good to keep. Now I must conclude the performance.

With all sorts of love to both you & Paw,
Good-Bye & God Bless you

Your loving Son

"Gerald"

Witley Camp

April 23rd. 1917

Dear Father:-

I have'nt heard of anyone around these parts getting any such thing as Canadian Mail for the last two weeks but we all 'as our 'opes shortly. Your dog story "Kerry" arrived safely & you bet I enjoyed it immensley as well as your Populars, Munsey & Everybodys. I have lots of reading matter anyway. We have been having beautiful spring weather lately & we are all getting sun burnt for fair. Every thing is beautiful just now as the grass is getting very green & all the trees & beginning to bud.

Yesterday afternoon Al Ramsay & myself took a 15 mile walk through the country & enjoyed every bit of it. At a little village called Puttenham we stopped to look at an old church about thousands of years old when some old fellow that lived nearby saw us & invited us to his house for tea. It turned out he was an old Scotchman and the kilts evidently caught his eyes. But when he discovered that neither of us had been born in Scotland he was quite disappointed but when we told him our names & that we were of Irish descent he nearly croaked.

We are working hard at present on Company & Battalion Field Days and manoevers & once a week a Brigade Route March as well as Night work twice a week. We are getting kicked into good shape and even our General Garnet Hughes admits that the battalion is right on the job. The General himself is evidently a hustler & is always liable to drop on us whenever we happen to be out on the commons. He has a habit of doing this when least expected. His staff is composed of young men a gret number who are just as snappy as himself so we are certainly being well looked after. I was amused to read in your last letter that you had heard of us going to France on the 16th of April. Don't believe all the rumours you hear? Here it is just one week later & we are still at old Witley.

There is evidently something in the air however for we are on the verge of

move in some direction. I don't know where the story originated but everyone in camp is expecting to move to Canterbury within the next couple of weeks to finish our training. At the present time there are three or four battalions in the Division that are in no condition whatever to take the big plugge & won't be for another month at least.

But when we do go to France don't be afraid to address any mail to me C/o Army Post Office. They have a mighty good organization there & there never is any delay in passing through their hands. As a matter of fact all military mail bound for France has to go through the army P.O. anyway.

Pete Campbell of the 15th is now on the 14th Brigade Staff. We hoped he would land a place in our Brigade (the 13th) but it couldn't be done. He comes into our mess & has lunch with us everyday.

We have had an exceptionally exciting time this last week. On Friday night we gave a dance. All the officers invited their wives & friends & we all danced until three o'clock Saturday morning. Then on Saturday night the Galic Society of London came up & gave our men a concert & afterwards came over to the mess & gave us another concert. It was some party. The women were anything but queens & porridge was written across their maps for fair but by Gad they could dance and sing.

Well that will be about all for the present.

With best love to both yourself & Mother & hoping you are both enjoying the best of good health.

God bless you both

Yours loving Spn

"Gerald"

Witley Camp,

April, 25th 1917

My Dear Mother:-

Its a tired & weary gent I am this night for we have had a mighty strenuous day but very enjoyable to say the least. The whole of the afternoon was given over to organized sports & the whole blooming battalion has been on the jump helping the good work along. We have all been working pretty hard lately so far fear of everyone going stale we intend to devote one afternoon every week to atheletics in some form or another. It is a mighty good idea too for you cant imagine how tired we all get of doing the same old stunts day after day. Well this afternoon we staged an atheletic meet & get the companies competing against each other in races, of all sorts. The greatest attractions however proved to be the old Scotch event "Tossing the Caber" & the tug of War. The yelling that went up in both these events brought all sorts of spectators from both Brigade & divisional Headquarters to the spot to see the fun. The officers put a team into the tug or war but didn't last very long as the gents from the transport section just picked the rope up and walked across the field with it while our fellows hung on frantically to the other end to the great delight of the men who invited us to come over to their mess in future & gain a little strength by eating some of the beans they are so accustomed to. The sack race was one grand scramble from start to finish. I Succeeded in beating the gun & looked to be an easy winner until my feet got twisted somehow or other & I tried to finish th race on my nose. The three legged race was also good but Brad Snow & I don't work awfully well in double harness for I ran faster than he with the result that we ran more or less in a circle which didn't get us much. We all went into two or three other events but outside of scraping our knees & faces on the ground & getting as stiff as the dickens we didn't get a prize. The men beat everyone of

us at everything. However it was a great day & everyone seemed to enjoy it for not only the events were good but the old sun was working overtime & it was just like summer weather.

This morning was pretty good too. As our company has to furnish all the duties & fatigues of the battalion for the week we only could muster 19 men on parade out of 226. so Major Murray turned them over to me to keep them busy. We got them started on Bayonet Fighting then Geoff Marani & I scouted around the country for inspirations. We finally discovered the tug of war rope in a valley just behind headquarters so that looked good to us. Major Murray had told us to do anything we liked with the Company so long as Headquarters didn't catch us loafing so we took him at his word without further question. We issued the men with gas helmets after they had finished their Bayonet fighting & made them all get into them. This was done for three reasons first: as we intended to have a tug of war contest between the married & single men we knew there would naturally be an awful lot of yelling & shouting which would bring someone pouncing on us from H.Q. The Helmets prevented that. Second; If any Brass Hat happened along in the middle of a pull I could be in a position to clear myself by pointing out that we were merely getting used to the helmets. They have told us lots of times that this is very important & third: the wearing of gas helmets added a little spice to the proceedings in that they all looked the same which complicated the choosing of the sides considerably. Well we had more fun than a picnic. The sides were chosen by Geoff on one & myself on the other side & the fun commenced. The ground unfortunately in the valley wasn't exactly level which gave the side pulling down hill a big advantage & as was to be expected each side won one pull. For the final pull we pulled not in the valley but across the valley that is with each end of the rope on the side of the hills & the middle over the valley. My place was right at the front so naturally when the rope tightened up my feet came clear of the ground

& I had to hang on to the rope away above my head. Geoff was in the same position on the other side. While we were in this position Major Murray strolled onto the scene to see how the training of his Company was progressing. Well he only took one look at this gang all dressed in gas helmets & trying to pull each other over the hills & then laughed like the dickens & beat it as quickly as possible so as not to interfere with the training. Finally after about 10 minutes yanking & sweating & cursing & laughing the other side pulled us down into the valley & ~~next~~ we were so all in that we had to cease all training for 10 minutes in order to recover our wind & have a smoke. The rest of the morning we spent in bomb throwing competitions. Taking all in all we managed to put in a very interesting day.

I was delighted at noon to get two letters from you & father the one dated at Toronto April 3rd. & the other from Kirkfield April 6th. I was quite a surprised as I didn't know you had gone off for a little holiday. I hope you had a good time & enjoyed yourselves needless to say I was delighted. Well I guess its the hay for me now as we have to get up early in the morning & spend the whole day in Field Work.

With very best love to you both. Good-night & God bless you

Your loving Son

"GERALD "

Dear Mother,-

This is a complete list of the men of my platoon at the present time. The names change every once in a while as men are continually being transferred from the platoons into the various branches of the battalion. Only last week I lost men to the Transport Section & also to Company Headquarters. Naturally they have been taken off the strength of the platoon. I have only given you the names of the next of kin & their addresses of those living in Toronto. The other men all enlisted in Toronto but their families live somewhere else.

The few names that I have underlined are undoubtedly the backbone of the platoon and real good men, especially Cpl. Evans & big Jim Swarbrick. They are both big men both well over 6 feet, great pals enlisted together, both live on St. Clair Ave. & used to work in conjunction with each other. Evans was a drover and Swarbrick a butcher and believe me I'd hate to be the pig or cow to be bled by either of them they would do their work well. And I expect just as much from them when it comes to sticking Germans when the time comes. If you ever meet their wives at the Knitting Club I think you will find they are good stuff too if they are at all like their husbands. All the other boys are mighty good too & I'd hate like the very dickens to lose them from my platoon.

We have been having a mighty busy time this last week or so which hasn't left me very much time for letter writing, as this is Sunday afternoon & most of the boys are either playing golf or else baseball on the grounds it is nice & quiet in the mess so I am now getting in a few good licks. We had mess night on Wednesday & I was very much surprised to see Major Malone of the 15th Battalion who at the present time is attending a Senior Officers Course at Aldershot & luckily had come up to Witley that night to look us over. I was very pleased to meet him. Pete Campbell was also in for dinner & as the Major said it began to look like a 15th Mess night

This is a complete list of the men of my platoon at the present time. The names change every once in a while as men are continually being transferred from the platoon into the various branches of the Battalion. Only last week I lost men to the Transport Section & also to Company Headquarters. Naturally they have been taken off the strength of the platoon. I have only given you the names of the next of kin & their addresses of those living in Toronto. The other men all enlisted in Toronto but their families live somewhere else. The few names that I have underlined are undoubtedly the backbone of the platoon and real good men, especially Sgt. Evans & Sgt. Swarbrick. They are both big men both well over 6 feet, great pals enlisted together, both live on St. Clair Ave. & used to work in conjunction with each other. Evans was a driver and Swarbrick a butcher and believe me I'd hate to be the pig or cow to be killed by either of them they would do their work well. And I expect just as much from them when it comes to attacking Germans when the time comes. If you ever meet their wives at the knitting club I think you will find they are good stuff too if they are at all like their husbands. All the other boys are mighty good too & I'd hate like the very dickens to lose them from my platoon. We have been having a mighty busy time this last week or so which hasn't left me very much time for letter writing, as this is Sunday afternoon & most of the boys are either playing golf or else baseball on the grounds it is nice & quiet in the mess so I am now getting in a few good ticks. We had mess night on Wednesday & I was very much surprised to see Major Malone of the 1st Battalion who at the present time is attending a Senior Officers Course at Aldershot & luckily had come up to Witley that night to look us over. I was very pleased to meet him. Pete Campbell was also in for dinner

only our pipe band was not in it with theirs. We all spent a very enjoyable evening & although he and Pete couldn't tell me anything about Maurice that I didn't know already, they had nothing but good to say about him. They both told me all about Col. Marshall's dog, which story I had from Father in one of his former letters. They told me that one day Mike looked at "Bruno" & said "Bruno you know you are nothing but a poor dog but I don't see why you shouldn't wear red tabs like a Staff Officer", so he took one of those red garter knots & tied it around the dog's neck much to everyones amusement. That red tab stayed on Bruno's neck for over two months afterwards. Major Malone stayed all night with us & went back to Aldershot the next morning. But it was very little information which he would give us concerning the 15th. He said they were doing great work in France but thats all he told us.

Thursday proved a pretty heavy day for us as we had a 7 mile route march to Frenshane Pond where we had lunch & then 7 miles back to Camp. The distance 14 miles wasn't so bad but as it was a Brigade march with the four battalions taking part the pace was necessarily much slower than what we were accustomed to which made it pretty tiresome. The worst feature however was the heat. It was hotter than blazes & as we had to march in heavy marching order, we certainly did sweat some. It was also pretty tough going on those hard English roads & a great number of the men's feet blistered up. To make matters worse we got orders at six o'clock that evening to mobilize at once & hold ourselves in readiness to move out of camp. After a lot of cursing we packed all our earthly goods & chattels up & "stood to" until 10.30 P.M. when we were ordered back to our huts to get what sleep we could before the order to move came along. We got to bed

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anything about Maurice that I didn't know already, they had

nothing but good to say about him. They both told me all about

Col. Marshall's dog, which story I had from Father in one of

his former letters. They told me that one day Mike looked at

"Bruno" & said "Bruno you know you are nothing but a poor dog

but I don't see why you shouldn't wear red tabs like a Staff

Officer", so he took one of those red garter knots & tied it

around the dog's neck much to everyone's amusement. That red

tab stayed on Bruno's neck for over two months afterwards. Major

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next morning. But it was very little information which he would

give us concerning the Light. He said they were going great

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pretty tough going on those hard English roads & a great number

of the men's feet blistered up. To make matters worse we got

orders at six o'clock that evening to mobilize at once & hold

ourselves in readiness to move out of camp. After a lot of cursing

we packed all our earthly goods & whistled up & "stepped to" until

10.30 P.M. when we were ordered back to our huts to get what

sleep we could before the order to move came along. We got to bed

about 11.30 & at one o'clock word came that we were to leave camp at four & march to Guildford 8 miles away & entrain. Beyond that we had no idea of what we were to do. However we got up then & attended the mens' breakfast at three o'clock & at four we pulled out with each officer & man carrying between 35 & 40 lbs. on his back. We were due at the Railway Station at eight o'clock but everyone was right on edge & enthusiastic. We made our destination exactly one hour ahead of scheduled time. Then we sat on our other-ends for about half an hour waiting to entrain but contrary orders came along cancelling same, so we were turned back & marched home again. It was certainly a rotten march home for the men's good spirits had disappeared when "about turn" was given & everyone was grouching to beat the band. Then the sun came out again & got us "het up" & the roads got hot & feet got sore & then strange to say everyone began to cheer up again. We finally got to camp about 11.30 with everyone pretty well all in. We all tossed our packs off & went straight to bed & slept until supper time. Yesterday being Saturday we had an easy day which proved to be a life-saver for we all slept some more. In the afternoon I felt so fine that a few of us went down to West Surrey & played two rounds of golf. It is a beautiful course and as the weather was fine we had a good game & afterwards a good dinner & then walked back to Camp.

We are having the most glorious weather now you ever saw in all your life. It is honestly just like June weather at home & naturally everyone would be awfully lazy if the Division would only give us the chance.

Father was asking in one of his letters I received yesterday, whether the Division would go over to France as a Unit? Tell him all stories to the contrary, that its the surest thing in

about 11.30 & at one o'clock word came that we were to leave camp at four & march to Guilford & miles away & outside. Haven't that we had no idea of what we were to do. However we got up then & attended the men's breakfast at three o'clock & at four we pulled out with each officer & man carrying between 35 & 40 lbs. on his back. We were due at the Railway Station at eight o'clock but everyone was right on edge & enthusiastic. We made our destination exactly one hour ahead of scheduled time. Then we sat on our other-ends for about half an hour waiting for trains but contrary orders came along cancelling same, so we were turned back & marched home again. It was certainly a rotten march home for the men's good spirits had disappeared when "about turn" was given & everyone was growing to hate the band. Then the sun came out again & got us "hot up" & the roads got hot & feet got sore & then strange to say everyone began to cheer up again. We finally got to camp about 11.30 with everyone pretty well all in. We all tossed our packs off & went straight to bed & slept until supper time. Yesterday being Saturday we had an easy day which proved to be a little easier for we all slept some more. In the afternoon I felt so fine that a few of us went down to Westbury & played two rounds of golf. It is a beautiful course and as the weather was fine we had a good game & afterwards a good dinner & then walked back to camp. We are having the most glorious weather now you ever saw in all your life. It is honestly just like June weather at home & naturally everyone would be awfully lazy if the Division would only give us the chance. Father was asking in one of his letters I received yesterday whether the Division would go over to France as a Unit? Well I am all for it the contrary. What is the worst thing in

the world. When we go is another question, which possibly only the War Office can answer, but its a dead cinch we will go as a Unit. The only thing we are waiting for now is because of the backwardness in training of about two battalions. Needless to say we are holding nobody up for there is no doubt that we are absolutely the best trained in the Camp & are merely marking time & waiting for the others to catch up. Even Headquarters, as well as the other battalions, admit it, & believe me when they admit it thats going some.

I received yesterday letters & papers from both you & Father, dated April 8th, 9th, & 12th, as well as a package of your dandy socks & laura Secords & handkerchiefs. Also Father's box of Maple Sugar & some more socks & a tin of biscuits. The maple sugar was fine & was a real treat as I passed it around in the Mess & the way it disappeared was appaling. Your socks are absolutely the last word in footwear for since actions speak louder than words, I'll just tell you that in all the marching I've done since I joined the Battalion a year ago last February I have worn those socks & never a hole has appeared in any of them yet & never a blister have I had on my feet. Thats going some too & I know its all on account of your socks. Many thanks for them all. You don't know how good they are.

I was sorry to hear of the Woodstock stunt but I figure the least said from me the better..

Tell Father I received his letter enclosing Jim McCaffery's pass for the ball games as well as the handsome photograph of Nap Lajoie. I am writing Jim to-day thanking him for same.

Major Murray, who is sitting at the same table now tearing off a few letters, wants to know if Father can get him a job on the Supreme Court Bench when he gets home as he has just

the world. When we go to another question, which possibly only the War Office can answer, but its a dead end we will go as a Unit. The only thing we are waiting for now is because of the backwardness in training of about two battalions. Needless to say we are holding nobody up for there is no doubt that we are absolutely the best trained in the Camp & are merely waiting time & waiting for the others to catch up. Even Headquarters as well as the other battalions, admit it, & believe me when they admit it that's going some.

I received yesterday letters & papers from both you & Father, dated April 21st, 22nd & 23rd, as well as a package of your dandy socks & Father's Records & Handkerchiefs. Also Father's box of Maple Sugar & some more socks & a tin of biscuits. The maple sugar was fine & was a real treat as I passed it around in the mess & the way it disappeared was appalling. Your socks are absolutely the best I've seen for some time since we've been in the war. I'll just tell you that in all the marching I've done since I joined the Battalion a year ago last February I have worn those socks & never a hole has appeared in any of them yet & never a blister have I had on my feet. That's going some too & I know its all on account of your socks. Many thanks for them all. You don't know how good they are.

I was sorry to hear of the Woodstock stand but I figure the least said from me the better.. Tell Father I received his letter enclosing Jim McCaffery's pass for the Ball Games as well as the handsome photograph of Nap Lajoie. I am writing him to-day thanking him for same. Major Barry, who is sitting at the same table now testing off a few letters, wants to know if Father can get him a job on the Quoniam. I'll March when he writes me & he has that

completed a very strenuous week in the Court Martial Line, having disposed of sixteen cases. His official job being President & main squeeze of nearly all District Courts Martial for the Division. I told him he would be better in the Division Court instead of Supreme Court Bench, where he would be given all sorts of chance to hand out snappy judgments.

It has just come through in orders that we now don't have to use postage stamps on our letters. So heres where I save some money anyway.

Now I don't think I have any more news for you, for I think I have told you pretty nearly everything worth knowing. I am going strong & in the best of health. Hoping both you & Paw are just the same.

With best love.& God Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gerald"

Witley Camp

Surrey.

May 6th, 1917.

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having disposed of sixteen cases. His official job being
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for the Division. I told him he would be better in the Division
Court instead of Supreme Court Bench, where he would be given
all sorts of chance to hand out angry judgments.

It has just come through in orders that we now don't
have to use postage stamps on our letters. So here where I
save some money anyway.

Now I don't think I have any more news for you, for I
think I have told you just nearly everything worth knowing.
I am going strong & in the best of health. Hoping both you
& Paw are just the same.

With best love, I bid Bless you both.

Your loving son,

"Gertie"

Wiley Coy

Butte,

Nov 14, 1911.

Witley Camp,

May 13th, 1917.

My dear Mother,

I have just returned from London where I managed to put in the odd week end quite successfully and quite needless to say enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Doc MacLachlan, Al Ramsay and myself got away from Camp Saturday forenoon and had to get back at midnight on Sunday, so you see we hadn't much time to spare. We went to a show Saturday afternoon & had about three meals between then and eight o'clock when it was time to go to another show. When we got back to the hotel we felt that we had made a pretty fair day. Early Sunday morning Al left us and went to Cambridge to see Mait Newman who is convalescing after the Vimy Ridge scrap. Al told us later that Mait was up & walking around the ~~xxxx~~ town & looking fine. He is going to run down to Witley some time this week to see us all. Well after we lost Al from our party I rang up Jessie who told me to come up and see her immediately as she had something to tell me. I thought here is where I am going to hear some scandal and I grabbed a taxi! and dashed madly for Queensboro Terrace. I finally arrived and then I was informed that she was going to Church with me. Well this was news all right but not the kind I was quite expecting. To make up for my disappointment she informed me that we were going to St. Margarets, Westminster, where all the fashionable weddings are pulled off. I wasn't quite sure whether she had intentions on me or not but I took a chance and nothing came of it. However we had a dandy time. I drew a perfectly good seat behind a big pillar and was nearly going to sleep when I discovered that she had some Laura

Witley Camp.

May 18th, 1917.

My dear Mother.

I have just returned from London where I managed to put in the odd week and quite successfully and quite needless to say enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Doc MacLellan, Al Ramsey and myself got away from Camp Saturday forenoon and had to get back at midnight on Sunday, so you see we hadn't much time to spare. We went to a show Saturday afternoon & had about three meals between then and eight o'clock when it was time to go to another show. When we got back to the hotel we felt that we had made a pretty fair day. Early Sunday morning Al left us and went to Cambridge to see Matt Newman who is convalescing after the Vimy Ridge scrap. Al told us later that Matt was up & walking around the town & looking fine. He is going to run down to Witley some time this week to see us all. Well after we lost Al from our party I rang up Jessie who told me to come up and see her immediately as she had something to tell me. I thought here is where I am going to hear some scandal and I grabbed a taxi and dashed noddily for Grosvenor Terrace. I finally arrived and then I was informed that she was going to Church with me. Well this was news all right but not the kind I was quite expecting. To make up for my disappointment she informed me that we were going to St. Margaret, Westminster, where all the fashionable weddings are pulled off. I wasn't quite sure whether she had intentions on me or not but I took a chance and nothing came of it. However we had a dandy time. I drew a perfectly good seat behind a big pillar and was nearly going to sleep when I discovered that she had some letters

Secords in her purse. I had a great time from then on although the show nearly bust up a couple of times when my mouthed slipped a couple of times when I had a Laura in either cheek and the sound that arose reminded me of inhaling soup. We stuck out the service all right and then we caught the train for Richmond where we had our dinner on the banks of the Thames and watched the gang on the river. It was a beautiful day although a little on the warm side and the number of people punting rowing and paddling was something fierce. That punting game was the only one new to me and Jessie being game took a chance. We hired one of these young Island ferries and started out. The river was pretty crowded when we started but before we had gone very far everyone gave us a wide berth for we began to make wonderful speed. Unfortunately the speed wasn't forward but around and around in circles much to Jessie's delight and every one for miles about grinned their blooming heads off. I got sore then and took off my tunic and sporrán and had another wallop at it and after another five minutes of merry-go-round we both got so dizzy I sat down on the back of the boat (and incidentally into a pool of nice cool water) and paddled the Hesprus to the other bank of the river where we got into the shade and rested after those strenuous exertions. Jessie punted us back to the dock when it was time to get home and made me look like a piker she did it so easy.

We had tea and then beat it for the Picadilly for dinner. All this time I had better explain where Norma was. She has got a new job in addition to her theatrical stunts and that is she goes out to the Perkins Bull hospital for convalescent Officers where she dons a uniform for a couple of days each week and lends a hand

Georgia in her purse. I had a great time from then on although the show nearly burst up a couple of times when my mouth slipped a couple of times when I had a lance in either cheek and the sound that arose reminded me of inhaling soup. We stuck out the service all right and then we caught the train for Richmond where we had our dinner on the banks of the Thames and watched the gang on the river. It was a beautiful day although a little on the warm side and the number of people punting rowing and paddling was something fierce. That punting game was the only one new to me and Jessie being game took a chance. We hired one of these young island ferries and started out. The river was pretty crowded when we started but before we had gone very far everyone gave us a wide berth for we began to make wonderful speed. Unfortunately the speed wasn't forward but around and around in circles much to Jessie's delight and every one for miles about grinned their blooming heads off. I got sore then and took off my tunic and sporan and had another wallop at it and after another five minutes of merry-go-round we both got so dizzy I sat down on the back of the boat (and incidentally into a pool of nice cool water) and paddled the Hesperus to the other bank of the river where we got into the shade and rested after those strenuous exertions. Jessie punted us back to the dock when it was time to get home and made me look like a piker she did it so easy.

We had tea and then beat it for the Piccadilly for dinner. All this time I had better explain where Norma was. She has got a new job in addition to her theatrical stunts and that is she goes out to the Perkins Bull hospital for convalescent Officers where she does a uniform for a couple of days each week and lends a hand

around the place. So she was making herself useful while Jessie and I were merrily making the old Thames resemble the Niagara Whirlpool. So after we had finished our dinner we went out to the hospital and paid her a visit. I met a number of Toronto boys out there convalescing and quite a number of Canadian girls and a good time we had until it was time for me to get back to Waterloo Station. I met Mr. Bull who runs the place and who said he knew Father very well and wished me to send his kind regards when next I wrote. Jessie and Norma as well as Grace MacPherson, a daughter of that famous St. Paul's tenor, came back to the Station with me. We certainly had a great ride for we left Putney at 9.35 and arrived at Waterloo with just one minute to spare before my train left at 10.00. I left them in the taxi! and made a wild dash for the train and just got on board as it was pulling out. I flopped into the nearest compartment right into the arms of Al who had evidently just made the grade three jumps before me as his train from Cambridge had been pretty late.

Now I'm afraid this completes my news. We are having wonderful weather and as hot as August, the trees are in full bloom and everything is certainly looking beautiful. This is certainly some country in Spring time.

How are you and Paw getting on? I suppose by this time you are blowing out good automobile tyres and getting pinched regularly for speeding. Never mind, Have a good time and keep healthy.

Good night and God bless you both. With all sorts of love.

Your loving Son,

Gerald.

around the place. So she was making herself useful while Jessie
 and I were nervously making the old Thomas resemble the Niagara
 Whirlpool. So after we had finished our dinner we went out to
 the hospital and paid her a visit. I met a number of Toronto boys
 out there conversing and quite a number of Canadian girls and
 a good time we had until it was time for me to get back to Waterloo
 Station. I met Mr. Ball who runs the place and who said he knew
 Father very well and wished me to send his kind regards when next
 I wrote. Jessie and Norma as well as Grace MacPherson, a daughter
 of that famous Dr. Paul's son, came back to the Station with me.
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Love.

Your loving son,

Gerald.

Witley Camp,
Surrey,
May 21st 1917.

Dear Father,

Since you last heard from me rather a great change has taken place in this old battalion. Last Thursday evening we received the very cheering news that a draft of over had been called for from the of which were to be taken out of our own battalion. When we got this news every one beat it for the Orderly Room to see if it was correct and to our sorrow found that it was so. It just meant that each Company had to supply to make up the required amount or in other words as no Non Commissioned Officers were allowed to be placed on the list and as few Lewis Gunners as possible it kept us pretty busy the remainder of the evening submitting the different men's names. Our whole Company is naturally hit pretty hard and as an example I will show you just what is left of my own Platoon. To start with I only had and by holding out me

all told. It hits the whole battalion just the same but I think "A" & "C" Companies feel it worse than the other two because we are sending away from us the men whom we originally recruited at the Armouries at the beginning of last years and naturally we feel that we are losing our best friends. But no matter how we Officers feel at losing our men believe me I feel sorrier for the poor Corporals who are not permitted to go with their friends and pals whom they have lived with, slept with and ate with for the last fifteen months. I tell you it is hitting them pretty hard. Every ~~Man~~ N Com in the Company paraded before

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Major Murray and almost got down on their knees to get him to allow them to reduce and go over with the boys. But of course we are all in the Army and it really couldn't be done for our N Co's are much more valuable to us than they would be as Privates in another battalion.

Naturally the men chosen to go were the happiest people in England and they were all so tickled to death to be getting into the game at last that they were the noisiest crowd I ever heard in my life. But by Friday when they had to turn in their Kilts to Quartermaster Stores they seemed to lose an awful lot of their pep. You see they are all going to the 3rd and 19th Battalions which are not Highland Units and the idea of parting with the Kilt which they had all worn for so long and were so proud of and getting into pants and flat hats did not tend to cheer them up an awful lot. We let them all keep their 134th badges and their glengarries but that was all for we have to keep everything else for the men coming in to reinforce us. It is too bad we couldn't let them keep their Kilts. Each man when his name was called out stepped forward with his Highland garb over his arm and put it all in the Stores and nearly every one half grinned and putting the old Kilt down gently said "Well good bye old Kilt here is where we part". That hurt worse than anything else. You don't know how they like that Kilt. They were all issued with flat hats but they won't wear them except on parade. They are sticking to the old Glengarry to the last.

The draft hasn't gone out yet but I expect it will be either tomorrow or the day after, so tonight my Platoon are holding a little farewell party and I certainly must be present. I have handed out all the socks Mother sent over for that purpose and they

were well appreciated.

We are to be filled up to strength again immediately

and according to General Hughes this bump we have all just received does not mean that the Division is canned although he does say that it means a delay of two months before the Division will leave for France. He is quite confident and so is his Staff that we won't be smashed up and as his Staff say "Anything General Hughes starts you bet your life he finishes" so we should worry.

Now I must stop for the present and get over to the post

I have purchased them a couple of buckets of beer so there may be a lively time.

With very best love to Mother and yourself and hoping

that you are both in the best of health.

Good Night and God bless you.

Your loving Son,

"Gerald"

Witley Camp,

Surrey,

May 17th 1917.

My dear Father;-

Major Murray received your cable yesterday morning and after showing it to me took it in to the Colonel and explained matters to him. The Colonel saw me today and was profuse in his thanks to both you and Mother for the gift. He is going to write you so I wont tell you any more about it just now. However he was awfully pleased.

I have some news for you. Colonel John Cooper and his Buff battalion are now in Witley Camp and have caught a place in the Division. They were very lucky and just came at the right time for the Montreal Irish were a terrible lot and quite incapable of holding down a job in the 15th Brigade so naturally they were canned and the 198th were in popular opinion anyway the best of the late arrivals so they got the place. We were all glad to see them come as a lot of the Officers and men are known to our bunch and besides they make the second Toronto battalion in the Division. We would like to have had them come into the same Brigade with us but as we are pretty well fixed it couldn't be done.

There is no doubt that our Brigade (the 13th) has something on all the others for I think we have the best combination of battalions in the Division. The 128th from Moose Jaw, the 160th from Bruce County, the 202nd from Edmonton and ourselves. The 202 have a fine bunch of Officers and men and great feeling has developed between the two battalions. They had all our Officers over last night for dinner and believe me we had some meal.

Witley Camp

Survey

May 17th 1917

My dear Father:-

Major Murray received your cable yesterday morning and after showing it to me took it in to the Colonel and explained matters to him. The Colonel saw me today and was anxious to write to both you and Mother for the cable. He is going to write you so I won't tell you any more about it just now. However he was really pleased.

I have some news for you. Colonel John Cooper and his Buff Battalion are now in Witley Camp and have caught a place in the Division. They were very lucky and just came at the right time for the Montreal Irish were a terrible lot and quite incapable of holding down a job in the 13th Brigade so naturally they were earned and the 128th were in popular opinion anyway the best of the late survivors so they got the place. We were all glad to see them come as a lot of the Officers and men are known to our bunch and besides they make the second Toronto Battalion in the Division. It would like to have had them come into the same Brigade with us but as we are pretty well fixed it couldn't be done.

There is no doubt that our Brigade (the 13th) has something on all the others for I think we have the best combination of battalions in the Division. The 128th from Moose Jaw, the 129th from Bruce County, the 130th from Winton and ourselves. The 131st have a fine bunch of Officers and men and great feeling has developed between the two battalions. They had all our Officers over last for dinner and believe me we had some work.

Mait Newman came down from Cambridge yesterday to see us all. He is looking fatter than ever and awfully well. He expects to get home for a couple of months in the near future. I think you remember Mait. He was with us until we left Canada. Then he was left behind as his health was so poor. However he came over to England about a month later and finally got placed with the 15th where he has been for the past 6 months.

We are working at the present harder than we ever did before and we all feel that we are getting pretty stale but evidently the Division figure we are good for a whole lot yet even though we have 15 months training under our belts. At present we work 9 hours every day i.e. from 7.30 in the morning until 5.30 at night with our hour for lunch. The majority of the work being manoeuvres and route marches in heavy marching order. They certainly are handing it to us right.

Today we are pulling off a battalion attack on Lord Perry's estate. Believe me that place has some class. These English Country homes are nice little places. The grounds extend for miles and miles over the most beautiful country you ever saw. The ground is well cleared and flocks and flocks of sheep keep the grass well cropped, and say - some of these trees are wonders. They are as big around as the City Hall and it's a cinch to take a whole Company under one of those trees and keep them out of the rain. I would like to have the job of picking the bugs off those trees every year for you'd only get about two done and then it would be next Spring again. He also has a pretty fair looking private golf course and tennis courts too. I think I'll go over some day and challenge him to a game for his estate against mine, and if I lose I'll give him the ten shillings gladly.

Walt Newman came from Cambridge yesterday to see
us all. He is looking better than ever and awfully well. He
expects to get home in a couple of months in the near future.
I think you remember Walt. He was with us until we left Canada.
Then he was left behind as his health was so poor. However he
came over to England about a month later and finally got placed
with the IGH where he has been for the past 6 months.
We are working at the present harder than we ever did
before and we all feel that we are getting pretty close but expect
the Division figure we are good for a whole lot yet even though we
have 12 months training under our belts. At present we work 3 hours
every day i.e. from 7.30 in the morning until 8.30 at night with
one hour for lunch. The majority of the work being menial and
quite unskilled in heavy working order. They certainly are handling
it to us right.
Today we are pulling off a battalion attack on Colditz
estate. Believe me that place has some class. These English towns
houses are nice little places. The grounds extend for miles and miles
over the most beautiful country you ever saw. The ground is well
cleared and there are flocks of sheep keep the grass well cropped
and say - some of those trees are wonderful. They are as big as
an the City Hall and it's a shame to take a whole day's work
of those trees and keep them out of the rain. I would like to have
the job of picking the bugs off those trees every year for ever.
Well, at about two hours and then it would be very boring again. He
also has a pretty little looking private golf course and tennis courts
too. I think I'll go over some day and challenge him to a game for
his estate against mine, and if I lose I'll give him the ten minutes
privilege.

I don't think I have any more news for you since I last wrote.

How are both Mother and yourself keeping, and how is everything at the office and the Car and the Golf Club. My game of golf is punk - never worse. I think I need your moral support and golf language to help me along.

With best love to Mother and yourself and God bless you.

Your loving Son,

"Gerald"





